

• OVID'S
METAMORPHOSIS

ENGLISHED,

BY

GEORGE SANDYS.

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THE
MARTIN

BY
GEORGE SAWYER

IN TWO VOLUMES



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T O T H E
Most High and Mighty Prince
CHARLES,
King of Great Britain, France,
and Ireland.

SIR,
Your Gracious Acceptance of the first Fruit of my Travels, when You were our Hope, as now our Happiness, hath actuated both Will and Power to the finishing of this Piece; being limn'd by that imperfect Light which was snatcht from the hours of the Night and Repose: For the Day was not mine, but dedicated to the Service of your Great Father and Your self; which had it proved as fortunate, as faithful in me and others more worthy, we had hoped, ere many Years had turned about, to have presented you with a rich and well peopled Kingdom, from whence now, with my self, I onely bring this Composure,

Inter Viſtrices Hederam tibi serpere Laurus.

It needeth more then a single Denization, being a double Stranger sprung from the Stock of the ancient Romans, but bred in the New World, of the rudeness whereof it cannot but participate; especially having Wars and Tumults to bring it to light, in stead of the Muses. But however imperfect, Your Favour is able to supply, and to make it worthy of Life, if You judge it not unworthy of Your Royal Patronage. Long may you live to be, as You are, the Delight and Glory of Your People; and slowly, yet surely, exchange Your mortal Diadem for an immortal. So wishes

Your Majesties most humble Servant,
GEORGE SANDYS.

TO THE
Most High and Mighty Prince

CHARLES

King of Great Britain
and Ireland.

OVID'S
METAMORPHOSIS.

THE FIRST BOOK.

The World form'd out of Chaos. Man is made.

Earth turns their Blood to Men. 'Love's Flames con-

Lycaon, ~~now~~ a Wolf. The World is drown'd. (found

Mankind cast Stones restore: All quickning Earth

Renews the rest, and gives new Monsters Birth.

Apollo Python kills & Heart-wounded, loves

Lost-flying Daphne: She & Laurel prove. 1074

Love to make a Cow, to mask foul Deeds.

Herms an Herdsman, Syrinx chang'd to Reeds.

Dead Argus Eyes adorn the Peacock's Train.

The Cow is to love transforms again.

O F Bodies chang'd to other shapes I sing.

Affist, you Gods, (from you those Changes spring)

And from the World's first Fabrick to these Times,

Deduce my never-discontinued Rhymes.

The Sea, the Earth, all-cove'ring Heav'n unframed:

One face had Nature, which they *Chaos* nam'd:

An undigested Lump; a barren Load,

Where jarring Seeds of things ill-jovn'd abode.

TO No Titan yet the World with Light adorns:

Nor waxing Phoebe fill'd her wimmed Horns,

2 METAMORPHOSIS,

- Nor hung the self-poiz'd Earth in thin Air plac'd;
 Nor *Amphitrite* the vast shore embrac'd.
 15 With Earth was Air and Sea: The Earth unstable,
 The Air was dark, the Sea unnavigable:
 No certain Form to any one assign'd:
 This That relists. For in one Body joyn'd,
 The Cold and Hot, the Dry and Humid fight,
 20 The Soft and Hard, the Heavy with the Light.
 But God, the better Nature, this decides,
 Who Earth from Heav'n, the Sea from Earth divides;
 And purer Heav'n extracts from grosser Air.
 All which unfolded by his prudent Care,
 From that blind Mass, and happily dis-joyn'd,
 25 With strifeless Peace, He to their Seats confin'd.
 Forthwith up-sprung the quick and weightless Fire,
 Whose flames unto the highest Arch aspire,
 The next, in levity and place, is Air,
 Gross Elements to thicker Earth repair,
 30 • f-clogg'd with Weight. The Waters flowing round
 Possess the last, and solid *Tellus* bound.
 What God soever this Division wrought,
 And every part to due Proportion brought;
 First, lest the Earth unequal should appear,
 35 He turn'd it round in figure of a Sphear.
 Then Seas diffus'd, commanding them to roar
 With ruffling Winds, and give the Land a Shore.
 To those he added Springs, Ponds, Lakes immense;
 And Rivers, whom their winding Borders fence.
 40 Of these not few Earth's thirsty Jaws devour;
 The rest, their Streams into the Ocean pour;
 When in that liquid Plain, with freer Wave,
 The foamy Cliffs in stead of Banks they lave,
 Bids Trees increase to Woods, the Plains extend,
 The rocky Mountains rise, and Vales descend.
 45 Two equal Zones, on either side dispose
 The measur'd Heav'ns; a fifth, more hot than those.
 As many lines th' included Globe divide,
 I'th' midst unsufferable Beams reside:
 50 Snow Cloaths the other two: The Temperate hold
 Twixt these their Seats, the Heat well mixt with Cold
 As Earth, as Water upper Air out-weighs;
 So much doth Air, Fire's lighter balance raise.
 There he commands the changing Clouds to stray;
 55 There thundring terrors mortal Minds dismay;

And

- And, with the Lightning, Winds ingendring Snow :
 Yet not permitted every way to blow,
 Who hardly now to tear the World refrain,
 60 (So Brothers jarr) though they divided reign.
 To *Persis* and *Sabaa*, *Eurus* flies,
 Whose Gums perfume the blushing Morn's up-rise.
 Next to the Evening, and the Coast that glows
 With setting *Phœbus*, flowry *Zephirus* blows.
 65 In *Scythia* horrid *Boreas* holds his Reign,
 Beneath *Boutes* and the frozen Wain.
 The Land to this oppos'd doth *Auster* steep
 With fruitful Showrs, and Clouds which ever weep.
 Above all these, he plac'd the liquid Skies ;
 Which, void of earthly Dregs, did highest rise.
 Scarce had he all thus orderly dispos'd,
 Whenas the Stars their radiant Heads disclos'd,
 70 (Long hid in Night) and shone through all the Skie.
 Then, that no place should unpossessed lie,
 Bright Constellations, and fair-figured Gods,
 In Heav'nly Mansions fixt their blest abodes :
 The glittering Fishes to the Floods repair,
 75 The Beasts to Earth, the Birds resort to Air.
 The nobler Creature, with a Mind possest,
 Was wanting yet, that should command the rest.
 That Maker, the best World's Original,
 Either him fram'd of Seed Celestial :
 80 Or Earth, which late he did from Heav'n divide,
 Some sacred Seeds retain'd to Heav'n ally'd ;
 Which with the living Stream *Prometheus* mixt,
 And in that artificial Structure fixt
 The Form of all th' all-ruling Deities.
 And whereas others see with down-cast Eyes,
 85 He with a lofty Look did Man iadue,
 And bade him Heav'n's transcendent Glories view.
 So that rude Clay, which had no Form afore,
 Thus chang'd, of Man the unknown Figure bore.
 The *Golden Age* was first ; which uncompell'd,
 And without Rule, in Faith and Truth excell'd.
 90 As then there was not Punishment nor Fear ;
 Nor threatening Laws in Brass prescribed were ;
 Nor suppliant crouching Pris'ners shook to see
 Their angry Judge : But all was safe and free.
 To visit other Worlds no wounded Pine
 95 Did yet from Hills to faithless Seas decline.

METAMORPHOSIS,

- Then un-ambitious Mortals knew no more,
 But their own Country's Nature-bounded Shore,
 Nor Swords nor Arms were yet: No Trenches round
 Belieged Towns, nor strifeful Trumpets sound:
 The Souldier of no use. In firm content
 100 And, harmless Ease their happy days were spent.
 The yet free Earth did of her own accord
 (Untorn with Plows) all sorts of fruit afford.
 Content with Nature's un-enforced Food,
 They gather Wildings, Strawberries of the Wood,
 105 Sour Cornels, what upon the Bramble grows,
 And Acorns, which *Jove's* spreading Oak bestows.
 'Twas always Spring: Warm *Zephyrus* sweetly blew
 On smiling Flowers, which without setting grow.
 Forthwith the Earth, Corn (un-manured) bears,
 110 And every year renews her golden Ears,
 With Milk and Nectar were the Rivers fill'd,
 And Honey from green Holly-Oaks distill'd.
 But after *Saturn* was thrown down to Hell,
Jove's ruin'd; and then the *Silver Age* betel:
 115 More base than Gold, and yet than Brass more pure.
Jove chang'd the Spring (which always did endure)
 To Winter, Summer, Autumn, hot and cold:
 The shortned Springs the Year's fourth part uphold.
 Then first the glowing Air with fervour burn'd;
 120 The Rain to Ice-icles by bleak Winds turn'd.
 Men Houses built, late hous'd in Caves profound,
 In plashed Bowers and Sheds with Officers bound.
 Then first was Corn into long Furrows thrown,
 And Oxen under heavy Yoaks did groan.
 125 Next unto this succeeds the *Brass Age*;
 Worse-natur'd, prompt to horrid War and Rage;
 But yet not wicked. Stubborn *Jove* the last,
 Then blushtleis Crimes which all degrees surpass
 The World surround, Shame, Truth and Faith depart:
 130 Fraud enters, ignorant in no bad Art;
 Force, Treason, and the love of wicked gain. (Strain;
 Their Sails those Winds which yet they knew not
 And Ships, which long on lofty Mountains stood,
 Then plow'd th' impractic'd Bosom of the Flood.
 The Ground as common earth as Light or Air,
 135 By limit-giving Geometry they share,
 Nor with rich Earth's just-nourishments content,
 For Treasure they her secret Intails rent.

- 140 The powerful Evil which all Power invades,
 By her well hid and wrapt in *Syagian* shades,
 Curst Steel, more curst Gold, she now forth brought
 And bloody-handed War, who with both fought
 All live by spoil. The Host his Guest betrays;
 145 Sons, Fathers-in-Law: 'T'wixt Brethren Love decays.
 Wives Husbands, Husbands Wives attempt to kill;
 And cruel Step-Mothers pale Poisons fill.
 The Son his Father's hasty Death desires—
 Foil'd Piety, trod under Foot, expires.
 150 *Africa*, last of all the Heav'nly Birth,
 Affrighted leaves the Blood-defiled Earth.
 And that the Heav'ns their safety might suspect,
 The Giants now Celestial Thrones affect;
 Who to the Skies congested Mountains rear.
 Then *Jove* with Thunder did *Olympus* rear;
 155 Sweep *Pelion* from under *Ossa* thrown.
 Press'd with their Burthen, their huge Bodies groan,
 And with her Children's Blood the Earth imbr'd:
 Which she, scarce throughly cold, with Life indu'd,
 And gave thereto, to uphold her Stock, the Face
 160 And Form of Man: A God-contemning Race,
 Greedy of Slaughter, not to be withstood;
 Such as well shews, that they were born of Blood,
 Which when from Heav'n *Saturnus* did behold,
 He sigh'd, revolving what was yet untold,
 165 Of fell *Lycan's* late inhuman Feast.
 Just Anger, worthy *Jove*, inflam'd his Breast.
 A Synod call'd, the summoned appear.
 There is a Way well seen, when Skies be clear,
 The *Milky* nam'd; by this the Gods resort
 170 Unto th' Almighty Thunderer's high Court.
 With ever open Doors, on either hand,
 Of noble Deities the Houses stand:
 The Vulgar dwell disperit: The chief and great
 In Front of all their shining Mansions seat.
 175 This glorious Roof I would not doubt to call
 (Had I but boldness lent me) Heav'n's *White-hall*.
 All set on Marble Seats, he leaning on
 His Ivory Scepter, in an higher Throne,
 Did twice or thrice his dreadful Tresses shake;
 180 (The Earth, the Sea, the Stars (though fixed) quake).
 Then thus, inflam'd with indignation, spake:

- I was not more perplext in that sad time,
 For this World's Monarchy, when, bold to climb,
 The Serpent-footed Giants durst invade,
 185 And would on Heav'n their hundred Hands have laid.
 Though fierce the Foe, yet did that War depend
 But of one Body, and had soon an end,
 Now all the Race of Man I must confound,
 Where-ever *Nereus* walks his wavy Round.
 And this I vow, by those infernal Floods,
 Which slowly glide through silent *Stygian* Woods.
 190 All Cures first sought; such Parts as Health reject
 Must be cut off, lest they the sound infect.
 Our Demi-Gods, Nymphs, Sylvans, Satyrs, Fawns,
 Who hauntable Springs, high Mountains, Woods and
 (Since yet on them we please not to bestow (Laws,
 195 Celestial Dwellings) must subsist below.
 Think you, you Gods, they can in safety rest,
 When me (of Lightning, and of you possest,
 Who both at our Imperial pleasure sway)
 The stern *Lycaon* practis'd to betray?
 200 All bluster, and in Rage the Wretch demand.
 So when bold Treason fought with impious hand,
 By *Caesar's* Blood t' out-race the *Roman* Name,
 Mankind and all the World's affrighted Frame,
 Astonish'd at so great a Ruin, shook:
 Nor thine for thee lest thought, *Augustus*, took,
 205 Than they for *Jove*. He, when he had suppress'd
 Their Murmur, thus proceeded to the rest:
 He hath his Punishment; remit that Care.
 The Manner how, I will in brief declare.
 210 The Times accus'd (but as I hop'd bely'd)
 To try, I down from steep *Olympus* slide.
 A God, transform'd like one of human birth,
 I wandred through the many-peopled Earth.
 'Twere long to tell, what Crimes of every sort
 215 Swarm'd in all parts; the truth exceeds Report.
 Now past den-dreadful *Mezalus* confines,
Gyllene, cold *Lycaus* clad with Pines,
 There where th' *Arcadians* dwell, when doubtful
 Drew on the dewy Chariot of the Night, (light
 I enter'd his unhospitable Court.
 The better Vulgar to their Prayers resort,
 220 When I by Signs had shewn a God's repair.
Lycaon first derides their zealous Prayer;

Then

Then said, we straight th' undoubted Truth will try,
Whether he be immortal, or may die.

In dead of Night, when all was whist and still;
Me in my Sleep he purposed to kill.

225 Nor with so foul an Enterprize content,
An Hostage murders from *Molossia* sent.
Part of his sever'd; scarce-dead, Limbs he boils;
Another part on hissing Embers broils;

230 This set before me, I the House o' return'd,
With vengeful Flames, which round about him burn'd.
He, frightened, to the silent Desert flies;
There howls, and Speech with lost endeavour tries.
His self-like Jaws still grin: More than for Food

235 He slaughters Beasts and yet delights in Blood.
His Arms to Thighs, his Cloaths to Bristles chang'd;
A Wolf; not much from his first Form estrang'd.
So hoary Hair'd, his looks so full of Rape,
So fiery Ey'd, so terrible his Shape.

240 One House that Fate, which all deserve, sustains:
For through the World the fierce *Erimys* reigns;
You'd think they had conspir'd to Sin. But all
Shall swiftly by deserved Vengeance fall.

Jove's words a Part approve, and his Intent

245 Exasperate; the rest give their Consent.
Yet all for Man's Destruction griev'd appear.
And ask, what Form the widowed Earth shall bear?
Who shall with Odours their cold Nictars feast?
Must Earth be only by wild Beasts possess'd?

250 The King of Gods recomforts their Despair,
And biddeth them impose on him that Care;
Who promis'd, by a strange original
Of better People, to supply their Fall.

And now about to let his Lightning fly,

He fear'd lest so much Flame should catch the Sky,

255 And burn Heav'n's Axis-Tree. Besides, by Doom
Of certain Fate he knew the time should come,
When Sea, Earth, ravish'd Heav'n, the curious Frame
Of this World's Mass, should shrink in purging Flame.
He therefore those *Cyclopean* darts rejects,

260 And different natur'd Punishments elects:
To open all the Floud-Gates of the Sky,
And Man by inundation to destroy.

Rough *Boreas* in *Eolian* Prison laid,

And those dry Blasts which gathered Clouds invade,

Outflies the South, with dropping Wings, who shrouds
 265 His terrible Aspect in pitchy Clouds ; (Showrs,
 His white Hair streams, his Beard big-swoln with
 Mists bind his Brows, Rain from his Bosom pours.
 As with his Hands the hanging Clouds he causht,
 They roar'd, and down in Showrs together rush.

270 All-colour'd *Iris*, *Juno's* Messenger,
 To weeping Clouds doth Nourishment confer.
 The Corn is lodg'd, the Husbandmen despair ;
 Their long Year's Labour lost with all their Care.
Jove nor content with his *Ethereal* Rages,

275 His Brother's Auxiliary Floods engages.
 The Streams convented ; 'Tis too late to use
 Much speech, said *Neptune* ; all your Powers effuse,
 Your Doors unbar, remove what e're restrains
 280 Your liberal Waves, and give them the full Reins.
 Thus charged, they return, their Springs unfold,
 And to the Sea with headlong fury roll'd.

He with his Trident strikes the Earth : She shakes,
 And way for Water by her motion makes,
 285 Through open Fields now rush the spreading Floods,
 And hurry with them Cattel, People, Woods,
 Houses, and Temples with their Gods inclos'd.
 What such a Force (un-*overthrown*) oppos'd,
 The higher swelling Water quire devours,

290 Which hidesth' aspiring Tops of swallow'd Tow'rs.
 Now Land and Sea no different Village bore ;
 For all was Sea, nor had the Sea a Shore.
 One takes a Hill : One in a Boat deplores,
 And where he lately plow'd, now strikes his Oars ;

295 O're Corn, o're drawn Villages he sails.
 This from high Elms intangled Fishes bales.
 In Fields they Anchor cast, as Chance did guide ;
 And Ships the under-lying Vineyards hide.
 Where Mountain-loving Goats did lately graze,

300 The Sea-Calf now his ugly Body lays.
 Groves, Cities, Temples, cover'd by the Deep.
 The Nymphs admire : In Woods the Dolphins keep,
 And chase about the Boughs : The Wolf doth swim
 Amongst the Sheep : The Lion (now not grim)

305 And Tigris tread the Waves : Swift Feet no more
 Avail the Harr, nor wounding Turks the Boar.
 The wandering Birds, hid Earth long sought in vain,
 With weary Wings descend into the Main.

- Lascivious Seas o're drowned Hills now fier,
 310 And unknown Surges airie Mountains beat.
 The Waves the greater part devout; the rest
 Death with long-wanted Sustainance oppress.
 The Land of *Phocis*, fruitful when a Land,
 • Divides *Aonia* from th' *Aetean* Strand;
 315 But now a part of the insulting Main,
 O' sudden-swelling Waters a vast Plain.
 There his two Heads *Parnassus* doth extend
 To touch'd Stars, whose Tops the Clouds transcend.
 On this *Deucalion's* little Boat was thrown:
 With him his Wife: The rest all overflown.
 320 *Corycian* Nymphs and Hill-Gods he adores;
 And *Themis*, then oraculous, implores.
 None was there better, none more just than he:
 And none more reverenc'd the Gods than he.
 To see when he saw that all a Lake was grown,
 325 And of so many Thousand Men but one,
 One of so many Thousand Women, left,
 Both guiltless, pious both, and all bereft,
 The Clouds (now chas'd by *Boreas*) from him throws,
 And Earth to Heaven, Heaven unto Earth he shows.
 330 Nor Seas persist to rage: Their awful Guide
 The wild Waves Calms, his Trident laid aside;
 And calls b'cu *Triton*, riding on the Deep,
 (Whose Mantle Nature did in purple steep)
 And bids him his loud-sounding shell inspire,
 And give the Floods a signal to retire.
 335 He his wreath'd Trumpet takes (as given in charge)
 That from theurning bottom grows more large:
 To which when he gives breath, 'tis heard by all,
 From far-uprising *Phaebus* to his fall.
 When this the watery Deity had set
 To his large Mouth, and sounded a retreat;
 340 All Floods & heard, that Earth or Ocean knew:
 And all the Floods, that heard the same, withdrew.
 Seas now have Shores: Full Streams their Channels
 They sink, and hills above the Waters peep. (keep
 Earth re-ascends: As Waves decrease, so grow
 345 The Forms of things, and late hid Figures shew.
 And after a long day, the Trees extend
 Their bared tops; with mud their branches bent.
 The World's restor'd. Which when in such a state,
 So deadly silent, and so desolate,

10 METAMORPHOSIS,

- 350 *Deucalion* saw, with Tears which might have made
Another Flood, he thus to *Pyrrha* said :
O Sister ! O my Wife ! the poor remains
Of all thy Sex, which all in one contains !
Whom human Nature, one Paternal Line,
Then one chaste Bed, and now like Dangers joyn !
355 Of what the Sun beholds from East to West,
We two are all : The Sea intombs the rest.
Not yet can we of life be confident ;
The threatening Clouds strange Terroures still present.
O ! What an Heart wouldst thou have had, if Fate
Had ta'en me from thee, and prolong'd thy Date !
So wild a Fear, such Sorrows, so forlorn
360 And comfortless, how couldest thou have born ?
If Seas had suck'd thee in, I would have follow'd
My Wife in death, and Seas should me have swallow'd,
O, would I could my Father's Cunning use,
And Souls into well-modell'd Clay infuse.
365 Now all our mortal Race we Two contain,
And but a Pattern of Mankind remain.
This said, both wept ; both Pray'rs to Heav'n ad-
And seek their Oracle in their Distress. (dress,
Northwith descending to *Cepheus* Flood ; (Mad,
Which in known Banks now ran, though thick with
370 They on their Heads, and Garments, Water throw,
And to the Temple of the Goddesses go,
At that time all defil'd with Moss and Mire ;
The unfrequented Altar without Fire.
Then humbly on their Faces prostrate lay'd,
375 And kissing the cold Stones, with fear thus pray'd.
If Powers Divine to just Desires consent,
And angry Gods do in the end relent,
Say, *Themis*, how shall we our Race repair ?
O, help the drown'd in Water and Despair.
380 The Goddesses, with Compassion mov'd, reply'd,
Go from my Temple ; both your Faces hide ;
Let Garments all unbraced loosely flow ;
And your great Parent's Bones behind you throw.
Amaz'd, first *Pyrrha* silence breaks, and said,
385 By me the Goddess must not be obey'd ;
And trembling, Pardon craves : Her Mothers Ghost
She fears would suffer, if her Bones were tost.
Mean while they ponder, and re-iterate
The words proceeding from ambiguous Fate.

Then

- 390 Then *Promethides Epimethida*
 Thus recollecteth, lost in her Dismay :
 Or I the Oracle misunderstand,
 Or, the just Gods no wicked thing command.
 The Earth is our great Mother ; and the Stones
 Therein contain'd, I take to be her Bones.
 These, sure, are those we should behind us throw.
- 395 Although *Titania* thought it might be so,
 Yet she misdoubts. Both with weak Faith rely
 On aiding Heav'n. What hurt was it to try?
 Departing with Heads veil'd and Cloaths unbrac't,
 Commanded Stones they o're their Shoulders cast.
- 400 Did not Antiquity avouch the same,
 Who would believ't ? The Stones less hard became :
 And as their natural hardness them forsook,
 So by degrees they Mans Dimenlions took,
- 405 And gentler-natur'd grew, as they increast ;
 And yet not manifestly Man exprest :
 But like rough-hewn, rude Marble Statues stand,
 That want the Work-man's last Life-giving hand.
 The Earthy parts, and what had any Juice,
 Were both converted to the Body's use :
 Th' inflexible and solid turn to Bones :
- 410 The Veins remain that were when they were Stones.
 Those thrown by Man the form of Men induc :
 And those were Women, which the Woman threw.
 Hence we an hardy Race, inur'd to pain :
- 415 Our Actions our Original explain.
 All other Creatures took their numerous Birth,
 And Figures from the voluntary Earth.
 When that old humour with the Sun did sweat,
 And slimy Marishes grew big with Heat ;
- 420 The pregnant Seeds, as from their Mother's Womb,
 From quickning Earth both Growth and Form asume.
 So when seven-Chanel'd Nile forsakes the Plain,
 When ancient Bounds retiring Streams contain,
- 425 And late-left Slime Ætherial Fervours burn,
 Men various Creatures with the Glebe up turn.
 Of those, some in their very time of Birth ;
 Some lame ; and others half alive, half Earth.
- 430 For Heat and Moisture, when they temperate grow,
 Forthwith conceive, and Life on things bestow.
 From striving Fire and Water all proceed :
 Discording Concord's ever apt to breed.

- 435 So Earth, by that late Deluge muddy grown,
 When on her Lap reflecting *Titan* shone,
 Produc'd a world of Forms; restor'd the late,
 And other unknown Monsters did create.
 Huge *Python*, thee against her will she bred;
 A Serpent whom the new-born people dread;
 440 Whose Bulk did like a moving Mountain show.
 Behold, the God that bears the Silver Bow
 Till then inur'd to strike the lying Deer,
 Or the swift Roe, who every shadow fear)
 That Terror with a Thousand Arrows slew,
 And through black Wounds the clouted Poison drew.
 445 Then lest the well-deserved memory
 Of such a Praise in future times should die,
 He instituteth celebrated Games
 Of free contention, which he *Pythia* names.
 Who ran, who wrestled best, or rak'd the ground
 With swiftest Wheels, the Oaken Garland crown'd.
 450 The Laurel was not yet: All sorts of Boughs
Pereus then bound about his radiant Brows.
Peneian Daphne was his first belov'd,
 Not Chance, but *Cupid's* Wrath, that fury mov'd.
 Whom *Delius* (proud of his late Conquest) saw,
 455 As he his pliant Bow began to draw;
 And said, Lascivious Boy, how ill agree
 Thou art these Arms; to many far for thee!
 Such suit our Shoulders, whose strong Arm confounds
 Both Man and Beast with never-missing Wounds;
 460 That *Python* bristled with thick Arrows quell'd,
 Who o're so many poysoned Acres swell'd,
 Be thou content to kindle with thy Flame
 Desires we know not; nor our praises claim.
 Then *Venus* Son; Self-praised ever be:
 All may thy Bow transfix, as mine shall thee.
 465 So far as Gods exceed all earthly Pow'rs,
 So much thy glory is excell'd by ours.
 With that he breaks the Air with nimble Wings,
 And to *Parnassus* shady Summer springs.
 Two different Arrows from his Quiver draws,
 One Hare of Love, the other Love doth cause.
 470 What caus'd was sharp, and had a golden Head:
 But what repuls'd was blunt, and tip with Lead.
 The God This in *Peneis* fix: That struck
Apollo's Bones, and in his Marrow stuck.

- Forthwith he loves; a Lover's name she flies :
 And, emulating un-wed *Phæbe*, joys
 475 In Spoils of savage-Beasts and Sylvan *Lares*;
 A fillet binding her neglected Hairs.
 Her many sought : But she, averse to all,
 Unknown to Man, not brooking such a Thrall,
 Frequents the pathless Woods; and hates to prove,
 480 Nor cares to hear, what *Hymen* is, or Love.
 Oft said her Father, Daughter, though dost owe
 A Son-in-law who Nephews may bestow.
 But she, who Marriage as a Crime eschew'd,
 (Her Face with blushing Shamefacedness imb'd)
 485 Hung on his Neck with fawning Arms, and said,
 Dear Father, give me leave to live a Maid :
 This Boon *Diana's* Sire did her afford.
 He, too indulgent, gave thee his Accord :
 But thee thy Excellency countermands ;
 And thy own Beauty thy desire withstands.
 490 *Apollo* loves, and fain would *Daphne* wed.
 VVhat he desires, he hopes ; and is misl'd
 By his own Oracles. As Stubbles burn,
 As Hedges into sudden blazes turn,
 Fire set too near, or leit by chance behind
 495 By Passengers, and scatter'd with the VVind :
 So springs he into Flames : A Fire doth move
 Through all his Veins ; Hope feeds his barren Love.
 He on her Shoulders sees her Hair untrest.
 O what, said he, if these were neatly drest !
 He sees her Eyes, two Stars, her Lips which kiss
 Their happy selves, and longs to taste their Bliss ;
 500 Admires her Fingers, Hands, her Arms half-bare ;
 And Parts unseen conceives to be more rare.
 Swifter than following VVinds away she runs.
 And him, for all this his intreaty shuns.
 Stay, Nymph, I pray thee, stay. I am no Foe.
 505 So Lambs from VVolves, Harts fly from Lions so ;
 So from the Eagle springs the trembling Dove :
 They from their Deaths ; but my pursuit is Love.
 VVo's me, if thou shouldst fall, or Thorns should race
 Thy tender Legs, whilst I inforce the Chace !
 510 These Rocks are craggy : Moderate thy hast ;
 And, trust me, I will not pursue so fast.
 Yet know who 'tis you please : No Mountaineer,
 No home-bred Clown, nor keep I Cartel here.

- From whom thou fly'st thou know'st not, (lilly Fool!)
- 515 And therefore fly'st thou. I in *Delphos* rule;
Ionian Claros, *Lycian Pataray*,
 And Sea-girt *Tenedos* do me obey.
Jove is my Father. What shall be, hath been,
 Or is, by my instructive Rays is seen.
 Immortal Verse from our Invention springs,
 And how to strike the well-concording Strings.
 My Shafts hit sure: Yet he one surer found,
- 520 Who in my empty Bosom made this Wound.
 Of Herbs I found the Virtue; and through all
 The World, they me the great Physician call.
 Ay me, that Herbs can Love no Cure afford!
 That Arts, relieving all, should fail their Lord!
- 525 More had he said, when she, nimble with Dread,
 From him and his unfinished Courtship fled.
 How graceful then! the Wind, that obvious blew,
 Too much betray'd her to his amorous View,
 And play'd the wanton with her fluent Hair.
- 530 Her Beauty by her Flight appear'd more rare.
 No more the God will his intreaties lose,
 But, urg'd by Love, with all his force pursues.
 As when a Hare the speedy Grey-hound spies,
 His Feet for Prey, she hers for Safety plies;
- 535 Now bears he up, now; now he hopes to fetch her,
 And with his Snout extended strains to catch her:
 Not knowing whether caught or no, she slips
 Out of his wide-stretch'd Jaws and touching Lips.
 The God and Virgin in such Strife appear;
 He quickned by his Hope, she by her Fear.
- 540 But the Pursuer doth more nimble prove,
 Enabled by th' industrious Wings of Love.
 Nor gives he time to breathe: Now at her Heels,
 His Breath upon her dangling Hair she feels.
 Clean spent and fainting, her affrighted Blood
 Forsakes her Cheeks. She cries unto the Flood,
- 545 Help, Father, if your Streams contain a Power:
 May Earth, for too well pleasing, me devour:
 Or, by transforming, O destroy this Shape,
 That thus betrays me to undoing Rape.
 Forthwith a numness all her Limbs possess,
 And slender Films her softer Sides invest,
- 550 Hair into Leaves, her Arms to Branches grow:
 Her late swift Feet, now Roots, are less than slow.

Her graceful Head a leafy Top sustains.

One Beauty throughout all her Form remains.

Still *Phæbus* loves. He handles the new Plant,

And feels her Heart within the Bark to pant ;

555 Imbrac'd the Tree, as he would her have done,

And kist the Boughs : The Boughs his Kisses stim.

To whom the God, although thou canst not be

The Wife I wish'd ; yet shalt thou be my Tree.

Our Quiver, Harp, our Tresses never shorn,

My Laurel, thou shalt evermore adorn ;

560 And brows triumphant, when they *Io* sing,

And to their Capitol their Trophies bring.

Thou shalt defend from Thunder's blasting stroke

Augustus Doors, on either side the Oak,

And as our un-cut Hair no change receives ;

565 So ever flourish with unfading Leaves.

Here *Pæon* ends. The Laurel all allows :

In sign whereof her grateful Head she bows.

A pleasant Grove within *Aemonia* grows,

Call'd *Tempe*, which high ragged cliffs inclose.

570 Through this *Peneus*, pour'd from *Pindus*, raves,

And from the bottom rowls with foaming Waves,

That by steep Down-falls, tumbling from on high,

Ingender Mists, which Smoak-like upward fly ;

That on the dewy tops of Trees distil,

And more than neighbouring Woods with Noises fill.

Here, in a Cave, his Court and Residence

575 The great Floud keeps, here Justice doth dispense

To Streams, and gentle Nymphs that Streams frequent.

The Flouds that native were with one confine

First thither came, as yet at self Debate,

Whether to comfort or congratulate.

580 Cool *Sperchius*, slow *Amphrysus*, *Apidan*;

Swift *Æas*, *Enipeus* that troubled ran.

Then forthwith those who (as their Sources bend)

To Seas their Waves (with Wandrings weary) send.

All but old *Inachus* ; who, in his Cave's

Obscure Recess, with Tears augments his Waves ;

585 For *Io* mourns as lost ; nor yet knows he

Whether above or under Earth she be :

But her, whom he not any where could find,

He thinks is no where: Fear distracts his Mind.

As from her Fathers Streams the Nymph return'd,

Saturnus, seeing her, in Passion burn'd.

- O Virgin worthy *Jove*, whose Bed must bid
 590 What God I know not, though a Man no less;
 Here in these Woods, said he, or these, repose,
 Whilst thus the World with fainting Ferour glows,
 Nor fear among the Savages to venture:
 595 A God protecting, thou maist safely enter,
 Nor one of vulgar Rank; but he that bears
 Heav'n's Scepter, and the Clouds with Thunder tears.
 O! fly not. (For she fled.) The pastures past
 Of *Lerna*, and *Lyrcea's* gloomy Wast,
 He in the Air a sable Cloud display'd,
 600 Caught, and devirginates the struggling Maid.
 Meanwhile with wonder *Juno* doth survey
 Those dusky Clouds that made a Night of Day:
 And finding that they neither took their birth
 From vap'rous Streams, nor from the humid Earth,
 605 For her mist Husband searcheth Heav'n, as one
 To whom his Stealths Often had been known.
 Whom when she could not find, Deceiv'd am I,
 Or wrong'd, she said. Down from th' enamell'd Sky
 She slides to Earth. The foggy Clouds withdraw
 610 At her command. Her coming *Jove* foretaw,
 And changes *Inachus* into a Cow;
 Whose Form even *Juno* pleas'd, demanding, how
 She thither came, whose was she, of what Herd?
 As ignorant of what she more than fear'd.
 615 *Jove* reigns (her Importunity to thurst)
 Her born of Earth. *Saturnus* begs the Gift.
 What should he do? Be cruel to his Love?
 Or, by denying her, Suspicion move?
 Shame that persuades, and Love doth thus dissuade.
 But stronger Love Shame under foot hath laid.
 620 Yet doubts, if he should such a thing deny
 His Wife and Sister, twould the Fraud defery,
 Obtain'd, not terrish with Fear the Goddess left,
 Distrusting *Jove*, and jealous of his Theft,
 Until delivered to *Argus* guard.
 625 An hundred Eyes his Head's large circuit starr'd;
 VVhereof by turns, at once two only slept;
 The other watch'd, and still their stations kept.
 VVhich way so-e'er he stands, he *Io* spies;
Io, behind him, was before his Eyes.
 630 By day she graz'd abroad: So/ under ground,
 He hous'd her, in unworthy Halter bound.

- On Leaves of Trees and bitter Herbs she fed ;
 (Poor Soul!) the Earth, not always green, her Bed ;
 And of the Torrent drinks. With Hands up-heav'd
 635 She thought to beg for Pity : How deceiv'd!
 She low'd, when she began to make her Moan ;
 And trembled at the Voice which was her own.
 Unto the Banks of *Inachus* she stray'd ;
 Her Father's Banks where she so oft had play'd.
 640 Beholding in his Stream her horned Head,
 She starts, and from her self, self-frighted, fled.
 Her Sisters nor old *Inachus* her knew.
 Which way so e're they went, she would pursue,
 And suffer them to stroke her ; and doth move
 Their wonder with her strange expressed Love.
 645 He brought her Grass : She gently lick'd his Hands,
 And kiss his Palms ; nor longer tears withstands.
 And had she then had Words, she had display'd
 Her Name, her Fortunes, and implor'd his Aid.
 For Words, she Letters with her foot impress'd
 650 Upon the Sand, which her sad Change profess'd.
 Wo's me, cry'd *Inachus*, (his Arms and throws
 About her snowy Neck) O wo of woes!
 Art thou my Daughter, throughout all the Round
 Of Earth so sought, that now, not found, art found ?
 655 Less was thy Loss, less was my Misery :
 Dumb wretch, (alas!) thou canst not make reply.
 Yet, as thou canst, thou dost : Thy Lowings speak,
 And deep-fetch'd Sighs that from thy Bosom break.
 I, ignorant, prepar'd thy Marriage-bed :
 My hopes a Son-in-law and Nephews fed.
 660 Now from the Herd thy Issue must descend.
 Nor can the length of time my Sorrows end,
 Accurst, in that a God ! Dear'st sweet relief
 Hard Fates deny to my immortal Grief.
 This said, his Daughter (in that shape be lov'd)
 The Star-ey'd *Argus* far from thence remov'd ;
 665 When, mounted on a Hill, the wary Spy
 Surveys the Plains that round about him lie.
 The King of Gods those Sorrows she endur'd
 Could brook no longer, by his fault procur'd ;
 But calls his Son, of fulgent *Pleias* bred,
 670 Commanding him to cut off *Argus* Head.
 He wings his Heels, puts on his Belt, and takes
 His droulie Rod, the Tow'r of *Jove* forsakes,
 And,

- And, winding, stoops to Earth. The changed God
 675 His Hat and Wings lays by, retains his Rod,
 With which he drives his Goats, (like one that feeds
 The bearded Herd) and sings t' his slender Reeds.
 Much taken with that Art, before unknown,
 Come, sit by me, said *Argus*, on this Stone:
 680 No place affordeth better Pasturage;
 Or Shelter from the Sun's offensive rage.
 Pleas'd *Atlantiades* doth him obey,
 And with discourse protracts the speedy Day:
 Then, singing to his Pipe's soft Melody,
 Endeavours to subdue each wakeful Eye.
 685 The Herdsman strives to conquer urgent Sleep:
 Though seiz'd on half, the other half do keep
 Observant Watch. He asks who did invent
 (With that he yawn'd) that late-found Instrument?
 Then thus the God his charmed Ears inclines:
 690 Amongst the *Hamadryade Nondrines*
 (On cold *Arcadian Hills*) for Beauty fam'd
 A *Naiad* dwelt, (the Nymphs her *Syrinx* nam'd)
 Who oft deceiv'd the Satyrs that pursu'd,
 The rural Gods, and those whom Woods include;
 In Exercises and in chaste desire,
 695 *Diana* like, and such in her attire.
 You either in each other might behold;
 Save that her Bow was Holm, *Diana's* Gold:
 Yet oft mistook. *Pan* crown'd with Pines, returning
 From steep *Lycæus*, saw her, and Love-burning
 700 Thus said, fair Virgin, grant a God's request,
 And be his Wife. He cea'st to tell the rest.
 She from his Prayers fled, as from her Shame,
 Till to smooth *Ladon's* sandy Banks she came:
 There stopt; implores the liquid Sisters Aid,
 705 To change her Shape, and pity a forc'd Maid.
Pan, when he thought he had his *Syrinx* clasp'd
 Between his Arms, Reeds for her Body grasps.
 He sighs: They, stirr'd therewith, report again
 A mournful Sound, like one that did complain.
 710 Rapt with the Mute, yet, O sweet, (said he)
 Together ever thus converse will we.
 Then of unequal wax-joyn'd Reeds he fram'd
 This seven-fold Pipe: Of her 'twas *Syrinx* nam'd.
 Thus much about t' have said, *Cyllenise* spies
 715 How leaden Sleep had seal'd up all his Eyes.

Then,

- Then, silent, with his Magick rod he strokes
 Their languish'd Lights, which sounder Sleep provokes;
 And with his Fauchion lops his nodding Head:
 720 Whose Bloud besmear'd the hoary Rock with red.
 * There lies he, of so many Lights the Light
 Put forth; his hundred Eyes set in one Nighr.
 Yet that those starry Jewels might remain,
Saturnia fixt them in her Peacock's Train.
 725 Inflam'd with Anger and impatienc hast,
 Before sad *Io's* Eyes, and thoughts, she plac'd.
Erimys Snakes; and through the World doth drive
 The Conscience-stung, affrighted Fugitive.
 Thou, *Nils*, to her long Toil an end didst yield.
 730 Approaching thee, she on thy Margent kneel'd;
 Her Looks (such as she had) to Heav'n up throws.
 With Tears, Sighs, Sounds (expressing worldleis Woes)
 Shee seem'd *Jove* to accuse, as too ingrate,
 And to implore an end of her hard Fate.
 735 He clips his Wife, and her intreats to free
 Th' unjustly plagu'd. Be confident (said he)
 She never more shall cause thy Grief or Fear.
 His Vow he bids the *Stygian* Waters hear.
 Appeas'd, the Nymph recovr'd her first Look,
 740 So fair, so sweet: The Hair her Skin forsook;
 Her Horns decrease; large Eyes, wide Jaws contract;
 Shoulders and Hands become again exact;
 Her Hoofs to Nails diminish: Nothing now,
 But that pure White, retains she of the Cow.
 745 Then on her Feet her Body she erects,
 Now born by two. Her self she yet suspects,
 Nor dares to speak aloud, lest she should hear
 Her self to low, but softly tries with Fear.
 Now she, a Goddess, is ador'd by those
 That shine in linen Stoles where *Nilus* flows.
 Hence sprung *Jove's Epaphus*, no less divine;
 750 Whose Temples next unto his Mother's joyn.
 Equal in years (nor equal Spirit wants)
 The Sun-got *Phaeton*; who proudly vaunts
 Of his high Parentage, nor will give place.
Inachides puts on him this Disgrace:
 Fool, you your Mother trust in things unknown,
 755 And of a Father boast, that's not your own.
 Vext *Phaeton* blusht: His Shame his Rage repels:
 Who straight to *Glymene* the Slander tells;

And,

- And Mother, said he, (to your grief's increase) T
 760 I, free, (and he so lost) held my peace; I
 Asham'd that such a tainture should be lay'd
 Upon my bloody, that could not be gain'd.
 But if I be descended from above,
 Give proof thereof, and this Reproach remove.
 He hangs about her Neck; by her own Head,
 765 By *Merops*, by his Sister's Nuptial Bed,
 In treats her to produce some certain Gage,
 That might assure his question'd Parentage.
 Moved with her Son's Inreaty, more inflam'd
 With indignation to be so defam'd,
 She casts her Arms to Heaven; and looking on
 Sol's radiant Orb, thus said: I wear, my Son,
 By yon fair Taper that so bright appears
 770 With his projected Beams, who sees and hears,
 That Sun, whom thou behold'st, who Light and Heat
 Affords th'inform'd World, did thee beget.
 If not, may I so me deny his Sight,
 And to my Eyes let his be his last Light,
 Nor far removed, doth his Palace stand;
 775 His first Uprise continues upon our Land:
 If that thy heart do serve thee, thither go,
 And there thy Father of thy Father know.
 Hereat joy'd, *Alexicon* enlighten'd grew,
 Whose rowring thoughts no less than Heav'n pursue,
 His *Aethiopia* pass, and *Inde* which tries
 780 With burning Beams, he climbs the Sun's Uprise.

OVID'S

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VID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

THE SECOND BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Rash Phaeton fires the World, His Sisters mourn
His Tragedy; who into Phylas turn;
Their Tears to Amber; Cygnus to a Swan.
Jove Phoebe like, Calisto found a Min;
Her, Juno made a Bear: She, and her Son,
Advanced Stars, that fill the Ocean shun.
Coronis, now a Crow, flies Neptune's fright.
Nyctimene is made the Bird of Night.
The too officious Raven, late so fair,
Is pluck'd with black. Ocyroe grows a Mire.
Phoebus an Herdsman: Mercury twice such;
Who turns betraying Battus into Touch.
Envious Aglauros, to a Statue, full
Of her mind's spots. Love Jove converts to a Bull.

S O L's lofty Palae on high Pillars rais'd,
Shone all with gold, and stones that Fame-like
The Roof of Ivory, divinely deckt; (blaz'd:
The two leav'd silver doors bright rates project.
The Workmanship more admiration crav'd:
For curious Mulciber had there engrav'd
The Land-embracing Sea, the orb'd Ground,
The arch'd Heavens. Blew Gods the billows crown'd,
Shape-

- Shape-changing *Proteus*, *Triton* shrill, the tall
 10 Big-brawn'd *Aegæon* mounted on a Whale,
Gray Doris, and her Daughters, heavenly-fair:
 Some sit on Rocks, and dry their Sea green Hair;
 Some seem upon the dancing Waves to glide;
 Others on backs of crooked Fishes ride.
 Amongst them all, no Two appear the same,
 Nor differ more than Sisters well became.
- 15 The Earth had salvage Beasts, Men, Cities, Woods,
Nymphs, *Satyrs*, rural Gods, and chrystal Flouds.
 Above all these, Heav'n's radiant Image shines,
 On both sides deck'd with six refulgent Signs.
 To this bold *Phaeton* made his Ascent,
- 20 And to his doubted Father's preference bent;
 Yet forc'd to stand aloof: For mortal sight
 Could not endure t' approach so pure a Light.
Sol, cloath'd in Purple, sits upon a Throne
 Which clearly with tralucent Emeralds shone.
 With equal-ranging Hours on either hand,
- 25 The Days, the Months, the Years, the Ages stand:
 The fragrant Spring with flowry Chaplets crown'd:
 Wheat-ears the brows of naked Summer bound:
 Rich Autumn smear'd with crush'd *Lycus* Bloud:
 Next hoary-headed Winter quivering stood.
- 30 Much daunted at these sacred Novelties,
 The fearful Youth all-seeing *Phæbus* spies;
 Who said, What hither drew thee, *Phaeton*,
 Who art, and worthily, my dearest Son?
 He thus reply'd, O thou refulgent Light,
 Who all the World rejoycest with thy sight,
- 35 O Father, (if allow'd to use that Name,
 Nor *Clymene* by thee disguise her Shame,)
 Produce some Sign that may my Birth approve,
 And from my thoughts these wretched Doubts remove.
 He from his Brows his shining Raies displac'd,
 And, bidding him draw near, his Neck imbrac'd.
- 40 By Merit, as by Birth; to thee is due
 That Name, said he, and *Clymene* was true.
 To clear all Doubts, ask what thou wilt, and take
 Thy granted Wish. Bear witness, thou dark Lake,
 The Oath of Gods, unto our Eyes unknown.
- 45 These Words no sooner from his Lips were flown,
 But he demands his Chariot, and the sway
 Of his hot Steeds, to guide the winged day.

- The God repents him of the Oath he made,
 30 And, shaking his illustrious Tresses, said,
 Thy Tongue hath made mine err, thy Birth unblest.
 O, would I could break Promise. This Request,
 I must confess, I only would deny.
 And yet, dissuade I may. Thy Death doth lie
 Within thy Wish. What's so desir'd by thee
 55 Can neither with thy Strength nor Youth agree.
 Too great Intentions set thy Thoughts on fire.
 Thou, mortal, dost no mortal thing desire;
 Through Ignorance affecting more than they
 Dare undertake, who in *Olympus* sway.
 60 Though each himself approve; except me, none
 Is able to supply my burning Throne.
 Not that dread Thunderer who rules above
 Can drive these Wheels: And who more great than
 Steep is the first Ascent, which in the prime (*Jove?*)
 Of springing Day, fresh Horses hardly climb.
 65 At Noon through highest Skies their course they bear,
 Whence Sea and Land even we behold with fear.
 Then down the Hill of Heav'n they scour again
 With desperate Speed, and need a steady Rein;
 That *Tesbyr*, in whose wavy Bowers I lie,
 Each Evening dreads my downfall from the Skie.
 70 Besides, the Heav'ns are daily hurried round,
 That turn the Stars to other Motions bound.
 Against this Violence my way I force,
 And counter-run their all-o're-bearing Course.
 My Chariot had, can thy frail Strength ascend
 75 The obvious Poles, and with their Force contend?
 No Groves, no Cities fraught with Gods expect;
 No marble Fanes with wealthy Offerings deckt.
 Through salvage Shapes and Dangers lies the way:
 Which couldst thou keep, and by no error stray;
 80 Between the Bull's sharp Horns yet must thou go,
 By him that draws the strong *Aemonian* Bow,
 The deathful Scorpion's far out-bending Claws;
 The shorter Crab's, the roaring Lion's Jaws.
 Nor easie is't those fiery Steeds to tame,
 85 Who from their Mouths and Nostrils vomit Flame.
 They, heated, hardly of my Rule admit;
 But, head-strong, struggle with the hated Bit.
 Then, lest my Bounty, which would save, should kill,
 Beware, and whilst thou maist, reform thy will.

- 90 A Sign thou crav'st, that might confirm thee mine:
 I by dehorting give a certain Sign;
 Approv'd a Father by Paternal fear.
 Look on my Looks, and read my Sorrows there.
 O, would thou couldst descend into my breast,
 And apprehend my vexed Soul's unrest.
- 95 And, lastly, all the wealthy World behold:
 Of all that Heav'n's enrich, rich Seas unfold,
 Or on the pregnant-bosom'd Earth remain,
 Ask what thou wilt, and no Repulse sustain.
 To this alone I give a forc'd Consent;
 No Honour, but a true nam'd Punishment.
 Thou for a Blessing begg'st the worst of Harms.
- 100 Why hang'st thou on my Neck with fawning Arms?
 Distrust not, we have sworn; but ask, and take
 What thou canst wish: Yet wiser Wishes make.
 In vain dehorted, he his Promise claim'd,
 With Glory of so great a Charge inflam'd.
- 105 The wilful Youth then lingring *Phæbus* brought
 To his bright Chariot by *Vulcan* wrought:
 The Beam and Axle-tree of massie Gold;
 On Silver Spokes the golden Fillies row'd;
 Rich Gems and Chrysolites the Harness deckt,
- 110 Which *Phæbus* Beams with equal light reflect.
 Whilst this admiring *Phaeton* surveys,
 The wakeful Morning from the East displays
 Her purple Doors, and odoriferous Bed
 With plenty of dew-dropping Roses spread.
- 115 Clear *Lucifer* the flying Stars doth chase,
 And, after all the rest, resigns his place.
 When *Titan* saw the dawning ruddy grew,
 And how the Moon her silver Horns withdrew,
 He bad the light-foot Hours without delay
 To joyn his Steeds. The Goddesses obey,
- 120 Who from their lofty Mangers forth with led
 His fiery Horses, with *Ambrosia* fed.
 With sacred Oil anointed by his Sire,
 Of virtue to repulse the rage of Fire,
 He crowns him with his Rays; then thus began
 With doubled Sighs which following Woes fore-ran:
- 125 Let not thy Father still advise in vain.
 Son, spare the Whip, and strongly use the Rein.
 They of their own accord will run too fast:
 'Tis hard to moderate their flying Hatt.

Nor drive along the five directer Lines.

130 A broad and beaten path obliquely winds,
Contented with three Zones, which doth avoid
The distant Poles; the Track thy Wheels will guide.

135 Descend thou not too low, nor mount too high,
That temperate Warmth may Heav'n and Earth supply.
A lofty course will Heav'n with Fire infect;
A lowly, Earth: the safer Mean is best.
Nor to the folded *Snake* thy Chariot guide,
Nor to the *Altar* on the other side.

140 Between these drive. The rest I leave to Fate;
Who better prove, than thou, to thy own state.
But while I speak, behold, the humid Night
Beyond th' *Hesperian* Vales hath ta'en her flight.
Aurora's Splendour re-inthrones the Day.

We are expected, nor can longer stay.
145 Take up the Reins, or, while thou maist, refuse;
And not my Chariot, but my Counsel use,
While on a firm foundation thou dost stand,
Nor yet possess of thy ill-wisht Command:
Let me the World with usual influence cheer:
And view that light which is unsafe to bear.

150 The generous and gallant *Phaeton*,
All Courage, vaults into the blazing Throne,
Glad of the Reins, nor doubtful of his Skill,
And gives his Father thanks against his will.

Meanwhile the Sun's swift Horse, hot *Pegasus*,
Light *Ethon*, fiery *Phlegon*, bright *Eos*,
155 Neighing aloud, inflame the Air with Heat,
And with their thundering Hoofs the Barriers beat.
Which when hospitious *Tetys* once withdrew,
(Who nothing of her Nephew's danger knew)
And gave them scope, they mount the ample Sky,
And cut the obvious Clouds with Feet that fly:
Who, rais'd with plumed Pinions, leave behind

160 The glowing East and slower Eastern Wind,
But *Phaebus* Horses could not feel that freight:
The Chariot wanted the accusom'd VVeight;
And as unballast Ships are rockt and tost
VVith tumbling VVaves, and in their steerage lost:
So through the Air the lighter Chariot reels,
165 And joults, as empty, upon jumping VVheels.
VVhich when they found, the beaten-path they shun,
And (straggling) out of all subjection run.

- He knows not how to turn, nor knows the way :
 170 Or had he known, yet would not they obey.
 The Cold, now hot *Trones* sought in vain
 To quench their heat in the forbidden Main.
 The Serpent next unto the frozen Pole,
 Benumb'd and hurtless, now begins to roll
 With actual Heat, and long forgotten Ire
 175 Resumes together with *Aethereal* Fire.
 'Tis said, that thou, *Bootes*, ran'st away,
 Though slow, though thee thy heavy Wain did stay.
 But when from top of all the arch'd Sky
 Unhappy *Phaeton* the Earth did eye,
 180 Pale sudden Fear un-nerves his quaking Thighs,
 And in so great a Light benights his Eyes.
 He wisht those Steeds unknown, unknown his Birth,
 His Suit ungranted: Now he covets Earth;
 Now scorns not to be held of *Merop's* Blood,
 185 Rapt as a Ship upon the high-wrought Flood,
 By salvage Tempests chas'd which in despair
 The Pilot leaveth to the Gods, and Pray'r.
 What should he do? Much of the Heav'n's behind,
 Much more before; both measur'd in his Mind.
 The never-to-be-entred West surveys,
 190 And then the East. Lost in his own Amaze
 And Ignorance, he cannot hold the Reins,
 Nor let them go; nor knows his Horses names:
 But stares on Terroure-striking Skies (possess'd
 By Beasts and Monsters) with a panting Brea'st.
 There is a place in which the *Scorpion* bends
 195 His compass claws, who through two signs extends:
 Whom when the Youth beheld, stew'd in black Sweat
 Of Poison, and with turn'd-up Tail to threat
 A mortal wound; pale fear his Senses strook,
 200 And slackned reins lets fall from hands that shook.
 They, when they felt them on their backs to lie,
 With uncontrouled Errour scour the Sky,
 Through unknown airy Regions, and tread
 The way which their disordered Fury led.
 Up to the fixed Stars their course they take;
 205 And stranger Spheres with smoking Chariot take:
 Now climb, now by steep Precipices descend,
 And nearer Earth their wandering-race extend:
 To see her Brother's Steed beneath her own
 The Moon admires: The Clouds like Comets shone.
 Invading

Invading Fire the upper Earth assail'd

- 210 All chapt and con'd, her pregnant Juice exhal'd.
Trees feed their Ruin; Grains gray-headed turns;
And Corn by that which did produce it burns.
Eut this was nothing. Cities with their Tow'rs,
215 Realms with their People funeral Fire devours.
The Mountains blaze: high *Athos*, but too high:
Fount-fruitful *Ida*, never till then dry;
Oete, old *Tmolus*, and *Cicilian Taurus*,
Musc-haunted *Helicon*, *Oegrian Aemus*.
220 Loud *Aetna* roareth with her doubled Fires;
Parnassus groans beneath two flaming Spires.
Steep *Othrys*, *Cynthus*, *Eryx*, *Mimas*, glow;
And *Rhodope*, no longer cloath'd with snow.
The *Phrygian Dindyma* in Cinders mous'd:
Cold *Caucasus* in frosty *Scythia* burns.
High *Mycale*, divine *Cithæron*, walt;
225 *Pindus*, and *Ossa* once on *Pelion* cist;
More great *Olympus*, (which before did shine)
The airy *Alps*, and cloudy *Apennine*.
Then *Phaeton* beheld on every side
The World on Fire, nor could such Heat abide;
And at his deadly-dry and gasping Jaws
The scalding Air, as from a Furnace, draws;
230 His Chariot redder than the Fire it bore;
And, being mortal, could endure no more
Such clouds of Ashes, and ejected Coals.
Muffled in Smoak which round about him roll'd,
He knows not where he is, nor what succeeds;
Dragg'd at the pleasure of his frantick Steeds:
235 Men say the *Aethiopians* then grew swart,
Their blood exhaled to the outward part.
A sandy Desert *Lybia* then became,
Her full Veins emptied by the thirsty flame.
With Hair unbound and torn the Nymphs, distraight
Bewail their Springs: *Daotia Dirce* sought;
240 *Argos Amimon*, *Ephyre* the fair
Pirene mist. Nor Streams securer are.
Great *Tanais* in boiling Chancel fumes;
Teuthranean Caycus heat-consumes;
Isimene, old *Peneus*, *Erymanthus*,
Yellow *Lycormas* to be twice-burnt: *Xanthus*.
245 *Meander*, running in a turning Maze,
Nygæan Melas, and *Eurosus* blaze.

- Euphrates*, late investing *Babylon*,
Orontes, *Phasis*, *Ister*, *Thermodon*,
 250 *Ganges*, *Alpheus*, *Sperchius* Flames in fold:
 And *Tagus* floweth with dissolved Gold.
 The Swans that ravish'd with their melody
Maonian Banks, now in *Cayster* fry.
 To farthest Earth affrighted *Nitus* fled,
 255 And there conceal'd his yet-unfound-out Head;
 Whilst his seven dusty Chânels streamless lie.
Ismarian Hebrus, *Strymon* now are dry.
Hesperian streams, *Rhena*, *Rhodanus*, the *Po*,
 260 And Scepter-destinated *Tiber* glow.
 Earth cracks; to Hell the hated light descends,
 And frighted *Pluto* with his Queen offends,
 The Ocean shrinks, and leaves a field of Sand;
 Where new discover'd Rocks and Mountains stand,
 That multiply the scatter'd *Cyclades*,
 Late cover'd with the deep and awful Seas,
 265 The fishes to the bottom dive: nor dare
 The sportless Dolphins tempt the sultry Air.
 Long boil'd alive, the monstrous *Phocæ* die,
 And on the brine with turn'd-up bellies lie.
 With *Doris* and her Daughters, *Nereus* raves;
 Who hide themselves beneath the scalding waves.
 270 Thrice wrathful *Neptune* his bold arm up held
 Above the Flouds: whom thrice the Fire repel'd.
 Yet foodful *Tellus* with the Ocean bound,
 Amidst the Seas, and Fountains now unfound
 (Self-hid within the womb where they were bred)
 275 Neck-high advanceth her all-bearing Head,
 (Her parched fore-head shadow'd with her hand)
 And, shaking, shook whatever on her stand:
 Wherewith a little shrunk into her breast
 Her sacred tongue her sorrows thus exprest:
 If such thy Will, and I deserve the same,
 280 Thou chief of Gods, why sleeps thy vengeful Flame?
 Be't by thy fire, if I in fire must fry:
 The Author lessens the Calamity.
 But, whilst I strive to utter this, I choke.
 View my sing'd hair, mine eyes half-out with smoke!
 The sparkling cinders on my Visage thrown!
 285 Is this my recompence? the favour shown
 For all my service? for the fruit I have born?
 That thus I am with Plough and Harrows torn;
 Wrought-

- Wrought our throughout the year? that Man and Beast
Sustain with food? and you with incense feast?
- 296 But say, I merit ruin, and thy hate:
What hath thy Brother done (by equal Fate
Elected to the wavy Monarchy,
That Sea should sink, and from thy presence fly?
If neither he, nor I thy pity move,
Pity thy Heaven. Behold! the Poles above
- 299 At either end do fume: and should they burn,
Thy habitation would to ruin turn.
Distressed *Atlas* shoulders shrink with pain,
And scarce the glowing Axletree sustain.
If Sea, if Earth, if Heaven should fall by fire,
Then all of us to *Chaos* must retire.
O! quench these flames: the miserable state
- 300 Of things relieve, before it be too late.
This said, her voice her parched tongue forsook,
Nor longer could the smothering vapours brook,
But, down into her self withdrew her head,
Near to th' infernal Caverns of the dead.
Jove calls the Gods to witness, and who lent
- 305 The straying Chariot; should not he prevent,
That All would perish by one destiny;
Then mounts the highest Turret of the Sky,
From thence inur'd to cloud the spaceful Earth:
And give the Flame fore-running Thunder birth.
But, there, for wasted clouds he sought in vain,
- 310 To shade, or cool the scorched Earth with rain.
He thunders, and with hands that cannot erre,
Hurles lightning at th' audacious Charioteer.
Him struck he from his seat, breath from his breast,
Both at one blow, and flames with flames suppress.
The frightened Horses, plunging several waies,
- 315 Break all their tire: to whom the Bit obeys:
The reins, torn beams, crackt spokes, dispers'd abroad,
Scorch'd Heav'n was with the Chariot's ruins strow'd.
But, soul-less *Phaeton* with blazing hair,
- 320 Shot head-long through a long descent of Air;
As when a falling Star glides through the Sky,
Or seems to fall to the deceived eye.
Whom great *Eridanus* (far from his place
Of birth) receiv'd and quench'd his flagrant face:
- 325 Whose Nymphs interr'd him in his Mother's womb;
And fixt this Epitaph upon his Tomb:

- Here *Phaeton* lies; who though he could not guide
 His Father's Steeds, in high attempts he did
Phaebus with grief withdrew. One day did run
 330 About the World, they say, without the Sun,
 Which flaming funerals illuminate
 That good, derived from a wretched Fate:
 When *Clymene* had said what could be said
 In such a grief, half-soul'd, in black array'd,
 335 She fills the Earth, she wanders through, with groans,
 First seeking his dead Corps, and then his Bones
 Interr'd in Foreign Lands she found the last:
 Her feeble Limbs upon the place she cast
 And bath'd his name in tears, and strictly prest
 The carved Marble with her bared breast.
 340 Nor less th' *Heliades* lament, who shed
 From drowned Eyes, vain offerings to the dead:
 Who with remorseless hands their bosoms tear,
 And wailing, call on him that cannot hear.
 With joined horns four Moons their Orbs had fill'd,
 345 Since they their customary plaints upheld:
 When *Phaethusa*, thinking to have cast
 Her self on Earth, cry'd ah! My feet stick fast:
Lampetie, pressing to her Sisters aid,
 As suddenly with fixed roots was staid.
 350 A third, about to have torn her scatter'd hair,
 Tore off the leaves which on her crown she bare.
 This grieveth at her stiff and senseless thighs:
 Shee, that her stretcht-out arms in branches rise.
 And whilst with wonder they themselves behold,
 The creeping bark their tender parts infold;
 Then, by degrees, their Bellies, Breasts, and all,
 355 Except their Mouths, which on their Mother call.
 What should she do? But run to that, to this,
 As fury drave, and snatch'd a parting kiss:
 But yet, not so suffic'd, she strove to take
 Them, from themselves, and down the branches brake:
 360 From whence, as from a wound, pure blood did glide.
 O pity, Mother! (still the wounded cry'd)
 Nor rear us in our Trees! O! now adieu!
 With that, the bark their lips together drew.
 From these clear dropping trees, tears yearly flow:
 365 They hardned by the Sun, to Amber grow,
 Which, on the Moisture-giving River spent,
 To Roman Ladies, as his gift is sent.

Sthenelian Cygnus at that time was there,
 A kin to *Phaeton*; in love, more near,
 He, leaving *State* (who in *Liguria* reign'd,
 370 Which Cities great and populous contain'd)
 Fill'd with complaints the River-chiding floods,
 The sedgy banks, and late augmented Woods,
 At length, his voice grew small: White plume contends
 In whiteness with his hair: His neck ascends.
 375 Red films unite his toes: Arms turn to wings:
 His Mouth, a flat blunt bill, that sadly sings,
 Becomes a Swan, remembering how unjust
Jove's Lightning was, nor Heaven, nor him will trust.
 Whom Lakes and Ponds (detesting fire) delight;
 380 And Floods, to Flames in nature opposite.

The woful Father to dead *Phaeton*,
 Himself neglecting (all his lustre gone,
 As when eclips'd) day, light, his own life hates;
 And loved grief, with anger, aggravates;
 385 Refusing to illuminate the Earth.

Enough, too much, my toil! born with the birth
 Of Time; (as restless;) without end, regard,
 Or honour: Recompens'd with this reward:
 Some other now may on my Chariot sit.
 If all of you confess your selves unfit;

390 Let *Jove* ascend: That he (when he shall try)
 At length may lay his murder-thundering by.
 Then will he find, that he, who could not guide
 Those fire-hoof'd Steeds, deserv'd not to have did.

The Gods stand round about him, and request
 395 That endless night might not the World invest.
 Even *Jove* excus'd his lightning, and intreats:
 Which, like a King, he intermixt with threats.
 Displeas'd *Phœbus*, hardly reconcil'd,
 Takes up his Steeds: As yet with horror wild
 On whom he vents his spleen: And, though they run,
 400 He lasses, and upbraids them with his Son.

The thunderer then walks the ample Round
 Of Heavens high walls, to search if all were sound.
 When finding nothing there by fire decay'd;
 He Earth, and human industries survey'd.
Arcadia chiefly exercis'd his cares;
 405 There Springs and Streams, that durst not run, repairs;
 The Fields with Grass, the Trees with Leaves induces,
 And wither'd Woods with vanish'd shades renews.

On passing to-and fro, a *Nonacrine*

420 The God inflam'd; her beauty, more divine:

'Twas not her Art to spin, nor with much care

And fine variety to trick her hair;

But, with a Zone her looser garments bound,

And her rude tresser in a fillet wound:

Now armed with a Dart, now with a Bow:

425 A Squire of *Phœbe's*. *Meonius* did know

None more in grace, of all her Virgin throng:

But, Favourites in favour last not long.

The parted Day in equal ballance held,

A Wood she enter'd, as yet never fell'd.

Thence from her shoulder she her Quiver takes,

430 Unbends her bow; and, tir'd with hunting, makes

The flow'ry mantled Earth her happy bed;

And on her painted Quiver laies her head.

When *Jove* the Nymph without a guard did see

In such a posture; This stealth, said he,

My Wife shall never know: or, say, she did:

435 Who, ah, who would not for her sake be chid?

Diana's shape and habit then indu'd,

He said; My Huntress, where hast thou pursu'd

This Mornings Chase? She rising, made reply;

Hail Pow'r more great than *Jove* (though *Jove* stood by)

In my esteem — He smil'd: and gladly heard

440 Himself, by her, before himself prefer'd,

And list. His kisses too intemperate grow,

Not such as Maids on Maidens do bestow.

His strict imbracements her narration staid;

And, by his crime, his own deceit betray'd.

445 She did what Woman could to force her Fate:

(Would *Juno* saw: it would her spleen abate)

Although as much as Woman could she strove:

What Woman, or, who can contend with *Jove*?

The Victor hies him to the æthereal States.

The Woods as guilty of her wrongs, she hates;

Almost forgetting as from thence she flung,

450 Her Quiver, and the Bow by which it hung.

High *Menalus*, *Diſſyma* with her train

Now entering, pleas'd with the quarry slain,

Beheld, and call'd her: call'd upon she fled;

455 And in her semblance *Jupiter* doth dread.

But, when she saw th' attending Nymphs appear;

She troups amongst them, and diverts her fear.

- Ah, how our faults are in our faces read!
 VVith eyes scarce ever rais'd she hangs the Head:
 Nor perks she now as she was wont to do,
 By *Cynthia's* side, nor leads the starry cue.
 450 Though mute she be, her violated shame
 Self-guilty blushes silently proclaim:
 But that a Maid, *Diana* the ill hid
 Had soon esp'd, they say, her lie Nymphs did.
 Nine Crescents now had made their Orbs compleat;
 455 VVhen, faint with labour, and her brother's heat,
 She takes the shades; close by the murmuring
 And silver current of a fruitful Spring.
 The place much prais'd, the stream as cool as clear
 Her fair feet glads. No Spies, said she, be here:
 Here will we our dis-robed bodies dip.
 460 *Calisto* blush'd: the rest their fair limbs strip.
 And her perforce uncloath'd that sought delays;
 VVho, with her body, her offence displaies.
 They all abasht, yet loth to have it sp'd,
 Striving her belly with their hands to hide;
 465 Avast, said *Cynthia*, get thee from our train;
 Nor, with thy limbs, this sacred Fountain stain:
 This knew the Matron of the Thunderer;
 VVhose thoughts, to fitter times, revenge defer:
 Nor long delays; for, *Arcas* (which more scorn
 And grief provok'd) was of the Lady born.
 470 Beheld with ire, which turn'd her eyes to flame;
 Must thou be fruitful too, to blaze my shame,
 And propagate the wrong? And must he be
 A living infamy to *Jove* and me?
 It's not indur'd: That so self-pleasing shape,
 VVhich drew my Husband to thy willing Rape,
 475 I sure shall spoil. This said, her Hair she wound
 About her hand, and dragg'd her on the ground.
 Her hands, for pity heav'd (so smooth, so fair!)
 Grew forthwith rough, and horrid with black hair,
 Her dainty hands (which swift deformity
 480 Converts to paws) the place of feet supply.
 The mouth, so prais'd by *Jove* (that late to sin
 Entic'd a God) now horribly doth grin.
 And, lest she might too powerfully beseech,
 She instantly bereft her of her speech:
 In stead whereof, a noise ascends her Hoarse
 And rumbling throat, which terror doth inforce;
 Although

- Although a Bear, her mind she still possess'd,
 And with continual groans her grief express;
 With paws stretcht up to heaven, accus'd her fate:
 And whom she could not call, she thought ingrate.
 How oft afraid to keep the Woods alone,
 490 Sought she the house and fields that were her own!
 How often, chased by the following cry,
 Th' affrighted Huntress from her Hounds did fly!
 Oft she (the Woods wild foragers esp'd)
 Forgetting what she was, her self would hide:
 A Bear; yet trembles at the sight of Bears;
 495 And Wolves (her Father then amongst them) fears.
 VVhen (lo!) *Lycaon's* Grand-child thither drew,
 Thrice five years old, nor of his Mother knew;
 VVhile he pursues the chase and salvage spoils,
 (The *Erymanbian* VVoods begirt with toils)
 500 Her he encounters. *Arcas* seen, she start,
 And would have ta'en acquaintance. He, afraid,
 Star'd upon her with a constant eye;
 And backward stept, as she approached nigh.
 About to wound her undefended breast:
 505 The King of Gods, who did the fact detest,
 VVish them, the crime withdrew, and both convey'd
 To heaven: now neighbouring Constellations made.
Saturnia swell'd to see her Rival shine
 Amongst the Stars. She stoops to *Neptune's* brine;
 510 *Gray Tethys* and the old *Oceanus*
 (Graced by the Deities) accosting thus:
 Ask you, why I, the Queen of Gods, am come
 From blest aboads? another holds my room.
 VVhen Night's black Mantle shall the VVorld infold;
 515 My wounds (those honour'd Stars) you may behold;
 There where the shortest Circle at the end
 Of all the turning Axletree, doth bend.
 VVho would not injury the VVife of *Jove*,
 VVhen our worst punishments preferments prove?
 520 How great our Act! how is our power displaid!
 Unform'd a VVoman, and a Goddess made.
 Thus we the glory scourge! Thus, thus, we our
 Revenge advance! such, and so great our power!
 Let him unbest the Beast (as heretofore
Phorinis) and her wanton shape restore.
 525 VVhy doth he not *Lycaon's* Daughter wed,
 Rejecting me, and place her in his bed?

But, you who once my careful Nurses were,
 If my indignities do touch you near,
 Command you that the seven *Triones* keep
 Their lazie VVain out of your sacred Deep.
 From thence, those stars, the price of whoredom, drive;
 530 Nor let th' impure in your pure Surges dive.

They both assent. Her Peacocks to the Skies
 Their Goddesses draw; late stuck with *Argus* eyes.
 Thou too, thou prating Raven, turn'd as late
 From white to black, by well-deserved Fate.
 535 (The spotless silver Dove was not more white,
 Nor Swans which in the running brooks delight;
 Nor yet that vigilant Fowl, whose gagling shall
 Hereafter free th' attempted Capitol)
 Thy tongue, thy tell-tale tongue did thee undo:

540 And what was white, is now of sable hue.
 The Palm, *Coronis* of *Larissa* bare
 From all th' *Aemonian* Dames for matchless fair.
 VVho dearly, *Delphian*, was belov'd by thee;
 As long as chaste, as from detection free.

545 But, *Phœbus* Bird her scapes did soon descry:
 Nor could they charm th' inexorable Spy:
 VVhom, flying to his Lord, the Crow pursues
 (As talkative as he) to know the news:

And, knowing, said: Thy self thou dost engage
 By thankless service, slight not my presage.
 550 Know what I was and am: through all my time
 My actions sift: thou'lt find my faith my crime.
 For *Pallas*, on a day, in chest compos'd
 Of *Attick* Oliers, privately inclos'd
 Her *Erichthonius* (whom no VWoman bare)
 Committed to the custody and care

555 Of three fair Virgin-Nymphs, that Daughters were
 To prudent *Cecrops*, who two shapes did bear:
 Nor told what it contain'd, but charg'd that they
 Her secrets should not to themselves betray.
 These from an Elm I (un-espi'd) espy.

560 Fair *Herse* and *Pandrosa* faithfully
 Perform their charge. *Aglauros* then did call
 Her fearful sisters, and unies withal
 The wicker Cabinet; whole twigs contain
 An infant, raised on a Dragon's train.
 This, I my Goddesses told; and for reward,
 Am now cashiered from *Minerva's* Guard,

- 565 The Bird of Night prefer'd. Beware by me:
 Nor too officiously tell all you see.
 Truth is, I never to that place aspir'd;
 She gave it me, unfought to, undesir'd;
 Were *Pallas* askt, though angry, yet know I
 570 That angry *Pallas* would not this denie.
 Me had King *Coronus*, great in fame,
 Through happy *Phicis*, by a Royal Dame.
 Rich suiters I (despise me not) had store,
 My beauty wreckt me. Walking on the Shoar,
 As leisurely as now I use to go,
 575 Cold *Neptune* saw me, and with lust did glow.
 The time, his pray'rs and praises spent in vain;
 What would not yield, he offers to constrain,
 And follows me that fled. The harder strand
 Behind me left, and tir'd with yielding sand.
 To Gods and Men I cry. No human aid
 580 Was then at hand: a Maid relieves a Maid,
 For, as to heaven my trembling arms I threw;
 My arms cole-black with hovering feathers grew.
 My robe I from my shoulders thought to throw:
 But, that was plume, and to my skin did grow.
 585 With hands to beat my naked breast I try:
 But, neither breast to beat, nor hands had I.
 Running, in sand I sunk not as before;
 But, me the scarce-touch'd Earth, unburthen'd bore.
 Forthwith, lightly through the Air ascend;
 590 And on *Minerva* without blame attend:
 But, what was this; when she, whose wicked deeds
 Unwoman'd her, in our last grace succeeds?
 For, know (no more then through all *Lesbos* spread)
Nyctimene desil'd her Father's bed,
 595 Though now a Bird; yet, full of guilt, the sight,
 The Day, she shuns: and masks her shame in Night.
 About her all our winged troops repair;
 And, with invades, chase her through the Air.
 To her the Raven: Mischief thee surprize
 For staying me: Vain omens I despise;
 600 Then forward flew; and told the hurtful truth
 Of lost *Coronis*, and th' *Æmœnian* youth.
 The harp drops from his hand, and from his head
 The Laurel fell, his chearful colour fled.
 Transported with his rage, his Bow he took,
 And with inevitable arrow strook.

- 605 That breast, which he so oft to his had join'd:
 She shrieks; and from the deadly wound doth wind
 The biting steel, pursu'd with streams of blood,
 That bath'd her pure white in a crimson flood:
 And said; Though this be due, yet *Phæbus*, I,
 610 Might first have deem'd: Now, two in one must die.
 She faints: Forc'd life in her blood's torrent swims:
 And stiffning cold benums her senseless Limbs.
 His cruelty to her he lov'd, too late,
 He now repenteth, and himself doth hate,
 Who lent an ear, whom rage could so incense:
 615 He hates his bird, by whom he knew th' offence;
 He hates his Art, his Quiver, and his Bow;
 Then rakes her up, and all his skill doth show.
 But (ah!) to late to vanquish Fate he tries.
 And Surgery, without success, applies.
 620 Which when he saw, and saw the funeral pile
 Prepared to devour so dear a spoil;
 He deeply groans (for no celestial eye
 May shed a tear) as when a Cow stands by
 And lows aloud to see th' advanced mail
 625 Upon the forehead of her suckling fall.
 And now un-car'd for odours pour'd upon her;
 And undue death with all due rites doth honour.
 But, *Phæbus*, not induring that his seed,
 (And tharby her) the greedy Fire should feed,
 630 Snatcht it both from her womb, and from the flame:
 And to the two-shap'd *Chiron* brought the same.
 The white-plum'd Raven, who reward expects,
 He turns to black; and for his truth rejects.
 It pleas'd the Half-horse to be so employ'd;
 635 Who in his honourable trouble joy'd.
 Behold! the *Centaur's* daughter with red hair,
 Whom formerly the Nymph *Caricle* bare
 By the swift River, and *Ocyroe* nam'd;
 Who had her Father's healthful Art disclaim'd,
 640 To sing the depth of Fates: Now, when her breast
 Was by the prophesying rage possess'd,
 And that th' included God inflam'd her mind;
 Beholding of the Babe, she thus divin'd:
 Health-giver to the world; grow, Infant, grow;
 645 To whom mortality so much shall owe.
 Fled Souls thou shalt restore to their abodes:
 And once against the pleasure of the Gods.

- To do the like, thy Grandfires flames deny :
 And thou, begotten by a God, must die.
 Thou, of a bloodless corps, a God shalt be
 650 And Nature twice shall be renew'd in thee.
 And you, dear Father, not a Mortal now,
 To whom the Fates eternity allow;
 Shall wish to die, then when your wound shall smart
 With Serpents blood, and slight your helpless Art.
 Relenting Fates will pity you with death,
 655 Against their Law, and stop your groaning breath.
 Not all yet said, her sighs in storms arise;
 And ill-aboding tears burst from her eyes.
 Then, thus : My Fates prevent me : Lo, they tie
 My salt ring tongue, and farther speech deny.
 660 Alas ! These arts not of that value be,
 That they should draw the wrath of Heaven on me :
 O, rather would I nothing had fore known !
 My looks seem now not human, nor my own.
 I long to feed on Grass, I long to run
 About the spacious fields, Wo's me, undone !
 Into a Mare (my kindreds shape) I grow :
 665 Yet why throughout ? My Father but half so.
 The end of her complaint you scarce could hear
 To understand : Her words confused were.
 Forthwith, nor words, nor neighings, she express :
 Her voice yet more inclining to the beast.
 Then neigh'd out-right, within a little space,
 670 Her down-thrust arms upon the Meadow pace.
 Her fingers join : One hoof five nails unite :
 Her head and neck enlarge ; not now upright :
 Her trailing garment to a train extends :
 Her dangling hair upon her crest descends :
 675 Her voice and shape at once transform'd became,
 And to it self the Monster gives a name.
 Old *Chiron* weeps ; and *Phabus* vainly cries
 On thee to change the changeless Destinies.
 Admit thou couldst : Then from thy self expell'd,
 680 Then *Elis*, and *Misenian* pastures held.
 It was the time when, cloath'd in Near-herd's weeds,
 Thou plaidst upon unequal seven-fold Reeds ;
 Whilst thee thy Pipe delights, whilst cares of Love
 685 Thy Soul possess, and other cares remove ;
 Thy Oxen in the fields of *Pylas* stray :
 Observed by the crafty son of *May*,

- Forthwith he secretly conveys them thence,
 In untrackt Woods concealing his offence.
 None saw but *Battus*, in that Country bred;
 690 Who wealthy *Neleus* famous herds fed,
 Him only the misdoubts: Then, (ta'ne apart)
 Stranger, said *Mercury*, what'ere thou art;
 If any for his Herd by chance enquire,
 Conceal thy knowledge: And receive, for hire,
 695 This white-hair'd Cow. He took her and repli'd,
 Be safe; thy theft shall sooner be descri'd
 By yonder stone, than me, and shew'd a stone,
Jove's son departs, and straight returns unknown
 (A seeming Clown in form and voice) who said:
 700 Saw'st thou no Cattel through these fields convey'd?
 Detect the theft; in their recovery joia;
 And, lo, this Heifer, with her Bull is thine.
 He (the reward redoubl'd) answer'd, there
 Beneath those Hills, beneath those Hills, they were.
 705 Then, *Hermes*, laughing loud; What knave, I say,
 Me to my self, me to my self betray?
 Then, to a touch-stone turn'd his perjur'd breast;
 Whose nature now is in that name express.
 Hence he, who bears the *Caduceus*, springs
 Through boundless air; and views, from stretcht-out
 710 *Munychian* fields, *Minerva's* loved soil, (wings.
Lycæum, exercis'd with learned toil.
 By chance, upon that day it did befall,
 When to her Fane, prepar'd for festival,
 In crowned Baskets on their shining hair,
 The Virgin-train her sacrifices bare:
 715 Returning; these the winged God doth view;
 Who not forth-right, but in a circuit flew.
 As when a greedy Kite fresh intrails spies,
 Fearing to stoop for those that sacrifice,
 Strikes Circles through the Air, nor far removes;
 But, with fixt eyes reverts to what he loves:
 720 So swift *Cyllenius* o're the *Attrick* tow'rs,
 In airy windings, circularly scours.
 As *Lucifer* out-shines each other Star;
 As silver *Phæbe*, *Lucifer*? So far
 725 Did *Hebe* all the other Virgins stain;
 The glory of that pomp, and of her train.
 Love struck, he burns as in the Air he hung.
 A bullet by *Bellarian* Slinger-hung,

- Increaseth so in fervour as it flies ;
 730 And finds the fire it had not, in the skies.
 From Heaven, he stoops to more affected Earth ;
 Not now disguis'd like one of human birth ;
 Such confidence his beauteous parts impart ;
 Which though divine, he strives to grace by art.
 735 He curls his hair ; his mantle wrought with gold.
 He in the most becoming garb doth fold ;
 And his fine feet adorns : Then, in his hand
 Takes his sleep-causing and expelling wand.
 Three rooms there were within the fair contest
 Of Cecrop's house, with Ivory arches deckt.
 740 *Pandora*, and *Aglaurus* on each side
 Of *Herse* lay ; *Aglaurus* first esp'd
 The sly-approaching *Mercury* : His name
 She boldly asks, and why he thither came.
 To whom, *Pleiones* nephew ; he am I,
 745 Who on *Jove's* errands (*Jove*, my Father) fly.
 And to be plain ; to *Herse* faithful prove :
 And be an Aunt unto our fruitful love.
 Thy sister's beauties this repair inforce :
 I pray thee of a lover take remorse.
 So star'd she on him, and as much amaz'd :
 750 As when she on *Minerva's* secrets gaz'd :
 Who asks a mass of treasure for her hire ;
 And till t' were paid, constrain'd him to retire.
 Wars angry Goddess cast on her a look
 That darted fire ; and fetcht a sigh which shook.
 755 Her bosom, with the *Egis* which she wore :
 Who calls to mind, how she, not long afore
 Prophanely did, against her faith, discover
 The *Lamian* issue born without a Mother :
 Now to her Sister, to the God, ingrate ;
 760 And by so base a means t' enrich her state.
 Forthwith to *Envy's* cave her course she bent
 Furr'd with black filth, within a deep descent
 Between two hills ; where *Phabus* never shows
 His cheerful face ; where no wind ever blows ;
 Repleat with sadness, and unactive cold ;
 765 Devoid of fire, yet still in smoke inroll'd.
 Whither when as the fear'd in batrel came,
 She staid before the house (that hateful frame
 She might not enter) and the dark door stroke
 With her bright lance ; which straight in sunder broke ;

There

- There saw she *Envy* lapping *Vipers* blood ;
 770 And feeding on their flesh, but vices food ;
 And, having seen her, turn'd away her eyes.
 The Caitiff slowly from the ground doth rise
 (Her half-devoured Serpent's laid aside)
 And forward creepeth with a lazy stride.
 Viewing her form so fair, her arms so bright ;
 775 She groan'd and sigh'd at such a chearful sight.
 Her body more than meager, pale her hue ;
 Her teeth all rusty : Still she looks askew ;
 Her breast with gall, her tongue with poison swell'd :
 She only laught when she sad sights beheld.
 780 Her ever waking cares exil'd soft sleep
 Who looks on good success with eyes that weep ;
 Repining, pines : Who, wounding others bleeds :
 And on her self revengeth her misdeeds.
 Although *Tritonia* did the Hag detest ;
 Yet briefly thus her pleasure she express :
 785 *Aglauros* one of the *Cecropids* ;
 D's thou infect with thy accurs'd disease.
 This said ; the hasty Goddess doth advance
 Her body, with her earth-repelling lance.
Envy cast after her a wicked eye,
 Murmurs, and could for very sorrow die,
 790 That such her power : A snaggy staff then took
 Wreathed with thorns ; and her dark Cave forsook :
 Wrapt in black Clouds, which way so e're she turns,
 The Corn she lodges, flow'ry pastures burns,
 Crops what grows high ; Towns, Nations, with her
 Pollutes ; and Virtue persecutes to death.
 795 When she the fair *Athenian* tow'rs beheld,
 Which so in wealth, in learned Arts, excell'd,
 And feastful Peace ; to cry she scarce forbears,
 In that she saw no argument for tears.
 When she *Aglauros* lodging entred had,
 She gladly executes what *Pallas* bade :
 Her canker'd hand upon her breast she laid,
 800 And crooked thorns into her heart convey'd,
 And breath'd in baneful poison ; which she sheds
 Into her bones, and through her spirits spreads.
 And that her envy might not want a cause ;
 The God in his divinest form she draws,
 And with it, sets before her wounded eyes
 Her happy Sister and their nuptial joys,

- Augmenting all. These secret woes excite;
 And gnaw her soul. She sighs all day, and night;
 And with a slow infection melts away,
 Like Ice, before the Sun's uncertain ray.
- 810 Fair *Herse's* happy state such heart-burn breeds
 In her black bosom, as when spiny weeds
 Are set on fire: which without flame consume,
 And seem (so small their heat) to burn with fume.
 Oft she resolves to die, such fights to shun:
 Oft, by disclosing, to have both undone.
- 815 Now sits she on the threshold to prevent
 The Gods access; who with lost blandishment,
 And his best Arts perswades. Quoth she, forbear,
 I cannot be remov'd if you stay here.
 I to this bargain he replied will stand;
- 820 The figured door then forces with his wand.
 Striving to rise, to second her debate,
 Her hips could not remove, prest with dull weight.
 Again she struggl'd to have stood on end:
 But, those unstepple sinews would not bend.
 Incroaching cold now enters at her nails:
- 825 And lack of blood her veins blue branches pales
 And as a Canker flighing helpless Arts,
 Creeps from the infected to the sounder parts:
 So by degrees the winter of wan death
 Congeals the path of life, and spurs her breath:
- 830 Nor strove she: had she strove to make her again,
 Voice had no way; her neck and face now stone.
 There she a bloodless Statue sat, all freckle:
 Her spotted mind the Marble did infect.
- When *Atlantides*, on her prophane
 Of tongue and heart, this sharp revenge had ta'en;
- 835 He from the City, nam'd by *Pallas* flew
 On mounting wings, and unto heaven withdrew.
 With whom, *Jove* thus (his love congealing) joyned:
 Thou, faithful minister to my designs,
 Shoot swiftly through the Air unto that Land,
- 840 Whose borders Northward of thy Mother stand,
 Which those Inhabitants *Sidon's* name:
 Behold yon royal Herd; conduct the same,
 From not far distant Mountains, to the shore.
 This he dispatche, with speed that went before
- 845 A human thought. There, oft the Princely Maid,
 Accompani'd with *Tyrian* Virgins, plaid,

Love and high Majesty agree not well;
Nor will together in one bosom dwell.

That Pow'r, from whom, what'e'r hath being, springs;
That King of Gods, who three-fork'd lightnings flings;

850 Whose nod the VVorld's unfixt foundation shakes,
The figure of a sensual Bull now takes;

And, lowing walks upon the tender grass
Amongst the Herd; though he their form surpass.

His colour whiter than untrodden Snow,

Before still moist and thawing After blow.

855 The flesh, in swelling rolls adorn's his neck:

His broad-spread breast, long dangling dew-laps deck.

His horns though small, yet such as Art invite

To imitate, than shining gems more bright:

His eyes no wrath, his brows no terror threat;

His whole aspect with shining peace repeat.

The beast, Agenor's daughter doth admire,

86 So wondrous beautiful, so void of ire.

Though such, at first she his approach did dread,

Yet forthwith sought; and then with flowers him fed.

The Lover joys: till he his hopes might feast.

He kist her hands; ah, scarce defers the rest!

865 Now, on the springing grass, he frisks and plays:

His sides now on the golden sands he lays.

Her fear subdu'd, she strokes his profer'd breast:

Her Virgin-hands his horns with garlands dress.

The royal Maid, who now no courage lacks.

870 Ascents the Bull, not knowing whom she backs.

He, to the Sea approaching, by degrees

First dips therein his hoofs, anon his knees:

Then, rushing forward, bears away the prize.

She shrieks, and to the shore reverts her eyes:

875 One hand his horn, the other held behind:

Her lighter garments swelling with the wind.

OID's

And troops from Dragons late-sown teeth arise.
 By his own Hounds the Hart, Acteon dies:
 Juno's Beldame. Semel's doth frie
 In wist imbraces. Bacchus from Jove's thigh
 Takes second birth. The wise Tereus twice
 Doth change his Sex. Scorn'd Echo pines for a voice:
 Self-lov'd Narcissus to a Daffodil
 Bacchus, a Boy. The Tyrrhene's ship stands still,
 With Iox moor'd. Strange shapes the Sailors fright:
 Who Dolphins turn, and still on ships delight.

AND now the God, arriving with his Rape,
 At sacred Cress, resumes his heavenly shape.
 The King, his Son to seek his Daughter sent,
 Fore-doomed to perpetual banishment,
 Except his fortune to his wish succeed:
 How pious, and how impious in one deed! (quire?)
 Earth wandred through (Jove's thefts who can ex-
 He shuns his Country, and his Father's ire:
 With Phœbus Oracle consults to know
 What Land the Fates intended to bestow.
 Who, thus: In desert fields observe a Cow,
 Yet never yoked, nor servile to the Plow;
 Follow her slow conduct, and where she shall
 Repose, there build: The place Baotia call.

Scarce

- Scarce *Cadmus* from *Castalian* Cave descended,
 15 When he an Heifer saw, by no man tended,
 Her neck ungall'd with groaning servitude,
 The God ador'd, he foot by foot pursu'd.
Cepheissus flood, and *Panope* now past,
 20 She made a stand; to heaven her forehead cast,
 With lofty horns most exquisitely fair;
 Then, with repeated lowings fill'd the air:
 Looks back upon the company she led;
 And, kneeling makes the tender grass her bed.
 Thanksgiving *Cadmus* kist the unknown ground;
 25 The stranger fields and hills saluting round.
 About to sacrifice to heav'n's high King,
 He sends for Water from the living Spring.
 A Wood there was, which never Axe did hew;
 In it a Cave, where Reeds and Osiers grew,
 30 Roof'd with a rugged Arch by Nature wrought;
 With pregnant waters plentifully fraught.
 The lurking Snake of *Mars* this hold possest;
 Bright scal'd, and shining with a golden crest;
 His bulk with poison swoln; fire-red his eyes:
 Three darting tongues, three ranks of teeth comprise
 35 This fatal Well th' unlucky *Tyrions* found;
 Who with their down-lee pitcher, rais'd a sound.
 With that, the Serpent his blue head extends;
 And suffering air with horrid hisses rends.
 The water from them fell: their colour fled:
 40 Who all astonish'd, shook with sudden dread.
 He wreaths his scaly folds into an heap;
 And fetcht a compass with a mighty leap:
 Then bolt-upright his monstrous length displays
 More than half way, and all the Wood surveys.
 Whose body, when all seen, no less appears,
 45 Than that which parts the two celestial Bears.
 Whether the *Tyrions* sought to light, or fly,
 Or whether they through fear could neither try,
 Some crasht he twixt his jaws, some clasp'd to death,
 Some kills with poison, others with his breath.
 50 And now the Sun the shortest shadows made.
 Then *Cadmus*, wondring why his servants staid,
 Their foot-steps trac'd. An hide the Hero wore,
 Which late he from a slaughtered Lion tore:
 His Arms a dart, a bright steel-pointed Spear,
 And such a mind as could not stoop to fear.

When

- 55 When he the Wood had entered, and there view'd
 The bodies of the slain with blood imbru'd;
 Th' insulting Victor quenching his dire thirst
 And their suckt wounds; he sigh'd, as heart would burst:
 Then said, I will revenge, O faithful Mates,
 Your murders, or accompany your Fates.
 Wish that he lifted up a mighty stone,
 60 Which with a more than manly force was thrown.
 What would have batter'd down the strongest wall,
 And shiv' red towers, doth give no wound at all.
 The hardness of his skin, and scales that grow
 Upon his armed back, repulse the blow.
 65 And yet that strong defence could not so well
 The vigour of his thrilling Dart repel;
 Which through his winding back a passage rends,
 There sticks: the steel into his guts descends.
 Rabid with anguish, he retorts his look
 Upon the wound; and then the Javelin took
 70 Between his teeth; it every way doth wind:
 At length, rugg'd out, yet leaves the head behind,
 His rage increast with his augmenting pains:
 And his thick-panting throat swells with full veins.
 A cold white froth surrounds his poisonous jaws:
 75 On thundering Earth his trailing scales he draws:
 Who from his black and *Strygian* maw ejects
 A blasting breath, which all the Air infects.
 His body now, he circularly bends:
 Forthwith into a monstrous length extends:
 Then rusheth on like snow'r-incens'd Floods;
 80 And with his breast o're-bears the obvious Woods.
 The Prince gave way; who with the Lion's spoil
 Sustain'd th' assault; and forc'd a quick recoil,
 His Lance fixt in his jaws. What could not feel,
 He madly wounds; and bites the biting steel.
 85 Th' invenom'd gore, which from his palate bled,
 Converts the grass into a dusky red:
 Yet, lights the hurt, in that the Snake withdrew;
 And so, by yielding did the force subdue.
 Till *Agessrides* the steel imbru'd
 In his wide throat, and still his thrust pursu'd:
 Until an Oak his back-retrait withstood:
 90 There, he his neck transfixt. With it, the Wood.
 The tree bends with a burthen so unknown;
 And, lashed by the Serpents tail, doth groan.

While

- While he survey'd the greatness of his foe,
 95 This voice he heard (from whence he did not know)
 Why is that Serpent so admir'd by thee?
 Agenor's Son a Serpent thou shalt be.
 He speechless grew; pale fear repell'd his blond;
 100 And now uncurled hair like bristles stood.
 Behold! Man's Paurefs, *Pallas* (from the sky
 Descending to his needful aid) stood by;
 Who bad him in the turn'd up furrows throw
 The Serpents teeth; that future men might grow.
 He, as commanded, plow'd the patient Earth:
 105 And therein sow'd the seed of human birth.
 Lo (past-belief!) the Clods began to move:
 And tops of Lances first appear'd above:
 The Helmets nodding with their plumed Crest;
 Forthwith, fulgent Pouldrons, plated breasts;
 Hands with offensive weapons charg'd, infuse:
 110 And Target-bearing troops of Men up-grew.
 So in our Theater's solemnities,
 When they the Arras raise, the Figures rise:
 Afore the rest, their faces first appear;
 By little and by little then they rear
 Their bodies, with a measure-keeping hand,
 Until their feet upon the Border stand.
 115 Bold *Cadmus*, though much daunted at the sight
 Of such an Host; addrest him to the fight.
 Fortear, (a new born Souldier cri'd) engage
 Thy better fortune in our civil rage!
 With that, he on his Earth-bred Brother flew:
 At whom a deadly dart another threw.
 120 Nor he that kill'd him, long survives his death;
 But through wide wounds expires his infant breath.
 Slaughter, with equal fury, runs through all:
 And by uncivil civil blows they fall.
 The new-sprung Youth, who hardly life possess,
 125 Now panting, kick their Mothers bloody breast.
 But five surviv'd: Of whom *Echion* one;
 His arms to Earth by *Pallas* counsel thrown.
 He craves the love he offers. All accord
 As Brothers should: And what they take afford.
Sidonian Cadmus these assist to build
 130 His lofty walls; the Oracle fulfill'd.
 Now flourish *Thebes*: Now did thy exile prove
 In shew a Blessing; those that rule in love

- And war, thy Nuptials with their Daughters grace:
 By such a Wife to have so fair a race;
 So many Sons and Daughters, Nephews too
 (The pledges of their peaceful beds) issue;
 135 And they now grown to excellence and power,
 But, Man must censur'd be by his last hour:
 Whom truly we can never happy call,
 Afore his death, and closing Funeral.
 In this thy every way so prosperous state,
 Thy first mis-hap sprung from thy Nephew's fate:
 Whose brows unnatural branches ill adorn;
 By his ungrateful Dogs in pieces torn.
 140 Yet fortune did offend in him, not he:
 For, what offence may in an error be?
 With purple blood, slain Deer the hills imbrue:
 And now high noon the shades of things withdrew;
 145 While East and West the equal Sun partake:
 Thus, then *Hyantius* to his Partner's spake,
 That trod the Mazes of the pathless Wood:
 My Friends, our nets and javelins reek with blood:
 Enough hath been the fortune of this day;
 150 To morrow, when *Aurora* shall display
 Her rosiè cheeks, we may our sports renew.
 Now, *Phæbus*, with inflaming eye doth view
 The cranied Earth: Here let our labour end:
 Take up your toils. They gladly condescend.
 155 A Vale there was with Pines and Cypress crown'd,
 Gargathy call'd; for *Diana's* love renown'd.
 A shady Cave possess the inward part,
 Not wrought by hands: There Nature witty Art
 Did counterfeit: A native Arch she drew,
 160 With Pumice and light Tofussies, that grew.
 A bubling Spring, with streams as clear as Glass,
 Ran chiding by, inclos'd with matted Grass.
 The weary Huntress usually here laves
 Her Virgin Limbs, more pure than those pure waves.
 165 And now her Bow, her Javelin, and her Quiver;
 Doth to a Nymph, one of her Squires, deliver:
 Her light imployerish Robes another held:
 Her buskins to untie. The better skill'd
Ismenian Crocale, her long hair wound
 170 In pleated wreaths: Yet was her own unbound;
 Near *Hyle*, *Niphe*, *Rhanis*, *Psecas*, (still
 Imploy'd) and *Phiale* the Layers fill.

While

- While here *Titania* bath'd, (as was her guise)
 Lo *Cadmus* Nephew, tir'd with exercise,
 175 And wandering through the Woods, approach'd this
 With falst steps: So destiny him drove. (Grove
 Ent'ring the Cave with skipping Springs bedew'd;
 The Nymphs all naked, when a Man they view'd,
 Clapt their re-sounding breasts, and fill'd the Wood
 180 With sudden shrieks: Like Ivory pales they stood
 About their Goddess. But she, far more tall,
 By head and shoulders over-tops them all.
 Such as that colour which the Clouds adorns
 Shot by the Sun-beams, or the rosie Morn's;
 185 Such flusht in *Dian's* cheeks, being naked ta'ne.
 And though environ'd by her Virgin-Train,
 She side-long turns, looks back, and wisht her Bow:
 Yet what she had she in his face did throw.
 190 With vengeful Waters sprinkled, to her rage
 These words she adds, which future fate presage:
 Now tell, how thou hast seen me disarray'd;
 Tell, if thou canst, I give thee leave. This said,
 She to his Neck and Ears new length imparts;
 195 T' his Brow the Antlers of long-living Harts:
 With Legs and Feet his Arms and Hands supply'd;
 And cloath'd his body in a spotted Hide.
 To this, *Fear* added. *Autonoeus* flies,
 And wonders at the swiftness of his Thighs.
 200 But when his Looks he in the River view'd.
 He would have cry'd, Woe's me! no words insu'd:
 His words were groans. He frets with galling tears:
 Cheeks not his own, yet his own Mind he bears.
 What should he do? Go home, or in the Wood
 205 For ever lurk? Fear this, Shame that withstood.
 While thus he doubts, his Dogs their Master view.
Black-foot and *Tracer*, opening first, pursue:
 Sure *Tracer*, *Gnosus*, *Black-foot*, *Sparta* bare.
 Then all fell in, more swift than forced Air.
 210 *Spie*, *Ravener*, *Clime-cliff*; these *Arcadia* bred:
 Strong *Fawn-bane*, *Whirl-wind*, eager *Follow-dread*.
 Hunter, for scent; for speed, *Flight* went before.
 Fierce *Salvage*, lately gaunched by a Boar;
 215 Greedy, with her two whelps; grim Wolf-got *Ranger*;
 Stout *Shepherd*, late preserving Flocks from danger;
 Gaunt *Catch*, whose race from *Sicyonia* came;
Patch, *Courser*, *Blab*, rash *Tiger* never tame;
 C *Blanch*,

- Blanch, Mourner, Royster, Wolf* surpassing strong;
 And *Tempest*, able to continue long;
 220 *Swift*, with his Brother *Churl*, a *Cyprian* hound;
 Bold *Snatch*, whose sable Brows a white star crown'd;
Cole, thag-hair'd *Rug*, and *Light-foot* wondrous fleet,
 Bred of a *Spartan* Bitch, his Sire of *Crete*;
White-tooth and *Ringwood*, (others not t' express.)
 225 O're Rocks, o're Craggs, o're Cliffs that want access,
 Through streightned ways, &c where there was no way,
 The well-mouth'd Hounds pursue the Princely Prey.
 Where oft he wont to follow, now he flies;
 Flies from his Family: in thought he cries,
 230 I am *Actæon*, servants, know your Lord.
 Thoughts wanted words. High skies the noise record.
 First *Collier* pinch'd him by the haunch: in flung
 Fierce *Kill-deer*; *Hill-bred* on his Shoulder hng.
 These came forth last, but crost a nearer way
 235 A-thwart the hills. While thus their Lord they stay
 In rush the rest; who gripe him with their fangs.
 Now is no room for Wounds. Groans speak his pangs.
 Though not with human voice, unlike an Hart:
 In whose laments the known Rocks bear a part.
 240 Pitch on his knees, like one who pity craves,
 His silent looks in stead of Arms he waves.
 With usual shouts their Dogs the Hunters chear;
 And seek, and call *Actæon*. He (too near)
 245 Made answer by mute motions, blam'd of all
 For being absent at his present fall.
 Present he was, that absent would have been;
 Nor would his cruel Hounds have felt, but seen.
 Their snouts they in his body bathe, and tear
 250 Their Master in the figure of a Deer.
 Nor, till a thousand wounds had life dissolv'd,
 Could quiver-bearing *Dian* be pleas'd.
 'Twas censur'd variously: for many thought
 The punishment far greater than the fault.
 Others so sour a Chastity commend,
 255 As worthy her. And both their parts defend.
Jove's Wife not so much blam'd or prais'd the deed,
 As she rejoiceth at the wounds that bleed
 In *Cadmus* family; who keeps in mind
Europa's rape, and hateth all the kind.
 New new occasions fresh displeasure move:
 260 For *Semele* was great with child by *Jove*.

- Then thus she scolds: O, what amends succeeds
 Our lost Complaints? I now will fall to deeds.
 If we be more than titulary great,
 If we a Scepter sway, if Heaven our seat,
 265 If *Jove's* fear'd Wife and Sister, (certainly,
 His Sister,) torment shall the Whore destroy.
 Yet with that theft perhaps she was content,
 And quickly might the injury repent:
 But, she conceives, to aggravate the blame,
 And by her belly doth her crime proclaim,
 270 Who would by *Jupiter* a Mother prove;
 Which hardly once hath happened to our love.
 So confident is Beauty. Yet shall she
 Fail in that hope: nor let me *Juno* be,
 Unless, by her own *Jove* destroy'd, she make
 A swift descent unto the *Stygian* Lake.
 She quits her Throne, and in a yellow Cloud
 Approach'd the Palace; nor dismiss that Shroud,
 275 Till she had wrinkled her smooth skin, and made
 Her head all gray; while creeping feet convey'd
 Her crooked limbs; her voice small, weak and hoarse,
 Like *Beroe* of *Epidaure*, her Nurse.
 280 Long talking, at the mention of *Jove's* Name,
 She sigh'd, and said; Pray Heaven, he prove the same.
 Yet much I fear; for many oft beguile
 With that pretext, and chastest beds defile.
 Though *Jove*, that's not enough. Give me a sign
 Of his Affection, if he be divine.
 Such, and so mighty, as when pleasure warms
 285 His melting Bosom in high *Juno's* Arms;
 With thee such, and so mighty, let him lie,
 Deckt with the Ensigns of his Deity.
 Thus she advis'd the unsuspecting Dame;
 Who begs of *Jove* a Boon without a name.
 To whom the God; Chuse, and thy choice possess:
 290 Yet that thy diffidency may be less,
 Witness that Power, who through obscure aboads
 Spreads his dull streams; the fear, and God of Gods.
 Pleas'd with her harm, of too much power to move,
 That now must perish by obsequious love,
 Such be to me, she said, as when th' Invites
 Of *Juno* summon you to *Venus* Rites.
 295 Her mouth he thought to stop: but now that breath
 Was mixt with air which sentenced her death.

- Then fetcht he sighs as if his breast would tear,
 (For she might not un-wish, nor he un-swear)
 — And sadly mounts the Sky; thence with him took
 The Clouds, that imitate his mournful look;
 300 Thick shows and tempests adding to the same,
 Loud thunder, and inevitable flame.
 Whose rigour yet he striveth to subdue;
 Not armed with that fire which overthrew
 The hundred-handed Giant; 'twas too wild.
 305 There is another lightning far more mild,
 By *Cyclops* forged with less flame and ire,
 Which deathless Gods do call the Second fire.
 This to her Father's house he with him took.
 But (ah!) a mortal body could not brook
 Ætherial tumults. Her success she mourns,
 And in those so desir'd imbracements burns.
 310 Th' imperfect Babe, which in her womb doth lie,
 Was rais'd by *Jove*, and sew'd into his Thigh,
 His Mother's time accomplishing: Whom first
 By stealth his careful Aunt, kind *Ino*, nurs'd;
 Then giv'n to the *Nyseides*, and bred
 315 In secret Caves, with Milk and Honey fed.
 While this on Earth beset by Fates decree,
 (The twice-born *Bacchus* now from danger free)
Jove weighty cares expelling from his breast
 With flowing Nectar, and dispos'd to jest
 320 With well-pleas'd *Juno*, said, in *Venus* deeds
 The Female's Pleasure far the Male's exceeds.
 This she denies. *Tiresias* must decide
 The difference, who both delights had try'd.
 For two ingendring Serpents once he found,
 325 And with a stroke their slimy twists unbound;
 And straight a Woman of a Man became.
 Seven Autumns past, he in the eighth the same
 Re-finding, said, if such your pow'r so strange,
 That they who strike you must their nature change,
 330 Once more I'll try. Then struck, away they ran;
 And of a Woman he became a Man.
 He, chosen Umpire of this sportful strife,
Jove's words confirm'd. This vex'd his froward Wife
 More than the matter crav'd. To wreak her spight,
 335 His eyes she muffled in eternal night,
 Th' Omnipotent (since no God may undoe
 Another's deeds) with Fates which should insue

Inform'd his intellect; and did supply
His body's eye-light with his mind's clear eye.

340 He giving sure replies to such as came,
Through all th' *Aonian* Cities stretch'd his fame.
First blew *Liriope* sad trial-made,
How that was but too true which he had said:
Whom in times past *Cephisus* flood imbrac'd
Within his winding Streams, and forc'd the chaste
The lovely Nymph; who not unfruitful prov'd,

345 Brought forth a Boy, even then to be belov'd,
Narcissus nam'd. Enquiring if old age
Should crown his youth; he, in obscure presage,
Made this reply, except himself he know.
Long they no credit on his words bestow:
Yet did th' event the prophecie approve,

350 In his strange ruin, and new kind of love.
Now he to fifteen added had an year:
Now in his looks both Boy and Man appear.
Many a love-sick Youth did him desire;
And many a Maid his beauty set on fire.
Yet in his tender age his pride was such,

355 That neither Youth nor Maiden might him touch.
The Vocal Nymph this lovely Boy did spy,
(She could not profer speech, nor yet reply)
When, busie in pursuit of savage spoils,
He drave the Deer into his cord'd toils.
Echo was then a Body, not a Voice:

360 Yet then, as now, of words she wanted choice;
But only could re-iterate the close
Of every speech. This *Juno* did impose.
For, often when she might have taken *Jove*
Compressing there the Nymphs, who weakly stov'd,
Her long discourses made the Goddess stay,

365 Until the Nymphs had time to run away.
Which when perceiv'd, she said, For this abuse,
Thy tongue henceforth shall be of little use.
Those threats are dec'd: She yet ingeminates
The last of sounds, and what she hears relates.

370 *Narcissus* seen, intending thus the chace,
She forthwith glows, and with a noiseless pace
His steps pursues. The more she did pursue,
More hot (as nearer to her fire) she grew:
And might be likened to a sulph'rous match,
Which instantly th'approach'd flame doth catch.

- 375 How oft would she have woo'd him with sweet words!
 But Nature no such liberty affords.
 Begin she could not, yet full readily
 To his expected speech she would reply.
 The Boy, from his companions parted, said;
 380 Is any nigh? I, *Erko* answer made.
 He round about him gazed, (much appall'd)
 And cry'd out, Come. She him, who called, call'd.
 Then looking back, and seeing none appear'd,
 Why shun'st thou me? The self-same voice he heard;
 385 Deceived by the Image of his words.
 Then let us joyn, said he. No sound accords
 More to her wish, her faculties combine
 In dear consent; who answer'd, *Let us joyn*.
 Flattering her self, out of the Woods she sprung;
 And would about his struggling Neck have hung.
 390 Thrust back, he said, Life shall this breast forsake,
 Ere thou, light Nymph, on me thy pleasure take.
On me thy pleasure take, the Nymph replies
 To that disdainful Boy, who from her flies.
 Despis'd, the Wood her sad retreat receives:
 Who covers her ashamed face with leaves,
 And sculks in desert caves. Love still possesse
 395 Her soul, through grief of her repulse increas't.
 Her wretched body pines with sleepless care:
 Her skin contracts: her blood converts to air.
 Nothing was left her now but voice and bones:
 The voice remains; the other turn to stones.
 400 Conceal'd in Woods, in Mountains never found,
 Yet heard in all: and all is but a sound.
 Thus her, thus other Nymphs, in Mountains born
 And sedgy brooks, the Boy had kill'd with scorn.
 Thus many a youth he had afore deceiv'd.
 When one thus pray'd, with hands to Heav'n upheav'd.
 405 So may he love himself, and so despair.
Rhammusia condescends to his just pray'r.
 A Spring there was, whose silver waters were
 As smooth as any mirrour, nor less clear;
 Which neither Herdsmen, tame nor savage Beast,
 410 Nor wandring Fowl, nor scattered leaves molest;
 Girt round with Grass, by neighbouring moisture fed,
 And Woods, against the Sun's invasion spread.
 He, tir'd with heat and hunting, with the Place
 And Spring delighted, lies upon his face.

Quenching

- 415 Quenching his thirst, another thirst doth rise,
Rais'd by the form which in that glass he spies.
The hope of nothing doth his pow'rs invade:
And for a body he mistakes a shade.
Himself, himself distracts: who pores thereon
So fixedly, as if of *Parian* stone.
- 420 Beholds his eyes, two stars; his dangling hair,
Which with unshorn *Apollo's* might compare;
His fingers worthy *Bacchus*, his smooth chin,
His Ivory Neck, his heavenly face, wherein
The linked Deities their Graces fix,
Where Roses with unsullied Lillies mix.
Admireth all; for which to be admir'd:
- 425 And unconsiderately himself desired.
The praises which he gives, his beauty claim'd.
Who seeks, is sought: th' inflamer is inflam'd.
How often would he kiss the flattering Spring!
How oft with down-thrust arms sought he to cling
About that loved neck! Those couz'ning lips
Delude his hopes; and from himself he slips.
- 430 Not knowing what, with what he sees he fies:
And th' error that deceives, incites his eyes.
O fool, that striv'st to catch a flying shade!
Thou seek'st what's no-where: turn aside, 'twill fade.
Thy form's reflexion doth thy sight delude;
Which is with nothing of its own indu'd.
- 435 With thee it comes, with thee it staies, and so
'Twould go away, hadst thou the power to go.
Nor sleep nor hunger could the Lover raise:
Who, laid along on that false form to gaze
With looks, which looking never could suffice,
- 440 Quite ruins himself with his own eyes.
At length, a little lifting up his Head,
You Woods, that round about your branches spread,
Was ever so unfortunate a Lover?
You know, to many you have been a cover.
From your first growth to this long distant day,
- 445 Have you known any thus to pine away?
I like and see: but yet I cannot find
The lik'd and seen. O Love, with error blind!
What grieves me more; no Sea, no mountain steep,
No ways, no walls, our joys asunder keep,
Whom but a little water doth divide:
- 450 And he himself desires to be enjoy'd.

56 METAMORPHOSIS,

- As oft as I to kiss the Floud decline,
 So oft his lips ascend, to close with mine.
 You'd think we toucht: So small a thing doth part
 Our equal loves. Come forth, what-e're thou art,
 455 Sweet Boy, a simple Boy beguile not so:
 From him that seeks thee, whither would'st thou go?
 My Age nor Beauty merit thy disdain:
 And me the Nymphs have often lov'd in vain.
 Yet in thy friendly shews my poor hopes live,
 Still striving to receive the Hand I give.
 Thou smile'st my smiles: When I a tear let fall,
 460 Thou shed'st it another; and consent'st it in all.
 And lo, thy sweetly-moving lips appear
 To utter words that come not to our ear.
 Ah! He is I, now, now I plainly see:
 It is my shadow that bewitched me.
 Love of my self me burns; (O, too too sure!)
 I suffer in those flames which I procure.
 465 Shall I be woo'd, or woo? What shall I crave,
 Since what I covet, I already have?
 Too much hath made me poor. O you divine
 And favouring Powers, me from my self dis-joyn.
 Of what I love, I would be dispossest.
 This in a Lover is a strange request.
 Now strength through grief decays: Short is the time
 470 I have to live, extinguish'd in my prime.
 Nor grieves it me to part with well-mist breath;
 For grief will find a perfect cure in death:
 Would he I love might longer life enjoy.
 Now too ill-fated Lovers in one die.
 This said, again he on his Image gaz'd;
 475 Tears on the troubled water circles rais'd;
 The motion much obscur'd the fleeting shade.
 With that he cry'd, (perceiving it to vade)
 O, whither wilt thou? Stay; nor cruel prove,
 In leaving me, who infinitely love.
 Yet let me see what cannot be possest,
 And with that empty food my fury feast.
 480 Complaining thus, himself he disarrays,
 And to remorseless hands his breast displays;
 The blows that solid Snow with Crimson stripe
 485 Like Apples partly red, or Grapes scarce ripe.
 But in the water when the same appear,
 He could no longer such a sorrow bear.

- As Virgin-wax dissolves with fervent heat,
 Or morning Frost whereon the Sun-beams beat :
 So thaw'd he with the ardour of desire,
 490 And by degrees consumes in unquen fire.
 His meagre cheeks now lost their red and white ;
 That life, that savour lost which did delight.
 Nor those divine proportions now remain,
 So much by *Echo* lately lov'd in vain.
 Which when she saw, although she angry were,
 And still in mind her late repulse did bear ;
 495 As often as the miserable cry'd
 Alas ! Alas ! the woeful Nymph reply'd :
 And ever when he struck his sounding breast,
 Like sounds of mutual sufferance exprest.
 His last words were, still hanging o're his shade,
 500 Ah ! Boy lov'd in vain ! So *Echo* said.
 Farewel. Farewel, sigh'd she. Then down he lies :
 Death's cold hand shuts his self-admiring eyes ;
 Which now eternally their gazes fix
 505 Upon the waters of infernal *Styx*.
 The woeful *Naiades* lament the dead,
 And their clipt hair upon their brother spread.
 The woeful *Dryades* partake their woes.
 With both sad *Echo* joyns at every close.
 The Funeral Pile prepar'd, an Horse they brought
 To fetch his body, which they vainly sought.
 In stead whereof a yellow Flower was found,
 510 With tufts of white about the button crown'd.
 This through *Achaia* spread the Prophet's fame,
 Who worthily had purchas'd a great name.
 But proud *Echion's* son, who did despise
 The righteous Gods, derides his Prophecies,
 515 And 'twits *Tiresias* with his ravish'd sight.
 He shook his head, which age had cloath'd in white,
 And said, 'Twere well for thee, hadst thou no eyes
 To see the *Bacchanal* solemnities.
 The time shall come (which I presage is near)
 520 When *Semeleian Liber* will be here :
 Whom if thou honour not with Temples due,
 Thy Mother and her Sisters shall imbrue
 Their furious hands in thy effused blood,
 And throw thy sever'd Limbs about the Wood.
 'Twill be, thy malice cannot but rebel :
 525 And then thou'lt say, the blind did see too well.

His mouth proud *Pentheus* stops. Belief succeeds
 Fore-running threats, and words are seal'd by deeds.
Liber is come, the fields with clamour found:
 They in his Orgies tread a frantick round.
 Women with Men, the base and nobler sort.

530 Together to those unknown Rites resort.

You sons of *Mars*, you of the Dragon's race,
 (Said he) what fury doth your minds embase?
 Is brags of such a power, which Drunkards beat,
 Or sound of Horns, or Magical deceit;
 That you, whom Trumpets clangor, horrid sight,

535 Nor Death with all his terrors could affright,
 Loud women, wine-bred rage, a lustful Crew
 Of Beasts and Kettle-drums, should thus subdue?
 At you, grave Fathers, can I but admire,
 Who brought with you your flying Gods from *Tyre*,
 And fixt them here; now from that care so far

540 Estranged, as to lose them without War.

Or you, who of my able age appear;
 Whole heads should Helmets, and not Garlands, wear;
 Nor leafy Javelins, but good Swords adorn
 The hands of Youth. O you, so nobly born,
 The Dragon's fiery fortitude indue,
 Whose single valour such a number slew.

545 He in defending of his Fountain fell:

Do you th' Invaders of your fame repel.
 He slew the strong: do you the weak destroy,
 And free your Country from foul infamy.
 If Destinies decree that *Thebes* must fall,
 May men, may warlike engines rase her Wall:

550 Let Sword and Fire our famish'd lives assault.

Then should we not be wretched through our fault,
 Nor strive to hide our guilt, but Fortune blame,
 And vent our pitied Sorrows without shame.
 Now, by a naked Boy we're put to flight;
 Whom bounding Steeds, nor glorious Arms delight,

555 But hair perfum'd with Myrrh, soft Anadems,
 And purple Robes inchas'd with Gold and Gems.
 Who shall confess (if you your aid deny)

His forged Father, and false Deity.

What? has *Acrisius* virtue to withstand

560 Th' Impostor, chased from the *Argive* Strand?

And shall this Vagabond, this Foreiuer,
 Me *Pentheus* and the *Theban* State deter?

Go, (said he to his servants) go your way,
And drag him hither bound: prevent delay.

Him *Cadmus*, *Athamas*, and all dissuade,

565 By opposition more intemperate made.

Fury increaseth when it is withstood:

And then good counsel doth more harm than good.

So have I seen an unstopt Torrent glide

VVith quiet waters, scarcely heard to chide:

570 But when falm Trees, or Rocks, impeach'd his course,

To some and roar with uncontrolled force.

All bloody they return. VVhere is, said he,

This *Bacchus*? *Bacchus* none of us did see,

Reply'd they: This his minister we found,

575 (Presenting one with hands behind him bound)

A *Thuscan* zealous in those mysteries.

On whom fierce *Pentheus* looks with wrathful eyes,

VVho hardly could his punishment defer.

Then thus; Thou wretch, that others shalt deter,

580 Declare thy name, thy nation, parentage,

And why thou followest this new-fangled Rage.

He, in whom innocency fear o're-came,

Made this reply: *Acetes* is my name:

My life I owe to the *Maonian* earth;

To none my fortune, born of humble Birth.

No Land my Father left me to manure,

585 Nor Herds, nor bleating Flocks: himself was poor.

The tempted Fish with Hook and Line he caught:

His Skill was all his VVealth. His Skill he taught,

And said, My Heir, successor to my Art,

Receive the Riches which I can impart.

590 He, dying, left me nothing; and yet all:

The Sea may I my Patrimony call.

Yet, lest I still should on those Rocks abide,

To Navigation I my time apply'd:

Observ'd th' *Olenian* Goat portending Rain;

VVet *Hyades*, when stooping to the Main;

595 *Taygeta*, and cold *Arctos*; the resorts

Of several winds; and harbour-giving Ports.

For *Delos* bound, we made the *Chian* Shoars,

And there arrived with industrious Oars.

Leaping a-shore, I made the Beach my bed.

600 VVhen aged Night *Aurora's* blushes fled,

I rose, and bade my men fresh water bring,

Shewing the way that guided to the Spring.

Then

60 METAMORPHOSIS,

Then, from an Hill observ'd the winds accord;
My Mates I call'd, and forthwith went aboard.

605 All here, the Master's Mate *Opheltes* cries:
And thinking he had light upon a prize,
Along the shoar a lovely Boy convey'd,
Adorned with the beauty of a Maid.

Heavy with wine and sleep, he reeled so,
That, though supported, he could hardly go.
When I beheld his habit, gate and feature,
610 I could not think it was an human Creature.
Fellows, I doubt what God, but sure, said I,
This excellence includes a Deity.

Be propitious, whosoere thou art;
Unto our industry success impart,
And pardon these who have offended thus.

615 Then *Diety* said, Forbear to pray for us.
(Than he, none could the top-sail-yard bestride
With lighter speed, nor thence more nimbly slide.)
This *Libys*, swart *Melanthus* (who the Prow
Commanded) and *Alcimedon* allow,
Epopeus the Boat-swain; so all say,

620 Bewitched with the blind desire of prey.
This Ship, said I, you shall not violate,
With sacrilege of so divine a weight,
Wherein I have most interest and command:
And on the hatches their ascent withstand.
Whereat the desperate *Lycabas* grew wild,

625 Who for a bloody murder was exil'd
From *Thescany*. Whilst I alone resist,
He took me such a buffet with his fist,
That down I fell; and had fallen over-board,
If I (though senseless) had not caught a cord.
The wicked company the fact approve.

Then *Bacchus* (for 'twas he) began to move,
630 As if awaken'd with the noise they made.
(His wine-bound senses now discharg'd) and said,
What clamour's this? What do you? Sailers, whither
Mean you to bear me? Ah! how came I hither?
Fear not, said *Proreus*: Name, where thou would'st be

635 And to that Harbour we will carry thee.
Then, Friends, *Lyæus* said, for *Naxos* stand:
Naxos my home, an hospitable Land.

By Seas, by all the Gods, by what avails,
They swear they will, and bade me hoist up Sails.
Which

- 640 Which trimm'd for *Naxos* on the Star-board side;
What do'st thou Mad-man, Fool? *Opheltres* cry'd.
Each tears his loss; some whisper in mine ear:
Most say by signs, Unto the Lar-board steer.
Amaz'd, Some other hold the Helm, said I,
645 I'll not be tainted with your perjury.
All chafe and storm. What? Said *Ethalion*,
Is all our safety plac'd in thee alone?
With that, my office he upon him took,
And *Naxos* (altering her course) forsook.
650 The God (as if their fraud but now out-found)
From th' upper deck the Sea surveyed round;
Then seem'd to cry. Sirs, this is not, said he,
That promis'd Shoar, the Land so wish'd by me.
What is my fault? What glory is my spoil,
655 If Men a Boy, if many one beguile?
I wept afore: But they my tears deride,
And with laborious Oars the Waves divide.
By him I swear (than whom none more in view)
That what I now shall utter is as true,
As past belief. The Ship, in those profound
660 And spacious Seas, so stuck as on dry ground.
They, wondring, ply'd their Oars, the sails displaid,
And strive to run her with that added aid.
When Ivy gave their Oars a forc'd restraint,
665 Whose creeping bands the sails with Berries paint.
He, head-bound with a wreath of clustered Vines,
A Javelin shook clasp'd with their leafy twines.
Stern Tigers, Lynxes (such unto the eye)
And spotted Panthers round about him lie,
All over-board now tumb'le; whether 'twere
670 Out of infused madness, or for fear.
Then *Medon* first with spiny fins grew black,
His form depressed, with a compass back.
To whom said *Lycabas*; O more than strange!
Into what uncouth Monster wilt thou change?
As thus he spake, his mouth became more wide,
675 His nose more hook'd: Scales arm his hardned hide.
Whilst *Libys* tugg'd an Oar that fixed stands,
His hands thrunk up, now fins, no longer hands.
Another by a Cable thought to hold,
680 But mist his arms. He fell; the Seas infold
His maimed body, which a rail eest-foon,
Recieves, reversed like the horned Moon.

They

- They leap aloft, and sprinkle up the Floud;
 Now chase above, now under water scud:
 685 And like lascivious Dancers frisk about;
 And gulped Seas, from their proud nostrils, spout.
 Of twenty Sailers only I remain'd:
 So many Men our complement contain'd.
 The God my mind could hardly animate,
 Trembling with horror of so dire a Fare.
 Suppress, said he, these tumults of thy fear;
 690 And now thy course for sacred *Dia* bear.
 Arrived, I, by his implor'd consent,
 Became his Priest; and thus his Feasts frequent.
 Our ears are tir'd with thy long ambages,
 Which wrath, said he, would by delay appease.
 Go, servants, take him hence: Let his forc'd breath
 695 Expire in groans: and torture him to death.
 In solid Prison pent; while they provide
 Whips, Racks and Fire, the doors fly open wide:
 And of themselves, as if dissolv'd by charms,
 The fetters fall from his unpinion'd arms.
 700 But now, not bidding others, *Pentheus* flings
 To high *Cytheron's* sacred top, which rings
 With frantick songs, and shrill-voic'd *Bacchanals*,
 In *Liber's* celebrated Festivals.
 And as the warlike Courser neighs and bounds,
 705 Inflam'd with fury, when the Trumpet sounds:
 Even so their far-heard clamours set on fire
 Stern *Pentheus*, and exasperate his ire,
 In midst of all the spacious Mountain stood
 A perspicable Champain, fring'd with Wood.
 Here first of all his Mother him espies,
 710 Viewing those holy Rites with prophane eyes,
 She, first, upon him frantickly did run:
 And first her eager Javelin pierc'd her son.
 Come, Sisters, cry'd she, this is that huge Boar
 Which roots our fields; whom we with wounds must
 715 With that, in rush the sense-distracted Crew. (gore.
 And all together the amaz'd pursue.
 Now trembled he, now late-breath'd threats suppress:
 Himself he blames, and his offence confess.
 Who cry'd, Help, Aunt *Autonoe*; I bleed:
 720 O let *Aethon's* Ghost soft pity breed,
 Not knowing who *Aethon* was, she lops
 His right hand off: The other *Ino* crops.

The wretch now to his mother would have thrown
 His suppliant hands : But now his hands were gone.
 725 Yet lifting up their bloudy stumps, he said,
 Ah, Mother! see. *Agave*, well appay'd,
 Shouts at the sight, casts up her neck, and shakes
 Her staring hair. In cruel hands she takes
 His head, yet gasping; *Io* sing, said she,
Io, my Mates: This spoil belongs to me.
 530 Not leaves now wither'd, nipt by Autumn's frost,
 So soon are ravisht from high Trees, and tost
 By scattering Winds, as they in pieces tear
 His minced Limbs. Th' *Ismenians*, struck with fear,
 His Orgies celebrate, his praises sing,
 And Incense to his holy Altars bring.

OVID'S



OVID'S **METAMORPHOSIS.**

THE FOURTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Derceta a Fish. Semiramis a Dove.
Transforming Nais equal fate doth prove.
White-Berries Lovers bloud with black disfiles.
Apollo, like Eurynome, beguiles
Leucothoe, buried quick for that offence ;
Who, Nectar sprinkled, sprouts to Frankincense.
Griev'd Clytie, turn'd to a Flower, turns with the Sun.
Daphnis, to Stone. Sex changeth Scytheon.
Celmus a Loadstone. Curets got by showers.
Crocus and Smilax turn'd to little Flowers.
In one Hermaphrodite two bodies joyn.
Mineides, Bats. Saff Ino made divine,
With Melicert. Who Juno's fact upraid,
Or Statues, or Cadmean Fowls are made.
Hermione and Cadmus, worn with woe,
Prove hurtless Dragons. Drops to Serpents grow.
Atlas a Mountain. Gorgon-touch'd Sea-weeds
To Coral change. From Gorgon's bloud proceeds
Swift Pegasus: Chrysaor also takes
From thence his birth. Fair hair converts to Snakes.

BUT yet Alcithoe Mineides
 The honour'd Orgies of the God displease.
 Her Sisters share in that impiety ;
 Who Bacchus for the Son of Jove deny.

And

- And now his Priest proclaims a solemn Feast;
 5 That Dames and Maids from usual labour rest;
 That wrapt in skins, their hair-laces unbound,
 And dangling Tresses with wild Ivy crown'd,
 They leafy Spears assume. Who prophesies
 Sad haps to such as his command despise.
 The Matrons and new-married Wives obey:
 10 Their Webs, their un-spun Wool aside they lay,
 Sweet odours burn, and sing; *Lyæus, Bacchus,*
 • *Nysæus, Bromius, Erwan, great Iacchus,*
 Fire-got, Son of two Mothers, the twice-born,
 Father *Eleleus*, *Thyon* never shorn,
Leneus, planter of life-chearing Vines,
 15 *Nyctileus*, with all names that Greece assigns
 To thee, O *Liber*. Still dost thou enjoy
 Unwasted youth, eternally a Boy.
 Thou'rt seen in Heav'n, whom all perfections grace;
 And when unhorn'd, thou hast a Virgin's face.
 20 Thy conquests through the Orient are renown'd,
 Where tawny *India* is by *Ganges* bound.
 Proud *Pentheus* and *Lycurgus*, like prophane,
 By thee (O greatly to be fear'd) were slain:
 The *Thusians* drench'd in Seas. Thou hold'st in awe:
 The spotted *Lynxes*, which thy Chariot draw:
 25 Light *Bacchides* and skipping Satyrs follow,
 Whil't old *Silenus* reeling still doth hollow;
 Who weakly hangs upon his rardy Ass.
 What place so-e're thou entrest, sounding Brass,
 Loud Sack-buts, Timbrels, the confused cries
 30 Of Youths and Women, pierce the marble skies.
 Thy presence we *Ilmenides* implore:
 Come, O come, pleas'd. Thus they his Rites restore.
 Yet the *Mineides* at home remain,
 And with untimely Art his feast prophane:
 Who either weave, or at the Distaff spin;
 35 And urge their Maids to exercise their hand
 One said, as she the twisted thread out-drew,
 While others sport, and forged Gods pursue,
 Let us, whom better *Pallas* doth invite,
 Our useful labour season with delight,
 40 And stories tell by turns; that what past years
 Deny our eyes, may enter at our ears.
 They all agree, and bade the eldest tell
 Her story first. She paus'd, not knowing well

66 METAMORPHOSIS.

- Of many which to chuse t' insist upon:
- 45 The sad *Dercetis* of fam'd *Babylon*,
(Who, as the *Palestines* believe, did take
A scaly form, inhabiting a lake ;)
Or of her Daughter, who with wing'd ascent
High-peach'd on Towers, there her old age spent ;
Or of that *Nais*, who with charms most strange,
- 50 And weeds too-pow'rful, human shapes did change:
Into mute Fishes, till a Fish she grew ;
Or of the Tree whose berries chang'd their hue,
The white to black by bloud's asperion grown :
This pleaseth best, as being most unknown.
- 55 She thus began, and draws the following wool.
Young *Pyramus* (no youth so beautiful
Through all the East) and *Thisbe* (who for fair
Might with th' immortal Goddesses compare)
Joyn'd houses, where *Semiramis* inclos'd
Her stately Town, with walls of Brick compos'd.
This neighbourhood their first acquaintance bred ;
- 60 That grew to love ; Love sought a nuptial Bed,
By Parents cross'd : Yet equal flames their bloud
Alike incens'd, which could not be withstood.
Signs only utter their unwitnest loves :
But hidden fire the violenter proves.
- 65 A cranny in the parting wall was left,
By shrinking of the new-laid mortar cleft :
This for so many Ages undescry'd
(What cannot Love find out?) the Lovers spy'd ;
- 70 By which their whispering voices softly trade,
And Passion's amorous embassie convey'd.
On this side, and on that, like Snails they cleave,
And greedily each others breath receive.
O envious walls, (said they) who thus divide
Whom Love hath joyn'd ! O, give us way to slide
Into each others arms. If such a bliss
- 75 Transcend our Fates, yet suffer us to kiss.
Nor are w' ingrate : Much we confess we owe
To you, who this dear liberty bestow.
At night they bid farewell. Their kisses greet
- 80 The senseless Stones, with lips that could not meet.
When from th' approaching Morn the Stars withdrew,
And that the Sun had drunk the scorched dew,
They at the usual Station meet again,
And with soft murmurs mutually complain.

- At last, resolve in silence of the night
 85 To steal away, and free themselves by flight ;
 And, with their houses, to forsake the Town.
 Yet lest they so might wander up and down ;
 To meet at *Ninus* Tomb they both agree,
 Under the shelter of a shady Tree.
 There an high Mulberry, full of white fruit,
 90 Hard by a living Fountain fixt his Root.
 The Sun, that seem'd too slow, his steeds bestows
 In restless Seas: From Seas wish't Night arose.
 Then *Thisbe* in the dark the doors unbarr'd ;
 And slipping forth, unmiss'd by her Guard,
 95 Comes maskt to *Ninus* Tomb ; there in the cold
 Sits underneath that Tree: Love made her bold.
 When (lo) a Lioness, smear'd with the blood
 Of late-slain Beeves, approach'd the neighbour Flood,
 To quench her thirst. Far off by Moon light 'spy'd,
 100 Swift fear her flight into a Cave doth guide.
 Flying, her mantle from her shoulders fell.
 The fatal Lioness, as from the Well
 Up to the rocky Mountain she withdraws,
 Found it, and tore it with her bloody jaws.
 105 When *Pyramus*, who came not forth so soon,
 Perceived by the glimpses of the Moon
 The footing of wild Beasts, his look grew pale.
 But when he spy'd her torn and bloody Veil ;
 One night (said he) two Lovers shall destroy:
 She longer life deserv'd to enjoy.
 110 The guilt is mine: 'Twas I (poor soul!) that slew thee,
 Who to a place so full of danger drew thee,
 Nor came before. Your Lions, O descend
 From your aboads ; a wretch in pieces rend,
 Condemned by his self-pronounced doom,
 115 And make your entrails my opprobrious Tomb.
 But Cowards wish to die. Her mantle he
 Carries along unto th' appointed Tree.
 There having kist, and wash'd it with his eyes ;
 Take from our blood, said he, the double dies.
 With that, his Body on his Sword he threw ;
 120 Which from the reaking wound he dying drew.
 Now, on his back, up spun the blood in sin oak ;
 As when a Spring-conducting pipe is broke,
 The waters at a little breach break out,
 And, hissing, through the airy Region spout,

- 125 The Mulberries their former white forsake,
And from his sprinkling bloud their crimson take.
Now she, who could not yet her fear remove,
Returns, for fear to disappoint her Love.
Her eager spirit seeks him through her eyes,
Who longs to tell of her escap'd surprise.
- 130 The place and figure of the Tree she knew;
Yet doubts, the berries having chang'd their hue.
Uncertain, she his panting Limbs descri'd,
That struck the stained earth; and starts aside.
- 135 Box was not paler when her changed look:
And like the lightly-breath'd-on Sea she shook.
But when she knew 'twas he, (now dispossess'd
Of her amaze) she shrieks, bears her sworn breast,
Pulls off her hair, imbraces, softly rears
- 140 His hanging head, and fills his wound with tears.
Then, kissing his cold lips, Wo's me (she said)
What cursed fate hath this division made?
O speak, my *Pyramus*. O look on me:
Thy dear, thy desperate *Thisbe* calls to thee.
- 145 At *Thisbe's* name he opens his shut eyes;
And having seen her, shuts them up, and dies.
But when his empty Scabbard she had spy'd,
And her known Robe, Unhappy Man! she cry'd
These wounds from love, from thine own hand pro-
Nor is my hand too weak for such a deed. (cried:
- 150 My love as strong. This, this, shall courage give,
To force that life which much disdains to live.
In death I'll follow thee; instyl'd by all,
The wretched Cause and Partner of thy Fall.
Whom Death, that had (alas!) alone the might
To pull thee from me, shall not disunite.
- 155 O you, our wretched Parents, (thus severe
To your own blood,) my last Petition hear:
Whom constant love, whom death hath joyn'd, later,
Without your envy, in one Sepulcher.
And thou, O Tree, whose branches shade the slain,
Of both our slaughters bear the lasting stain.
- 160 In funeral habit ever cloath your brood,
A living Monument of our mixt blood.
This said, his sword, yet recking, she reverts,
And with a mortal wound her bosom pierceth.
The easie Gods unto her wish accord;
That Parents also her desire afford.

165 The late white Mulberries in black now mourn ;
And what the fire had left, lay in one Urn.

Here ended she. Some intermission made,
Leucothoe (her Sisters silent) said :

This Sun, who all directeth with his light,

170 Weak Love hath ram'd ; his loves we now recite.

He first discover'd the Adultery

Of *Mars* and *Venus*, (nothing escapes his eye)

And in displeasure told to *Juno's* son

Their secret stealths, and where the deed was done.

175 His spirits faint, his hands could not sustain

The work in hand. Forthwith he forg'd a chain,

With nets of brass, that might the eye deceive,

(Less curious far the webs which Spiders weave).

180 Made pliant to each touch, and apt to close:

This he about the guilty bed bestows.

No sooner these Adulterers were met,

Than caught in his so strangely-forged net ;

Who, struggling, in compell'd imbracements lay.

185 The Ivory doors then *Vulcan* doth display,

And calls the Gods. They shamefully lay bound.

Yet one, a wanton, wisht to be so found.

The heavenly dwellers laugh. This tale was told

Through all the Round, and mirth did long uphold.

190 *Venus*, incens'd, on him who this disclos'd

A memorable punishment impos'd.

And he, of late so tyrannous to love,

Love's tyranny in just exchange doth prove.

Hyperion's Son, what boors thy piercing sight,

Thy feature, colour, or thy radiant light ?

For thou, who earth inflamest with thy fires,

195 Art now thy self inflam'd with new desires.

Thy melting eyes alone *Leucothoe* view,

And give to her what to the World is due.

Now, in the East thou hastnest thy up-rise ;

Now, slowly sett'st, even loth to leave the Skies.

And while that object thus exacts thy stay,

200 Thou add'st hours unto the Winter's day.

Oft in thy face thy mind's disease appears,

Affrighting all the darkned World with fears.

Nor *Cynthia's* interposed Orb doth move

These pale aspects ; this colour springs from Love.

She all thy thoughts ingroft : Nor didst thou care

205 For *Clymene*, for her who *Circe* bare,

70 METAMORPHOSIS,

For *Rhodos*, *Clytie* who in love abounds,
 Although despis'd, though tortur'd with two wounds.
 All, all, were buried in *Leucothoe*,
 Born in sweet *Saba*, of *Eurynome*.

210 As she in beauty far surpass all other :
 So much the Daughter far surpass the Mother.
 Great *Orchamus* was father to the Maid,
 VVho, seventh from *Belus Priscus*, *Persia* sway'd.
 In low *Hesperian* Vales those pastures are,

215 VVhere *Phabus* horses on *Ambrosia* fare.
 There, tired with the travels of the day,
 They renovate what labour doth decay.
 Now, while celestial food their hunger feeds,
 And night in her alternate reign succeeds,
 In figure of *Eurynome*, the God
 Approach'd the chamber where his life abode.

220 He spinning by a Lamp *Leucothoe* found,
 VVith twice six hand-maids, who inclos'd her round.
 Then kissing her, (her Mother now by Art)
 I have (said he) a secret to impart:
 Maids, presently withdraw. They all obey'd.

225 He, after he had cleared the chamber, said;
 The tardie Year I measure : I am he
 VVho see all Objects, and by whom all see ;
 The VVorld's clear eye : by thy fair self I swear,
 I love thee above thought. She shook for fear ;
 Her Spindle and her Distaff from her fell :

230 And yet that fear became her wond'rous well.
 Then his own form and radiance he took.
 Though with that unexpected presence strook,
 Yet vanquish'd, by his beauty, her complaint
 She laid aside, and suffered his constraint.

This *Clytie* next, (not less affectionate
 235 Before to her) who with a rival's hate
 Divulg'd the quickly-spreading infamy,
 And to her Father doth the fact descry.
 VVho stern and savage, shuts up all remorse
 From her that stood subdu'd, she said, by force;
 And *Sol* to witness calls. He his dishonour

240 Inters alive, and casts a Mount upon her.
Hyperion's son this batters with his rays,
 And for her re-ascent a breach displays:
 Yet could not she advance her heavy head,
 But life, too hasty, from her body fled.

Never

- 245 Never did *Phæbus* with such sorrow mourn
 Since wretched *Phaeton* the world did burn:
 Yet strives he with his influence to beget
 In her cold limbs a life-revoking heat.
 But since the Fates such great attempts withstood,
 250 He steepes the place and body in a flood
 Of fragrant Nectar, much bewails her end,
 And sighing, said; Yet shalt thou heaven ascend.
 Borthwith, her body thaws into a dew:
 VVhich from the moistned earth an odour threw.
 255 Then through the Hill a Shrub of Frankincense
 Thrust up his crown, and took his root from thence.
 Though Love might *Clytie's* sorrow have excus'd,
 Sorrow, her tongue; Day's King her bed refus'd.
 She, with distracted passion, pines away,
 260 Deseeketh company; all night, all day,
 Disrobed, with her ruffled hair unbound,
 And wet with humour, sits upon the ground;
 For nine long days all sustenance forbears,
 Her hunger cloy'd with dew, her thirst with tears.
 Nor rose; but rivets on the God her eyes,
 265 And ever turns her face to him that flies.
 At length, to earth her stupid body cleaves;
 Her wan complexion turns her bloudless leaves,
 Yet streak'd with red: her perisht limbs beget
 A flower, resembling the pale Violet;
 VVhich with the Sun, though rooted fast, doth move;
 270 And, being changed, changeth not her love.
 Thus she. This wond'rous story caught their ears:
 To some the same impossible appears.
 Others, that all is possible, conclude,
 To true-styl'd Gods; but *Bacchus* they extrude
 All: whilst *Alcithoe*, call'd upon, doth run
 Her shuttle through the VVeb; and thus begun.
 275 T' omit the pastoral loves, to few unknown,
 Of young *Idæan Daphnis*, turn'd to stone
 By that vext Nymph, who could not else assuage
 Her jealousy: such is a Lover's rage:
 280 And *Scythian*, who his nature innovates,
 Now male, now female, by alternate Fates:
 VVith *Celmus* turn'd into an Adamant,
 VVho of his faith when little *Jove* might vantage:
 The shorn *Curetes*, got by falling showers,
Crocus and *Smilax*, chang'd to pretty flowers,

I over.

- I overpass; and will your ears surprize
 With sweet delight of unknown novelties.
 Then know, how *Salmacis* infamous grew;
 285 Whose too strong waves all manly strength undo,
 And mollifie, with their soul-softning touch:
 The cause unknown, their nature known too much.
 Th' *Idean* Nymphs nurst in secure delight
 The son of *Hermes* and fair *Aphrodite*.
 290 His Father and his Mother in his look
 You might behold; from whom his name he took.
 When Summers five he thrice had multiply'd,
 Leaving the fount-ful Hills of foster *Ida*, (light
 He wandred through strange Lands, pleas'd with the
 295 Of foreign streams; toil less'ning with delight.
 The *Lycian* Cities past, he treads the grounds
 Of wealthy *Caria*, which on *Lycia* bounds.
 There lighted on a Pool, so passing clear,
 That all the glittering bottom did appear;
 Inviron'd with no marsh-loving Reeds,
 Nor piked Bull-rushes, nor barren weeds;
 300 But living Turf upon the Border grew:
 Whose ever-Spring no blasting Winter knew.
 A Nymph this haunts, unpractis'd in the chase,
 To bend a Bow, or run a strife-ful race.
 Of all the Water-Nymphs, this Nymph alone
 To nimble-footed *Dian* was unknown.
 305 Her Sisters oft would say, Fie, *Salmacis*,
 Fie, lazie sister, what a sloth is this?
 Upon a Quiver or a Javelin seize,
 And with laborious hunting mix thine ease!
 On Quiver nor on Javelin would she seize,
 Nor with laborious hunting mix her ease.
 310 But now in her own Fountain baths her fair
 And shapeful Limbs, now kems her golden hair:
 Her self oft by that liquid mirrour drest;
 There taking counsel what became her best:
 Her body, in transparent Robes array'd,
 Now on soft leaves or softer moss display'd:
 315 Oft gathers flowers; so when she saw the Boy.
 Whom seen, forthwith she covets to enjoy;
 And yet would not approach, though big with hast,
 Till neatly trickt, till all in order plac'd,
 Her love-inveigling looks set to insare,
 Who merited to be reputed fair.

Sweet Boy, said she, well worthy the abode
 320 Of blest Celestials ! If thou be a God,
 Then art thou *Cupid* ; if of human race,
 Happy the Parents whom thy person grace :
 Thy Sister, if thou hast a Sister, blest :
 Thy Nurse much more, who fed thee with her breast.
 325 But (O) no less than deify'd is she
 Whom Marriage shall incorporate to thee.
 If any such, let me this treasure steal :
 If not, be't I ; and our dear Nuptials seal.
 This said, she held her peace: He blusht for shame,
 330 Not knowing love, whom shamesac'dness became.
 So Apples shew upon the Sunny side ;
 So Ivory with rich Vermilion dy'd :
 So pure a red the silver Moon doth stain,
 When auxil'ary Brass resounds in vain.
 She earnestly intreats a Sister's kiss :
 335 And now advancing to imbrace her bliss,
 He, struggling, said, lascivious Nymph, forbear ;
 Or I will quit the place, and leave you here.
 Fair Stranger, tim'rous *Salmacis* reply'd,
 'Tis freely yours: And therewith stept aside.
 Yet looking back, amongst the shrubby Trees
 340 She closely sculks, and crouches on her knees.
 The vacant Boy, now being left alone,
 Imagining he was observ'd by none,
 Now here, now there, about the margin trips,
 And in th' alluring waves his ancles dips.
 Caught with the water's flatt'ring temperature,
 He straight disrobes his body, (O, how pure!)
 345 His naked beauty *Salmacis* amaz'd,
 Who with unsatisfied longing gaz'd. (four,
 Her sparkling eyes shoot flame through this sweet er-
 Much like the Sun reflected by a mirror:
 Now she impatiently her hope delays ;
 350 Now burns t'imbrace ; now, half mad, hardly stays.
 He swiftly from the bank on which he stood,
 Clapping his body, leaps into the flood,
 And with his rowing arms supports his Limbs ;
 Which through the pure waves glister as he swims ;
 Like Ivory statues which the life surpass,
 355 Or like a Lilly in a chrystal glass.
 He's mine, the Nymph exclaim'd : Who all unstript,
 And, as she spake, into the water skipt,

D

Hanging

74. METAMORPHOSIS,

- Hanging about the neck that did resist,
 360 And with a mast'ring forceth' unwilling kist;
 Now puts her hand beneath his scornful breast,
 Now every way invadeth the distressed,
 And wraps about the subject of her lust;
 Much like a Serpent by an Eagle trust'
 Which to his head and feet infettered clings,
 And wreaths her tail about his stretcht-out wings.
 365 So clasping Ivy to the Oak doth grow;
 And so the *Polypus* detains his foe.
 But *Atlantiades*, relentless coy,
 Still struggles, and resists her boy'd-for joy.
 370 Invested with her Body; Fool, said she,
 Struggle thou may'st, but never shalt be free.
 O you, who in immortal thrones reside,
 Grant that no day may ever us divide.
 Her wishes had their God: Ev'n in that space
 Their cleaving bodies mix; both have one face.
 375 As when we two divided Cions join,
 And see them grow together in one rine:
 So they, by such a strict imbracement glu'd,
 Are now but one, with double form indu'd.
 No longer he a Boy, nor she a Maid;
 But neither, and yet either, might be said.
 380 *Hermaphroditus* at himself admires;
 Who half a Female from the Spring retires,
 His manly Limbs now softned, and thus prays,
 With such a voice as neither sex betrays:
 Swift *Hermes*, *Aphrodite*, him O hear,
 Who was your son, who both your names doth bear.
 385 May every maid that in this water swims
 Return half-woman, with infeebl'd Limbs.
 His gentle parents sign to his request,
 And with unknown receipts the Spring infest.
 Here they conclude; yet give their hands no rest,
 390 But *Bacchus* slight, and still prophane his Feast.
 Then suddenly harsh instruments surprize
 Their charged ears, not extant to their eyes.
 Sweet Myrrh and Saffron all the house perfume.
 Their Webs (past credit) flourish in the loom.
 395 The hanging wool to green-leav'd Ivy spreads,
 Part, into Vines; the equal-twisted threads
 To branches run; buds from the distaff shoot,
 And with that purple paint their blushing fruit.

Now

- Now to the day succeeds that doubtful light,
 400 Which neither can be called day nor night.
 The building trembles; torches of fat Pines
 Appear to burn; the room with flashes shines,
 Fill'd with fantastical resemblances
 Of howling Beasts, whom blood and slaughter please.
 405 The Sisters to the smoaky roof retire;
 And, there disperse, avoid both light and fire.
 Thus while they corners seek, thin films extend
 From lightned Limbs, with small beams inter-penn'd.
 But how their former shapes they did for-go,
 410 Concealing darkness would not let them know.
 Nor are these little Light-detesting things
 Born up with feathers, but transparent wings.
 Their voice befits their bodies, small and faint;
 Wherewith they harshly utter their complaint.
 These houses haunt, in night conceal their shame,
 415 And of the loved Evening take their name.
 All *Thebes* now feared *Bacchus* celebrates,
 Whose wondrous pow'r his boasting Aunt relates.
 She only, of so many Sisters, knew
 No grief as yet, but what from them she drew.
 420 An happy Mother, Wife to *Athamas*,
 Nurse to a God. These caus'd her to surpass
 The bounds of her felicities, and made
 Vext *Juno* storm; who to her self thus said:
 What? Could that Strumper's Brat the form disseise
 Of poor *Mæonian* Sailers drencht in Seas?
 A Mother urge to murder her own Son?
 425 And wing the three *Mineides* that spun?
 Can I but un-revenged wrongs deplore?
 Must that suffice? And is our pow'r no more?
 He teacheth what to do; learn of thy Foe:
 What Fury can, the wounds of *Pentheus* shew
 430 More than too much. Why should not *Ino* tread
 The path which late her frantick sisters led?
 A steep dark Cave, with deadly Yew repleat,
 Through silence leads to Hell's infernal seat.
 By this dull *Styx* ejects a blasting fume:
 435 Here ghosts descend, whose bodies graves inhume.
 Amongst those thorns stiff Cold and Paleness dwell:
 The new-come ghosts nor know the way to Hell,
 Nor where the roomthy *Stygian* City stands,
 Or that dire Palace where black *Dis* commands.

- A thousand entries to this City guide:
 The gates still open stand on every side.
 440 And as all Rivers run into the deep:
 So all unhoused souls do thither creep.
 Nor are they pestered for want of room;
 Nor can it be perceiv'd that any come.
 Here Shadows wander from their Bodies sent.
 Some plead, and some the Tyrant's Court frequent:
 445 Some in life-practis'd Arts imploy their times;
 Others are tortur'd for their former Crimes.
Saturnia stooping from her Throne of Air,
 (Her hate immortal) thither makes repair.
 As soon as she had entered the gate,
 The threshold trembled with her sacred weight.
 450 Still-waking *Cerberus* the Goddess dreads,
 And barketh thrice at once with his three heads.
 She calls the Furies, Daughters to old Night,
 Implacable, and hating all delight.
 Before the doors of Adamant they sit,
 And there with combs their snaky curls unknit.
 455 When they through gloomy darkness did disclose
 That form of Heaven, the Goddesses arose.
 The Dungeon of the Damned this is nam'd.
 Here *Tityus*, for attempted Rape defam'd,
 Had his vast body on nine Acres spread,
 And on his heart a greedy Vulture fed.
 From *Tantalus* deceitful water slips:
 And catcht at fruit avoids his touched lips.
 460 Thou ever seekest, or roll'st up in vain
 A stone, O *Sisyphus*, to fall again.
Ixion, turn'd upon a restless wheel,
 With giddy head pursues his flying heel.
 The *Belides*, whom Kinsmens blood accuse,
 For ever draw the water which they lose.
 On all, *Saturnia* frowns, but most of all
 465 At thee, *Ixion*; then a look lets fall
 On *Sisyphus*. And why, (said she) remains
 This brother only in perpetual pains;
 When haughty *Athamas*, whose thoughts despise
 Both *Jove* and me, abides in constant joys?
 Then tells the cause of her approach, her hate,
 470 And what she would, the fall of *Cadmus* state;
 That *Athamas* the Furies would distract,
 And urge him to some execrable fact.

- Importunately she solicited,
 Commands, intreats, promises, with one breath.
 Incens'd *Tisiphone* her Furies shakes,
 475 And tossing from her face the hissing Snakes,
 Thus said: You need not use long ambages;
 Suppose all done already that may please
 Forake this loathsome Kingdom, and repair
 To th' upper world's more comfortable air.
 Well-pleas'd *Saturnia* then to Heav'n withdrew:
 480 Whom first *Thaumasian Iris* purg'd with dew.
 Forthwith *Tisiphone* her garment takes,
 Dropping with blood, and girt with knotted Snakes:
 About her head her bloody Torch she shook,
 And swiftly those accur'd Abodes forsook.
 485 Still sighing Sorrow, Horroir, Trembling, Fear,
 And ghastly Madnes, her associates were.
 The entred Palace groan'd; pale poison soils
 The polish'd doors; the frighted Sun recoils.
 Then *Athamas* and *Ino*, struck with dread
 And monstrous Apparitions, sought t' have fled.
 490 But stern *Erynnis* their escape withstands;
 And stretching out her Viper-grasping hands,
 Shook her dark brows. The troubled Serpents hiss:
 Some, falling on her shoulders, there untwist;
 Others upon her ugly breast descend,
 Spit poison, and their forged tongues extend.
 495 Two Adders from her crawling hair she drew;
 And those at *Athamas* and *Ino* threw.
 These up and down about their bosoms rowl;
 And with infus'd infection sad the soul.
 No wound upon their Bodies could be found:
 It was the Mind that felt the desperate wound.
 500 She brought besides from her abhorred home
 The surfeit of *Echidna*, with the foam
 Of hell-bred *Cerberus*, still-wandering Errour,
 Oblivion, Mischief, Tears, infernal Ferour,
 Distracted Fury, an Affection fixt
 On murder; all together ground, and mixt
 505 With blood yet reeking, hoiv'd in hollow bras,
 And stir'd with Hemlock. While sad *Athamas*
 And *Ino* quake, she pours into their breasts
 The rageful poison; which their peace infects.
 Her flaming Torch then whisking in a round,
 510 (Whose circularly fire her conquest crown'd)

78 METAMORPHOSIS,

- To *Pluto's* empty regiment she makes
 A swift descent, and there ungirts her Snakes.
 • Forthwith *Æolides* with Poison boils;
Io, my Mates, he cries, here pitch your toils:
 Here late a *Lionness* by me was seen
 515 With her two whelps. With that pursues the Queen,
 And from her breast *Learchus* snatcht. The child
 Stretcht forth his little arms, and on him smil'd:
 Whom like a Sling about his head he swings,
 And cruelly against the pavement flings.
 The Mother, whether with her grief distraught,
 520 Or that the Poison on her senses wrought,
 Runshewing with her hair about her ears,
 And in bare arms her *Melicerta* bears;
 Cries, *Euræ Bacchus*. *Juno* laught, and said,
 Thus art thou by thy Foster-child repaid.
 525 There is a Rock that over-looks the Main,
 Hollow'd by fretting Surges, scon'd from rain;
 Whose craggy Brow to vaster Seas extends.
 This *Imo* (ture adding strength) ascends,
 Descending headlong, with the load she bears,
 530 And strikes the sparkling waves, that fall in tears.
 Then *Venus*, grieving at her Niece's Fate,
 Her Uncle thus intreats: O thou whose State
 Is next to *Jove's*, great Ruler of the Flood,
 My suit is bold, yet pity thou my blood,
 535 Now tossed in the deep *Ionian Seas*,
 And joyn them to thy watry Deities.
 Some favour of the Sea I should obtain,
 That am ingender'd of the foamy Main;
 Of which the acceptable name I bear.
Neptune affords a favourable ear;
 540 Who what was mortal from their beings took:
 Then gave to either a Majestick look,
 In all their faculties divinely fram'd;
 And her *Leucothea*, him *Palamon* nam'd,
 The *Theban Ladies*, who her steps pursu'd,
 Her last on the first Promontory view'd,
 545 Then, held for dead, with hair and garments rent,
 They beat their breasts, and *Cadmus* House lament.
 Of little Justice, and much Cruelty,
 All *Juno* tax. Endure (she said) shall I
 Such blasphemies? I'll make you monuments
 550 Of my revenge. Threats usher their events.

When

- When one, of all the most affectionate,
 Cry'd, O my Queen, I will partake thy Fate:
 And thought to leap into the roaring Flood;
 But could not move; her Feet fast fixed stood.
 Another, who her bosom meant to bear,
 Perceiv'd her stiffned Arms to lose their heat.
 555 By chance her Hand, This stretcheth to the Main:
 Nor could her Hand, now stone, unstretch again.
 As She her violated Tresses rare,
 Her Fingers forthwith hardned in her hair.
 560 Their statues now those several gestures bear,
 Wherein they formerly surprized were.
 Some, Fowls became, now call'd *Gadmeides*;
 Who with their light wings sweep those gulfy Seas.
 Little knew *Gadmus* that his Children reign'd.
 In sacred Seas, and deathless states retain'd.
 Subdu'd with woes, with tragical events
 565 That had no end, and many dire offents,
 He leaves his City, as not through his own;
 But by the fortune of the place or'ethrown;
 And with his Wife *Hermione*, long tost,
 At length arriveth at th' *Illyrian* Coast.
 Now spent with grief and age, whilst they relate
 570 Their former toils, and Familie's first fate;
 And was that Serpent sacred which I slew,
 (Said he) whose teeth into the Earth I threw
 (An uncouth Seed) when I from *Sidon* came?
 If this the vengeful Gods so much inflame,
 575 May I my Belly Serpent-like extend.
 His Belly lengthned e're his wish could end.
 Tough Scales upon his hardned outside grew;
 The blacks distinguished with drops of blue.
 Then, falling on his breast, his Thighs unite;
 580 And in a spiny progress stretcht out-right.
 His Arms (for Arms as yet they were) he spreads;
 And tears on Cheeks, thae yet were human, sheds.
 Come, O sad Soul, said he, thy husband touch,
 585 Whilst I am I, or part of me be such;
 Shake hands, while yet I have an Hand to shake;
 Before I rotally indue a Snake.
 His Tongue was yet in motion, when it cleft
 In two: Forthwith of human speech bereft,
 He hilt, when he his sorrows sought to vent,
 The only Language now which Nature lent.

- 590 His Wife her naked bosom beats, and cries,
 Stay, *Cadmus*, and put off these prodigies.
 O strange! where are thy feet, hands, shoulders, breast,
 Thy colour, face, and (while I speak) the rest?
 You Gods, why also am not I a Snake?
- 595 He lickt her willing lips even as she spake;
 Into her well-known bosom glides; her waste
 And yielding neck with loving twines imbrac't.
 Amazement all the standers by possess;
 While glittering combs their slippery heads invest.
- 600 Now are they two; who crept, together chain'd,
 Till they the covert of the Wood obtain'd.
 These gentle Dragons, knowing what they were,
 Do hurt to no man, nor man's presence fear.
 Yet were those sorrows by their Daughter's son
- 605 Much comforted, who vanquish'd *India* won;
 To whom th' *Achaians* Temples consecrate;
 Divinely magnify'd through either State.
 Alone *Acrisius Abantiades*,
 Though of one Progeny, dissents from these:
 Who from th' *Argolian* City made him fly,
 And manag'd arms against a Deity.
- 610 Nor him, nor *Persus*, he for *Jove's* doth hold;
 (Begot on *Danae* in a show'r of gold)
 Yet straight repents (so prevalent is truth)
 Both to have forc'd the God, and doom'd the Youth.
 Now is the one enthroned in the skies:
 The other through Air's empty Region flies;
- 615 And bears along the memorable spoil
 Of that new Monster, conquer'd by his toil.
 And as he o're the *Lybian* Deserts flew,
 The blood that dropt from *Gorgon's* head straight grew
 To various Serpents, quickned by the ground.
- 620 With these those much infested Climes abound.
 Hither and thither, like a cloud of rain,
 Born by cross winds, he cuts the airy Main,
 Far-distant earth beholding from on high,
 And over all the ample World doth fly:
- 625 Thrice saw cold *Atlas*, thrice to *Cancer* prest;
 Oft hurried to the East, oft to the West,
 And now, not trusting to approached night,
 Upon th' *Hesperian* Continent doth light;
 And craves some rest, till *Lucifer* displays
- 630 *Aurora's* blush, and she *Apollo's* rays.

- Huge-statur'd *Atlas Japetonides*
 Here sway'd the utmost bounds of Earth and Seas;
 Where *Titan's* panting Steeds his Chariot steep,
 And bathe their fiery fet-locks in the deep.
 635 A thousand Herds, as many Flocks, he fed
 In those large Pastures, where no neighbours tread.
 Here to their Tree the shining branches sure,
 To them their Leaves, to those the Golden Fruit.
 Great King, said *Perseus*, if high birth may move
 640 Respect in thee, behold the son of *Jove*;
 If admiration, then my Acts admire,
 Who rest and hospitable Rites desire.
 He, mindful of this prophecy, of old
 By sacred *Themis* of *Parnassus* told;
 645 In time thy Golden fruit a prey shall prove,
 O *Japer's* son, unto the son of *Jove*;
 This fearing, he his Orchard had inclos'd
 With solid Cliffs, that all access oppos'd:
 The Guard whereof a monstrous Dragon held,
 And from his Land all Foreigners expell'd.
 Be gone, said he, for fear thy glories prove
 650 But counterfeits, and thou no son to *Jove*.
 Then adds uncivil violence to threats.
 With strength the other seconds his intreats,
 In strength interior: Who so strong as he?
 Since courtesie nor any worth in me,
 Vext *Perseus* said, can purchase my regard;
 Yet from a guest receive thy due reward.
 655 With that, *Medusa's* ugly head he drew,
 His own reversed. Forthwith *Atlas* grew
 Into a Mountain equal to the Man:
 His hair and beard to Woods and Bushes ran;
 His arms and shoulders into ridges spread;
 And what was his, is now the Mountain's head:
 660 Bones turn to stones; and all his parts extrude
 Into an huge prodigious altitude,
 (Such was the pleasure of the ever-blest)
 Whereon the Heav'ns with all their towers rest.
Hippogades, in hollow Rocks did close
 665 The strife-ful Winds: Bright *Lucifer* arose,
 And rous'd up Labour. *Perseus*, having ty'd
 His wings to his feet, his faulchion to his side,
 Sprung into air: Below, on either hand,
 Innumerable Nations left: The Land

- Of *Æthiop* and the *Cephean* fields survey'd ;
 670 There where the innocently-wretched Maid
 Was for her Mother's proud impiety
 By unjust *Ammon* sentenced to die.
 Whom when the Hero saw to hard Rocks chain'd,
 But that warm tears from charged eye-springs drain'd,
 And light winds gently fann'd her fluent hair,
 675 He would have thought her Marble. E're aware
 He fire attracteth ; and, astonisht by
 Her beauty, had almost forgot to fly.
 He lighting said ; O fairest of thy kind,
 (More worthy of those bands which Lovers bind,
 Than these rude gyves,) the Land by thee renown'd,
 680 Thy name, thy birth declare, and why thus bound.
 At first the silent Virgin was afraid
 To speak t' a Man, and modestly had made
 A Vizard of her hands, but they were ty'd :
 Yet, what she could, her tears their fountains hide.
 685 Still urg'd, lest she should wrong her innocence,
 As if ashamed to utter her offence,
 Her Country she discovers, her own name,
 Her beauteous Mother's confidence, and blame.
 All yet untold, the Waves began to roar :
 Th' apparent Monster (hast'ning to the shoar)
 690 Before his breast the broad-spread Sea up-bears :
 The Virgin shrieks : Her parents see their fears,
 Both mourne, both Wretched : (but she justly so :)
 Who bring no aid, but ecstasies of wo,
 With tears that suit the time ; who take the leave
 They'r loth to take, and to her body cleave.
 695 You for your grief may have, the stranger said,
 A time too long : Short is the hour of aid.
 If sought by me, *Jove's* son, in fruitful gold
 Begot on *Danae*, through a brazen Hold,
 Who conquer'd *Gorgon* with the shakly hair,
 And boldly glide through uninclosed air ;
 700 Me for your son you surely would prefer.
 Add to this worth, that to deliver her
 I'll try ; (so favour me the Powr's divine)
 That she, sav'd by my valour, may be mine.
 They give consent, intreat what he doth offer :
 705 And farther, for a Dowre their Kingdom profer.
 Lo, as a Gally with fore-fixed prow
 (Row'd by the sweat of Slaves) the Sea doth plow :

Even

- Even so the Monster furroweth with his breast
 The foaming flood, and to the near Rock prest;
 Not farther distant than a Man might sling
 710 A way-enforcing Bullet from a sling.
 Forthwith the youthful issue of rich Show'rs,
 Earth pushing from him, so the blue sky towers.
 The furious Monster eagerly doth chase
 His shadow, gliding on the Sea's smooth face.
 And as *Jove's* Bird, when she from high surveys
 715 A Dragon basking in *Apollo's* rays,
 Descends unseen, and through his necks blue scales
 (To shun his deadly teeth) her talons nails:
 So swiftly stoops high-pitched *Inachides*
 Through-singing air: Then on his back doth seize;
 720 And near his right fin sheaths his crooked sword
 Up to the hilts; who, deeply wounded, roar'd,
 Now capers in the air, now dives below
 The troubled waves, now turns upon his foe;
 Much like a chased Boar, whom eager Hounds
 Have at a Bay, and terrifie with sounds.
 He with swift wings his greedy jaws avoids:
 725 Now with his Faulchion wounds his scaly slides;
 Now, his shell-rough-cast back; now, where the tail
 Ends in a Fish, or parts expos'd to assail.
 A stream mixt with his blood the Monster flings
 From his wide-throat, which wets his heavy wings:
 730 Nor longer dares the wary Youth rely
 On their support. He sees a Rock hard by,
 Whose top above the quiet waters stood,
 But underneath the wind-incens'd flood.
 There lights; and, holding by the Rock's extent,
 His oft-thrust sword into his bowels sent.
 735 The shoar rings with th' applause that fills the sky.
 Then *Cepheus* and *Cassiope*, with joy,
 Salute him for their son; whom now they call
 The Saviour of their House, and of them all.
 Up came *Andromeda*, freed from her chains;
 The cause and recompence of all his pains.
 740 Mean-while he washeth his victorious hands
 In cleansing waves: And lest the beachy Sands
 Should hurt the Snaky head, the ground doth strew
 With leaves, and twigs that under water grew;
 Whereon *Medusa's* ugly face he lays.
 The green, yet juicy and attractive, sprays

- 745 From the toucht Monster stiffning hardnes took,
 And their own native pliancy forsook.
 The Sea-Nymphs this admired wonder try
 On other sprigs, and in the illue joy :
 They sow again their Seeds upon the deep.
 750 The Coral now that property doth keep,
 Receiving hardnes from felt air alone ;
 Beneath the Sea a twig ; above, a stone.
 Forthwith three Altars he of Turf erects,
 To *Hermes*, *Jove*, and her who War affects.
Minerva's on the right, on the left hand
 755 Stood *Mercurie's* : *Jove's* in the midst did stand.
 To *Mercury*, a Calf they sacrifice ;
 To *Jove*, a Bull ; a Cow to *Pallas* dies.
 Then takes *Andromeda*, the full reward
 Of so great worth, with Dow'r of less regard.
 Now Love and *Hymen* urge the Nuptial bed :
 The sacred Fires with rich perfumes are fed ;
 760 The house hung round with Garlands ; every where
 Melodious Harps and Songs salute the ear,
 Of juncd mirth the free and happy signs.
 With Doors display'd the golden Palace shines.
 The *Cephen* Nobles and each stranger Guest
 Together enter to this sumptuous Feast.
 765 The Banquet done, with generous Wines they clear
 Their heightned spirits. *Perseus* longs to hear
 Their fashions, manners, and original :
 Who by *Lyncides* is inform'd of all,
 This told, he said, Now tell, O valiant Knight,
 770 By what felicity of force, or sleight,
 You got this purchase of the snaky hairs.
 Then *Abantiades* forthwith declares,
 How under frosty *Atlas* clifflie side
 There lay a Plain, with Mountains fortify'd ;
 775 In whose access the *Phorides* did lie,
 Two Sisters: Both of them had but one eye.
 How cunningly thereon his hands he laid,
 As they from one another it convey'd.
 Then through blind wafts and rocky forest came
 To *Gorgon's* house : The way unto the same
 780 Beset with forms of men and beasts, alone
 By seeing of *Medusa* turn'd to stone :
 Whose horrid shape securely he did eye,
 In his bright target's clear refulgency.

- 785 And how her head he from her shoulders took,
 E're heavy sleep her Snakes and her forsook.
 Then told of *Pegasus*, and of his brother, (ther.
 Sprung from the blood of their new-slaught'ed mo-
 Adding the perils past in his long way;
 What fears, what soils his eyes below survey;
 And to what stars his lofty pitch ascends.
 790 Yet long afore their expectation ends,
 One Lord among the rest would gladly know,
 Why Serpents only on her head did grow.

- Stranger, said he, since this that you require
 Deserves the knowledge; take what you desire.
 Her passing beauty was the only scope
 795 Of mens affections, and their envy'd hope,
 Yet was not any part of her more rare
 (So say they who have seen her) than her hair.
 Her *Neptune* in *Minerda's* Fane comprest.
Jove's daughter with the *Aegis* on her breast
 Hid her chaste blushes: And due vengeance takes,
 800 In turning of the *Gorgon's* hair to Snakes.
 Who now, to make her enemies afraid,
 Bears in her shield the Serpents which she made;

OVID'S

- Nor shall thy wings, nor *Jove* in forged gold,
 Work thy escape. About to throw; O hold,
 Perplexed *Cepheus* cries: What wilt thou do?
 What fury, frantick brother, tempts thee to
 So foul a fact? Is this the recompence
 15 For such high merit? For her life's defence?
 Not *Perseus*, but th' incens'd *Nereides*,
 But horned *Ammōn*, and the wrath of Seas,
 (That Ork that sought my bowels to devour)
 Have snatcht her from thee, raviſht in the hour
 20 Of her expoſure. But thy cruelty
 Perhaps was well content that ſhe ſhould die,
 To eaſe thy loſs with ours. May't not ſuffice,
 That ſhe was bound in chains before thine eyes;
 That thou, her Uncle and her Husband, brought
 Her peril no prevention, nor none ſought;
 But that another's aid thou muſt envy,
 25 And claim the Trophies of his Victory?
 Which if of ſuch eſteem, thou ſhould'ſt have ſtrain'd
 T' have forc'd them from thoſe Rocks, where lately
 Let him, who did, enjoy them; nor exact (chain'd,
 What is his due by merit and compact.
 Nor think we *Perſeus* before thee prefer;
 But him, 'fore ſo abhorr'd a ſepulcher.
 He, without answer, rowling ro and fro
 30 His eyes on either, doubts at which to throw:
 And paufing, his ill-armed Launce at length
 At *Perſeus* hurls, with rage-redoubled ſtrength.
 Fixt in the bed-ſtock; up fierce *Perſeus* ſtarts,
 And his retorted Spear at *Phineus* darts;
 35 Who ſuddenly behind an Altar ſtept:
 An Altar vengeance from the wicked kept,
 And yet in *Rhetus* brow the weapon ſtuck.
 He fell: The ſteel out of his ſkull they pluck:
 He ſpurns the Earth, and ſtains the board with blood.
 40 With that, the multitude, with fury wood,
 Their Launces ſing; and ſome there be who cry,
 That *Cepheus* and his ſon-in-law ſhould die.
 But *Cepheus* wiſely quits the clamorous Hall;
 And faith and juſtice doth to record call,
 With all the Hoſpitable Gods, that he
 45 Was from this execrable uproar free.
 The warlike *Pallas*, preſent, with her ſhield
 Protects her brother, and his courage ſteel'd.


OVID'S
METAMORPHOSIS.

THE FIFTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Gorgon seen, Cephæi Statues grow :
 So Phineus, Proetus, Polydect, the foe
 To Perseus praise. The fountain Hippocrene
 By horse-hoof rais'd. The Muses chang'd to Nine
 Rape-flying Birds ; Pierides to Pies.
 The Gods, by Typhon chas'd, themselves disguise.
 Sad Cyane into a Fountain flows.
 Th' ill-natur'd Boy a spotted Stelion grows.
 Low'd Arethusa thaws into a Spring.
 Aescalaphus an Owl. Light feathers wing
 The sweet-tongu'd Sirens, who on waters mourn,
 Stern Lynceus Ceres to a Lynx doth turn.*

W Hilst the *Danaïan* Hero this relates,
 Amidst th' Assembly of the *Cephæi* States,
 Exalted voices through the Palace ring :
 Not like to theirs who at a marriage sing ;
 But such as menace War. The Nuptial Feast,
 Thus turn'd to tumult, to the life express
 A peaceful Sea, whose brow no frown deforms,
 Straight ruffled into billows by rude storms.
 First *Phineus*, the rash Author of this war,
 Shaking a Launce, began the deadly jar.
 Lo, I the Man that will upon thy life
 Revenge, said he, the rapture of my Wife.

Not

- Young *Indian Atys* by ill hap was there,
 Whom, *Ganges*-got, *Limniæ* did bear
 In her clear Waves; his beauty excellent,
 Which care and costly ornaments augment;
 50 Who scarce had fully sixteen Summers told;
 Clad in a *Tyrian* mantle, fring'd with gold.
 About his neck he wore a carkenet:
 His hair with Ribband bound, and Odours wet,
 Although he cunningly a Dart could throw;
 55 Yet with more cunning could he use his Bow.
 Which now a-drawing with a tardy hand;
 Quick *Perseus* from the Altar snatcht a Brand,
 And dasht it on his face. Out start his eyes;
 And through his flesh the fiery red bones arise.
 60 When *Syrian Lycabris* his *Atys* view'd
 Shaking his formless looks, with blood imbrew'd,
 To him in strictest bonds of friendship ty'd,
 And one who could not his affection hide;
 After he had his tragedy bewail'd,
 Who through the bitter wound his soul exhal'd,
 65 He took the Bow which erst the Youth did bend,
 And said, With me, thou Murderer, contend;
 Nor longer glory in a Boy's sad fate,
 Which stains thy actions with deserved hate.
 Yet speaking, from the string the arrow flew:
 Which took his plighted Robe as he withdrew.
Acrisius upon him prest,
 70 And sheath'd his Harpy in his roaring breast.
 Now dying, he for *Atys* looks, with eyes
 That swim in night, and on his bosom lies:
 Then cheerfully expires his parting breath,
 Rejoycing to be join'd to him in death.
Pheobas the *Syennite*, *Methion's* son,
 75 With him the *Libyan Amphimedon*,
 Eager of combat, slipping in the blood
 That drencht the pavement, fell: His sword withstood
 Their rage, which through the short-ribs sinote
Amphimedon, and cut the other's throat.
 80 Yet *Perseus* could not venture to invade
 The Halbeiter *Eristus* with his blade:
 But in both hands a Goblet high, imboist
 And massie, took, which at his head he tost.
 He vomits clotted blood; and, tumbling down,
 Knocks the hard pavement with his dying crown.

Then

- 85 Then *Polydamon*, (sprung from Goddess-born
Semiramis;) *Phlegyas*, the unshorn
Helice, *Clitus*, *Scythian Abaris*,
And brave *Lycetus* (old *Spercheus* blis)
Fell by his hand: Whose feet in triumph tread
Upon the slaughtered bodies of the dead.
But *Phineus*, fearing to confront his Foe
In close assault, far off a dart doth throw;
- 90 Which, led by error, did on *Idas* light,
A Neuter, who in vain forbore to fight.
He, sternly frowning, thus to *Phineus* spake:
Since you me an unwilling party make,
Receive the enemy whom you have made;
That by a wound, a wound may be repay'd.
- 95 About to hurl the Dart drawn from his side,
With loss of blood he faints, and falling dy'd.
Then great *Odytes* fell by *Clymen's* sword;
Next to the King, the greatest *Cephen* Lord.
Hypsens slew *Protenor*; *Lynsides*,
Hypsens: Old *Emathion* fell with these.
- 100 Who fear'd the Gods, and favoured the right.
He, whom old age exempted from the fight,
Fights with his tongue; himself doth interpose,
And deeply execrates their wicked blows.
Cromis, as he imbrac'd the Altar, dropt
His shaking head, which on the Altar, lopt
- 105 Whose half-dead tongue yet curses; who expires
His righteous soul amidst the sacred Fires.
Then *Broteas* and *Ammon*, *Phineus* slew,
Who from one womb at once their being drew:
Invincible with hurt-bats, could they quell
The dint of swords. Near these *Alphitus* fell;
- 110 The Priest of *Ceres*, with a Miter crown'd,
Which to his Temples a white fillet bound.
And next *Lampetides*, whose pleasant wit
Detested discord, in soft peace more fit
To sing unto his tuneful Lyre, now prest
With Songs to celebrate the nuptial Feast.
When *Petralus* at him, who stood far off,
- 115 With his defenceless Harp, strikes with this scoff;
Go, sing the rest unto the Ghosts below:
And pierc'd his Temples with a deadly blow.
His dying fingers warble in his fall:
And then, by chance, the Song was tragical.

This

- This unreveng'd *Lycormas* could not brook,
 120 But from the door's right side a Leaver took,
 And him between the head and shoulders knocks.
 Down falls he, like a sacrificed Ox.
Cnipean Palates then sought to seize
 Upon the left: When fierce *Marmorides*
 125 His hand nail'd to the door-post with a Spear;
 Whose side stern *Abas* pierc'd as he stuck there.
 Nor could he fall, but giving up the ghost,
 Hung by the hand against the smeared post.
Melanews then, of *Perseus* party, fell;
 And *Dorilas*, whose riches did excel:
 130 In *Nasamon*a none than he more great
 For large possessions, and huge hoards of Wheat.
 The steel stuck in his groin, which death pursu'd:
 Whom *Halcyoneus* of *Bactria* view'd
 (The Author of the wound,) as he did rowl
 His turn'd up eyes, and sigh'd out his soul:
 135 For all thy land, said he, by this divorce
 Receive thy length: And lest his bloudie's coarse.
 The Spear revengeful *Abantiades* drew
 From his warm wound, and at the Thrower threw:
 Which doth his nostrils in the midst divide,
 And, passing through, appear'd on either side.
 140 Whilst Fortune crown'd him, *Clytus* he confounds
 And *Damius*, of one womb, with different wounds.
 Through *Clytus* thighs, a ready dart he cast;
 Another 'twixt the jaws of *Damius* past.
Mindeſian Caladon and *Aster* flew,
 145 His father doubtful, gotten on a Jew:
Echion, late well-seen in things to come,
 Now overtaken by an unknown doom:
Thoaces, *Phineus* Squire, his faulchion try'd;
 And fell *Agyrtes*, that foul parricide.
 Yet more remain'd than were already spent:
 For all of them, to murder one, consent.
 150 The bold Conspirators on all sides fight;
 Impugning promise, merit, and his right.
 The vainly-pious Father, sides with th' other;
 With him the frighted Bride, and pensive Mother:
 Who fill the Court with out-cries, by the sound
 Of clashing Arms and dying screeches drown'd.
 155 *Bellona* the polluted floor imbrows
 With streams of blood, and horrid war renews.

- False *Phineus* with a thousand in a ring
 Begirt the Hero; who their Launces fling
 As thick as Winter's hail, that blind his sight,
 Sing in his ears, and round about him light.
- 160 His guard'd back he to a pillar sets,
 And with undaunted force confronts their threats.
Chaonian Molpeus prest to his left side:
 The right *Nabathean Echemon* ply'd.
 As when a Tiger, pinch'd with famine, hears
- 165 Two bellowing Herds within one vale, forbears,
 Nor knows on which to rush, as being loth
 To leave the other, and would fall on both:
 So *Perseus* which to strike uncertain proves;
 Then daunted *Molpeus* with a wound removes;
 Contented with his flight, in that the rage
 Of fierce *Echemon* did his force engage:
- 170 Who at his neck uncircumspectly struck,
 And his keen sword against the pillar broke.
 The blade from unrelenting stone rebounds,
 And in his throat th' unhappy owner wounds.
 Yet was not that enough to work his end,
 Who fearfully doth now his arms extend
- 175 For pity unto *Perseus*, all in vain,
 Who thrust him through with his *Cyllenian Skain*.
 But when he saw his valour over-sway'd
 By multitude, I must, said he, seek aid
 (Since you your selves compel me) from my foe:
- 180 Friends, turn your backs. Then *Gorgon's* head doth show.
 Some others seek, said *Thessalus*, to fright
 With this thy Monster; and with all his might
 A deadly dart endeavour'd to have thrown:
 But in that posture became a stone.
 Next, *Amphix*, full of spirit, forward prest,
- 185 And thrust his Sword at bold *Lyncides* breast:
 When in the pass his fingers stupid grow,
 Nor had the pow'r of moving to or fro.
 But *Nileus* (he who with a forged style
 Vaunted to be the son of seven-fold Nile,
 And bare seven silver Rivers in his shield,
 Distinctly waving through a golden field)
- 190 To *Perseus* said; Behold! from whence we sprung,
 To ever-silent shadows bear along
 This comfort of thy death, that thou didst die
 By such a brave and high-born enemy.

His speech quite faltered in the later clause :

The yet-unfinish'd sound stuck in his jaws ;

Who gaping stood as he would something say :

195 And so had done, if words had found a way.

These *Erys* blames, 'Tis your faint souls that dead

Your powers, faith he, and nor the *Gorgon's* head.

Rush on with me, and prostrate with deep wounds

This Youth, who thus with *Magick* arms confounds.

Then rushing on, the ground his footsteps stay'd,

Now mutely fix'd, an armed Statue made.

200 These suffer'd worthily. One who did fight

For *Perseus*, bold *Aconit*, at the fight

Of *Gorgon's* Snakes, abortive Marble grew.

On whom *Astyes* in fury flew,

As if alive, with his two-handed blade,

Which shrilly twang'd, but no incision made.

205 Who, whilst he wonders, the same nature took ;

And now his Statue hath a wondrous look.

It were too tedious for me to report

Their names who perish'd of the vulgar sort.

Two hundred scap'd the fury of the fight.

210 Two hundred turn to stone at *Gorgon's* sight.

Now *Phineus* his unjust commotion rues

What should he do ? The senseless shapes he views

Of his known friends, which differing figures bore,

And doth by name their several aids implore,

And yet not trusting to his eyes alone,

The next he touch'd, and found it to be stone.

Then turns aside, and now a penitent,

215 With suppliant hands, and arms obliquely bent,

O *Perseus*, thine, said he, thine is the day :

Remove this Monster ; hence, O hence convey

Medusa's ugly looks, or what more strange,

Which human bodies into marble change.

Not hate, nor thirst of rule begot this strife :

I only fought to re-obtain my Wife,

220 Thine is the plea of Merit ; mine, of Time :

Yet in contending I confess my crime.

For life (O chief of men) I only sue :

Afford me that ; the rest I yield to you.

Thus he, not daring to revert his eyes

On him whom he intreats : Who thus replies ;

225 Faint-hearted *Phineus*, what I can afford,

(A gift of worth to such a fearful Lord)

- Take courage, and persuade thy self I will.
 No wounding sword thy blood shall ever spill.
 Moreover, that I may thy wish prevent,
 Here will I fix thy lasting monument:
 That thou by her thou lov'st mayst still be seen,
 And with her Spouse's image chear our Queen.
- 230 Then on that side the Gorgon's head doth place,
 To which the Prince had turn'd his trembling face.
 And as from thence his eyes he would have thrown,
 His neck grew stiff, his tears congeal to stone.
 With fearful suppliant look, submissive hands,
 And guilty countenance, the Statue stands.
- 235 Victorious *Abantiades* now hies
 T' his native City, with the rescu'd prize.
 There vengeance takes on *Prætus*, and restor'd
 His Grand-father; whose wrongs redress implor'd.
 For *Prætus* had by force of Arms expell'd
 His brother, and usurped *Argos* held.
- 240 But him nor Arms nor Bulwarks could protect
 Against the snaky Monster's grim aspect.
 Yet not the vertue of the Youth, which shone
 Through so great toil, nor sorrows undergone,
 With thee, O *Polydester*, King of small
 Sea-girt *Seriphus*, could prevail at all.
- 245 Endless thy wrath, thy hate inexorable,
 Detracting, and condemning for a fable
Medusa's death. The moved Youth replies,
 The truth your self shall see: Friends, shut your eyes:
 Then represents *Medusa* to his view:
 Who presently a bloudless Statue grew.
- 250 Thus long *Tritonia* to her Brother cleaves:
 Then in a hollow cloud *Seriphus* leaves,
 (*Cyprus* and *Gyaros* on the right-hand side)
 And o're the toiling Seas her course apply'd
 To *Thebes*, and Virgin *Helicon*; there stay'd,
- 255 And thus unto the learned Sisters said:
 The fame of your new Fountain, rais'd by force
 Of that swift-winged *Medusean* horse,
 Me hither drew, to see the wondrous Floud,
 Who saw Him issue from his Mother's blood.
- 260 Goddess, *Urania* answered, what cause
 So-ever you to this our Mansion draws,
 You are most welcome. What you heard is true:
 And from that *Pegasus* this Fountain grew,

Then

- Then *Pallas* to the sacred Spring convey'd.
 Sh' admires the waters by the horse-hoof made;
 265 Surveys their high-grown groves, cool caves, fresh
 And meadows painted with all sorts of flow'rs: (bow'rs,
 Then happy styles she the *Mæonides*,
 Both for their Arts, and such abodes as these.
 O heav'nly Virgin, one of them reply'd,
 270 Most worthy our Society to guide,
 If so your active vertue did not move
 To greater deeds; deserv'dly you approve
 Our studies, pleasant seat, and happy state,
 Were we secure from what we chiefly hate.
 But nothing is unlawful to the lewd:
 And Maids by nature are with tear indu'd.
 The dire *Pyreneus* still invades my sight;
 275 Nor have I yet recover'd that affright.
 He *Daulis* with all *Phocis* had obtain'd
 By *Thracian* Arms, and there unjustly reign'd.
 Bound for *Paruassus* Temple, us he spies;
 And with false zeal adores our Deities.
 280 *Mæonides*, saith he, (he knew us well)
 While sad stars govern, and show'rs fall, (then fell
 By chance, a mighty show'r) vouchsafe, I pray,
 Beneath the shelter of my roof to stay:
 The Gods have entred humble Cottages.
 Urg'd by the weather, and such words as these,
 We to his importunity assent;
 And yet no farther than the Lobby went.
 285 It now held up; the vanquish'd South-winds fly
 Before the North, which purge the dusky sky.
 Prest to depart, he shuts the door, prepares
 To offer force: With wings we scape his snares.
 He presently the highest tow'r ascends,
 And, as he would have flown, his body bends.
 290 The way you go, said he, will I pursue;
 And from the battlements himself he threw.
 Who, falling, strikes the earth with dash-out brains,
 Which with his wicked blood he dying stains.
 The Muse yet spake, when wings were heard to clatter,
 295 And from high trees saluting voices chatter.
Jove's daughter wonders, and inquires from whence
 Those voices came including human sense.
 Not Men, but nine all-imitating Pies,
 Bewailing their deserved destinies,

- 300 The Goddess to th' admiring Goddess said :
 They, foil'd by us, by us were thus repaid.
Pierus, who rich *Pella* held by lot,
 These on *Pæonian Evippe* got.
 Nine times she on *Lucina* call'd aloud.
- 305 The foolish Sisters, of their number proud,
 Through all *Emonia* and *Achaia* came ;
 And thus uncivilly they strife proclaim.
Thespiades, th' unlearned multitude
 No more with your vain harmony delude ;
 But cope with us, (if hope excite you will)
- 310 As many, yet unmatcht for voice or skill.
 Surrender you to us, if we excel,
Hyantian Aganip and *Gorgon's Well* :
 Th' *Emathian Woods* to snowy *Paone*
 Shall pay our loss. The Nymphs our judges be.
- 315 A shame it was to strive : More shame it were
 To yield. The Nymphs by their own rivers swear,
 And sit on benches made of living stone.
 Then, un-elected, rudely steps forth one,
 Who sung the Giants war : Their feigned acts
- 320 She magnifies, and from the Gods detracts.
 How *Typhon*, from earth's gloomy intrals rais'd,
 Struck all their pow'rs with fear : Who fled amaz'd,
 Till *Egypt's* scorched soil them weary hides,
 And wealthy *Nile*, who in seven chancels glides.
- 325 That thither Earth-born *Typhon* them pursu'd :
 Whenas the Gods concealing shapes indu'd.
Jove turn'd himself, she said, into a Ram :
 From whence the horns of *Libyan Ammon* came.
Bacchus a Goat, *Apollo* was a Crow,
- 330 *Phæbe* a Cat, *Jove's* wife a Cow of snow :
Venus a Fish, a Stork did *Hermes* hide.
 And still her voice unto her Harp apply'd,
 Then call they us. But ours perhaps to hear,
 Nor leisure serves you, nor is't worth your ear.
- 335 Doubt not, said *Pallas*, orderly repeat
 Your long'd-for Verse ; and takes a shady seat.
 Then she ; on one we did the task impose :
Calliope, with Ivy crown'd, up-rose ;
 Who with her thumb first tun'd the quav'ring strings,
 And then this Dirty to the Musick sings.
- 340 The glebe with crooked plough first *Ceres* rent ;
 First gave us corn, a better nourishment,

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- First Laws prescrib'd : All from her bounty sprung.
 By me the Goddess *Ceres* shall be sung.
 Would we could Verses worthy her rehearse :
- 345 For she is more than worthy of our Verse.
Trinacria was on wicked *Typhon* thrown,
 Who underneath the Island's weight doth groan;
 That durst affect the Empire of the skies.
 Oft he attempteth, but in vain, to rise.
- 350 *Ausonian Pelorus* his right hand
 Down weighs; *Pachyne* on the left doth stand :
 His legs are under *Lilybaeum* spread ;
 And *Aetna's* bases press his horrid head.
 Where, lying on his back, his jaws expire
 Thick clouds of dust, and vomit flakes of fire.
 Oft-times he struggles with his load below,
- 355 And Towns and Mountains labours to ore-throw.
 Earth quakes therewith: The King of shadows dreads,
 For fear the ground should split above their heads,
 And let in Day, t'afright the trembling Ghosts.
 For this, he from his silent Empire posts,
- 360 Drawn by black horses, tracing all the Round
 Of rich *Sicilia* ; but no breaches found.
 Him *Erycina* from her Mount survey'd,
 (Now fearless) and, her Son embracing, said ;
- 365 My arms, my strength, my glory, for my sake,
 O *Cupid*, thy all-conquering weapons take,
 And fix thy winged arrows in his heart,
 Who rules the triple world's inferiour part.
 The Gods, even *Jove* himself, the God of Waves,
- 370 And who illustrates Earth, have been thy slaves.
 Shall Hell be free? Thine and thy mother's Sway
 Inlarge, and make th' infernal Powers obey.
 Yet we (such is our patience) are despis'd
 In our own heaven, and all our force unpriz'd.
- 375 Seest thou not *Pallas*, and the Queen of Night,
 Far-darting *Dian*, how my worth they slight ?
 And *Ceres* daughter will a Maid abide,
 If we permit ; for she affects their pride.
 But if thou favour our joynt Monarchy,
 Thy Uncle to the Virgin-Goddess tie.
- Thus *Venus*. He his Quiver doth unclose,
 380 And one out of a thousand arrows chose
 At her arbitrement: A sharper head
 None had, more ready, or that surer sped.

Then

- Then bends his bow. The string t'his ear arrives,
 And through the heart of *Dis* the arrow drives.
 385 Not far remov'd from *Aetna's* high-built wall,
 A Lake there is which men *Pergusa* call.
Cayster's slowly-gliding waters bear,
 Far fewer singing Swans than are heard there:
 Woods crown the Lake, and cloath it round about
 390 With leafy veils, which *Phaebus* beams keep out.
 The Trees create fresh air, th' Earth various flowers:
 Where heat and cold th' eternal Spring devours.
 Whilst in this grove *Proserpina* disports,
 Or Violets pull, or Lillies of all sorts;
 And whilst she strove with childish care and speed
 To fill her lap, and others to exceed;
 395 *Dis* saw, affected, carried her away,
 Almost at once. Love could not brook delay.
 The sad-fac'd Goddess cries (with fear appall'd)
 To her Companions; oft her Mother call'd.
 And as she tore th' adornment of her Hair,
 Down fell the flow'rs which in her lap she bare.
 400 And such was her sweet Youth's simplicity,
 That their loss also made the Virgin cry.
 The Ravisher flies on swift wheels; his horses
 Excites by name, and their full speed inforces;
 Shaking for haste the rust-obscur'd reins
 Upon their coal-black necks and shaggy manes.
 405 Through Lakes, through the *Palici*, which expire
 A sulph'rous breath, through earth ingend'ring fire,
 They pass to where *Corinthian Bacchides*
 Their City built between unequal Seas.
 The Land 'twixt *Aetna* and *Cyane*
 410 With stretcht-out horns begins th' included Sea.
 Here *Cyane*, who gave the Lake a name,
 415 Amongst *Sicilian* Nymphs of special fame,
 Her head advanc'd, who did the Goddess know,
 And boldly said, You shall not farther go;
 Nor can you be unwilling *Ceres* son.
 What you compel, persuasion should have won;
 If humble things I may compare with great,
Anaps lov'd me, yet did he intreat,
 And me, not frighted thus, espous'd. This said,
 With out-stretcht arms she's farther passage said,
 420 His wrath no longer *Pluto* could restrain.
 But gives his terror-striking Steeds the rein;

And with his Regal Mace Through the profound
 And yielding water cleaves the solid ground.
 The breach t' infernal *Tartarus* extends:
 At whose dark jaws the *Chariot* descends.

- 425 But *Cyane* the Goddess Rape laments,
 And her own injur'd Spring; whose discontents
 Admit no comfort; in her heart she bears
 Her silent sorrow: now resolves to tears,
 And with that Fountain doth incorporate,
 Whereof th' immortal Deity but of late.
 Her sofin'd members thaw into a dew;
 430 Her nails less hard, her bones now limber grew.
 The slender it parts first melt away, her hair,
 Fine fingers, legs, and feet, that soon impair,
 And drop to streams: then arms, back, shoulders, side,
 435 And bosom, into little Currents glide.
 Water, in stead of blood, fills her pale veins:
 And nothing now that may be graspt remains.
 Meanwhile through all the Earth and all the Main
 The fearful Mother sought her child in vain.
 440 Not dewy-hair'd *Aurora*, when she rose,
 Nor *Hesperus* could witness her repose.
 Two pitchy Pines she at flaming *Etna* lights;
 And, restless, carries them through freezing Nights,
 Again, when Day the vanquisht Stars suppress,
 Her vanish comfort seeks from East to West.
 445 Thirsty with travel, and no Fountain nigh,
 A Cottage thatcht with straw invites her eye.
 At th' humble gate she knocks. An old Wife shews
 Her self thereat, and, seeing her, bestows
 The water so desired; which she before
 450 Had boil'd with Barley. Drinking at the door,
 A rude hard-favour'd Boy beside her stood,
 Who laugh'd, and call'd her Greedy-gut. Her blood
 Inflam'd with anger, what remain'd she threw
 Full in his face; which forthwith speckled grew.
 455 His arms convert to legs; a tail withal
 Spins from his changed shape; his body small,
 Lest he might prove too great a foe to life:
 Though less, yet like a Lizard. Th' aged Wife
 (That wonders, weeps, and fears to touch) he shuns
 460 And presently into a crevice runs.
 Fit to his colour they a name elect;
 With sundry little stars all over speckt.

- What Lands, what Seas the Goddess wandred through,
 Were long to tell: Earth had not room enough.
 To *Sicily* she returns; where-e're she goes,
 465 Inquires, and comes where *Cyane* now flows.
 She, had she not been changed, all had told;
 Now wants a tongue her knowledge to unfold:
 Yet to the Mother of her Daughter gave
 A certain sign, bearing upon a wave
 470 *Persephone's* rich Zone, that from her fell
 When through the sacred Spring she sunk to Hell.
 This seen, and known, as but then lost, she tare,
 Without self-pity, her dis-shevell'd hair;
 And with redoubled blows her breast invades:
 Nor knows what Land t' accuse, yet all upbraids,
 475 Ingrate, unworthy with her gifts t' abound;
Trinacria chiefly, where the steps she found
 Of her misfortunes. Therefore there she brake
 The furrowing plough; the Ox and owner strake
 Both with one death; then, bad the fields beguile
 480 The trust impos'd; shrunk seed corrupts. That soil,
 So celebrated for fertility,
 Now barren grew: Corn in the blade doth die.
 Now too much drought annoys, now lodging shows;
 Stars smitch, winds blast. The greedy fowl devours
 485 The new-sown grain: else Tares and Darnel tire
 The fetter'd Wheat, and Weeds that through it spire.
 In *Elean* waves *Alpheias* then appear'd,
 And from her dropping hair her forehead clear'd:
 O Mother of that far-sought Maid; thou friend
 490 To life, said she, here let thy labour end:
 Nor be offended with thy faithful Land,
 That blameless is, nor could her Rape withstand.
 I, here a Guest, not for my Country plead.
 My Country *Pisa* is: in *Elis* bred,
 I as an Alien in *Sicily* dwell:
 495 But yet no Country pleaseth me so well.
 I, *Arcthusa*, now these Springs possess;
 This is my fear: which, courteous Goddess, bless.
 Why I affect this place, t' *Ortygia* came
 Through such vast Seas, I shall impart the same
 500 To your desire, when you, more fit to hear,
 Shall quit your care, and I be of better cheer.
 Earth gives me way, through whose dark caverns roll'd
 I here ascend, and long-mist stars behold.

While under ground by *Styx* my waters glide,
 505 Your sweet *Proserpina* I there espy'd :
 Full sad she was ; even then you might have seen
 Fear on her face : and yet she is a Queen ;
 And yet she in that gloomy Empire tways ;
 And yet her will th' Infernal King obeys.

Stone-like stood *Ceres* at this heavy news,
 510 And, staring, long continu'd in a muse.

When grief had quick'ned her stupidity,
 She took her Chariot, and ascends the sky :
 There, veiled all in clouds, with scatter'd hair,
 She kneels to *Jupiter*, and makes this Pray'r.

515 Both for my blood and thine, O *Jove*, I sue :
 If I be nothing gracious, yet do you
 A Father to your Daughter prove ; nor be
 Your care the less, because she sprung from me.
 Lo, she at length is found, long sought through all
 The spacious World ; if you a finding call
 What more the Loss assures : but if to know

520 Her being, be to Find, I've found her so.
 And yet I would the injury remit,
 So he the stol'n restore. 'Twere most unfit
 That holy *Hymen* should thy Daughter joyn
 Unto a Thief ; although she were not mine.

Then *Jove* : The plægo is mutual, and these cares
 To either equal. Yet this deed declares
 525 Much Love ; mis-called Wrong : nor should we shame
 Of such a Son, could you but think the same.
 All Wants suppose ; can he be less than great,
 And be *Jove's* Brother ? What, when all compleat ?
 I but prefer'd by lot ? Or if you burn

530 In endless spleen, let *Proserpine* return ;
 On this condition, That she yet have ta'ne
 No sustenance : so *Destinies* ordain.

To fetch her Daughter, *Ceres* posts in haste :
 But Fates withstood ; the Maid had broke her fast.
 535 For, wand'ring in the Orchard, simply she
 Pluckt a Pomegranate from the stooping Tree ;
 Thence took seven grains, and eat them one by one :
 Observed by *Ascalaphus* alone,

Whom *Acheron* on *Orpheus* ever begot
 In pitchy Caves ; a Dame of special note
 540 Among th' *Avernal* Nymphs. This utter'd, staid
 The ingining Queen of *Erebus*, who made

- The Blab a Bird: with waves of *Phlegaton*
 His Face besprinkled, Plumes appear thereon,
 Crookt Beak, and broader Eyes; the shape he had
 545 He lost, forthwith in yellow feathers clad.
 His Head o're-siz'd, his long Nails talons prove;
 His winged Arms for laziness scarce move.
 He proves a filthy, ill-presaging Fowl,
 To Mortals ominous, a screeching Owl.
 550 Yet was the punishment no more than due
 To his offence. But how offended you,
Acheloides, that wings and claws disgrace
 Your goodly forms, yet keep your Virgin-face?
 Was it, you *Sirens*, that your deathless Powers
 555 Were with the Goddess when she gather'd Flowers?
 Whom when through all the earth you sought in vain,
 You wish'd for wings to fly upon the Main,
 That pathless Seas might testify your care.
 The easie Gods consented to your pray'r.
 560 Straight golden feathers on your Backs appear:
 But lest that Musick, fram'd t'enchante the ear,
 And so great gifts of speech should be profan'd,
 Your Virgin-looks and human voice remain'd.
 But *Jove*, his Sister's discontent to cheer,
 565 Between her and his Brother parts the year.
 The Goddess now in either Empire sways;
 Six months with *Ceres*, six with *Pluta* stays.
Proserpina then chang'd her mind and look,
 (Late such as sullen *Dis* could hardly brook)
 570 And clear'd her brows: as *Sol*, obscur'd in shrouds,
 Of exhalations, breaks through vanquish'd clouds.
 Pleas'd *Ceres* now bade *Arcthusa* tell
 Her cause of flight: and why a sacred Well?
 Th' obsequious waters left their murmuring.
 The Goddess then above the Chrystal Spring
 575 Her head advanc'd; and, wringing her green hairs,
 She thus *Alpheus* ancient love declares.
 I of *Aegæa* once a Nymph; none more
 The Chace affected, or t'intoil the Boar.
 580 By *Beaury* though I never sought for fame;
 Though masculine, of Fair I bare the name.
 Nor took I pleasure in my praised face,
 Which others value as their onely grace:
 But, simple, was ashamed to excel;
 And thought it infamy to please too well.

- 585 As from *Stymphalian* woods I made retreat,
 ('Twas hot, and labour had increas'd the heat)
 When well-nigh tir'd, a silent Stream I found,
 All eddiless, perspicuous to the ground,
 Through which you ev'ry pebble might have seen:
 It ran as if it had no River been.
- 590 The Poplar and the hoary Willow, fed
 By born'ring streams, their grateful shadow spread.
 In this cool Rivulet my foot I dipt,
 Then knee-deep wade; nor so content, unstript
 My self forthwith: upon a Sallow stud
 My Robe I hung, and leapt into the Flood.
- 595 Where while I swim, and labour to and fro
 A thousand ways, with arms that swiftly row,
 I from the bottom heard an unknown tongue;
 And, frightned, to the higher margin sprung.
 Whither so fast, O *Arethusa*? twice
- 600 Out-cry'd *Alpheus*, with an hollow voice.
 Unclothed as I was, I fled for fear,
 (For on the other side my garments were.)
 The faster followed he, the more did burn:
 I naked, seem'd the readier for his turn.
- 605 As trembling Doves the eager Hawks eschew;
 As eager Hawks the trembling Doves pursue;
 I fled, he follow'd. To *Orchomenus*,
Psophis, *Cyllene*, high-brow'd *Menalus*,
Cold Erymanthus, and to *Elis*, I
 My flight maintain'd; nor could he come nigh.
- 610 But I unable to hold out so long:
 He, patient of much labour, and more strong.
 And yet o're Plains, o're woody Hills I fled,
 And craggy Rocks, where foot did never tread.
 The Sun was at our backs: before my feet
- 615 I saw his Shadow, or my fear did see'r.
 Howe're, his sounding steps, and thick-drawn breath
 That fann'd my hair, affrighted me to death.
 Stark tir'd, I cry'd; Ah caught! help, (O forlorn!)
Diana, help thy Squire, who oft have born
- 620 Thy Bow and Quiver. Mov'd at my request,
 With muffling clouds she cover'd the distress.
 The River seeks me in that pitchy shroud,
 And searches round about the hollow cloud.
 Twice came he where *Diana* me did hide;
- 625 And twice he, to *Arethusa*, cry'd.

Then what a heart had I! the Lamb so fears,
When howling Wolves about the Fold she hears.
So heartless Hare, when trailing Hounds draw nigh

630 Her sented Form; nor dares she move an eye.

Nor went he on; in that he could not trace
My farther steps; but guards the cloud and place,
Cold sweats my thin-betieged limbs posselt:

635 In thin thick-falling drops my strength decreast.

Where e're I stept, streams ran; my hair now fell
In trickling dew; and, sooner than I tell
My destiny, into a Floud I grew.

Alpheus his beloved Waters knew,
And, putting off th' assumed shape of Man,
Resumes his own, and in my Current ran.

Chast *Delia* cleft the ground. Then through blind Caves

640 To lov'd *Ortygia* she conducts my waves;

Affected for her name; where first I take
Review of day. This *Arcthusa* spake.

The fertile Goddess to her Chariot Chains

Her yoked Dragons, checkt with stubborn reins:

Her course, 'twixt Heav'n and Earth, to *Athens* bends;

645 And to *Triptolemus* her Chariot sends.

Part of the seed she gave, she bade him throw
On untill'd Earth; part on the till'd to sow.

O're *Europe* and the *Asian* soyl convey'd,

The Youth to *Scythia* turns, where *Lyncus* sway'd.

His Court he enters. Ask'd, what way he came,

650 His cause of coming, Country, and his Name;

Triptolemus men call me, he reply'd,

And in renowned *Athens* I reside.

No Ship through toying Seas me hither bare;

Nor over land came I, but through the air.

655 I bring you *Ceres* gift; which, sown in fields,

Corn-bearing Crops (a better-feeding) yields.

The barbarous King envies it, and, that he

The Author of so great a good might be,

Gives entertainment: but, when sleep oppress

His heavy eyes, with steel attempts his breast.

660 Whom *Ceres* turns t'a *Lynx*; and homewards makes

The young *Mopsopian* drive her sacred Snakes.

Our Chief concluded here here learned Lays.

The Nymphs, with one consent, give us the Bays.

665 The vanquish'd rail. To whom the Muse: Since you

Esteem it nothing to deserve the due

To your contention, but must add foul words
 To your ill deeds, nor this your pride affords
 Our patience room; we'll wreak it on your heads,
 And tread the path which Indignation leads.

Peonians laugh, and our sharp threats despise.

670 About to scold, and with disgraceful noise

To clap their hands, they saw the feathers sprout

Beneath their Nails, and cloath their arms throughout;

Hard nobs in one another's faces spie;

And now new Birds into the Forest flie:

675 These Sylvan scolds, as they their arms prepare

To beat their bosoms, mount, and hang in air.

Who yet retain their ancient eloquence,

Full of harsh chat, and prating without sense.

OVID'S



OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

THE SIXTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Pallas an old Wife. Haughty thoughts o'rethrow
Hæmus and Rhodope; who Mountains grow.
The Pygmy a Crane. Antigone becomes
A Stork. A Statue Cynaras entombs.
His impious Daughters, Stones. In various shapes
The Gods commit adulteries and rapes.
Arachne, a Spider. Niobe yet drowns
Her Marble cheeks in tears. Uncivil Clowns
Are curst to Frogs. From Tears clear Marfyas flows.
His Ivory shoulder, new-made, Pelops shows.
Progne, a Swallow, sign'd with murder's stain.
Sad Philomel to secret night complains.
Rage to a Lapwing turns th' Odrysian King.
Calais and Zetes native feathers wing.*

Tritonia to the Muse attention lends, (mends.
Who both her Verse, and just revenge com-
Then said t' herself; To praise is of no worth:
Let our revengeful Pow'r our praise set forth.
Intends *Arachne's* ruin. She, she heard,
Before her curious webs, her own prefer'd.
Nor dwelling nor her nation fame impart
Unto the Damsel, but excelling Art.
Deriv'd from *Colophonian Idmon's* side,
Who thirsty Wool in *Phœcean* purple dy'd.

- 10 Her Mother (who had paid her debt to fate)
 Was also mean, and equal to her mate.
 Yet through the *Lydian* towns her praise was spread,
 Though poor her birth, in poor *Hypapa* bred.
 The Nymphs of *Tmolus* oft their vines forsook,
 15 The sleek *Pastolian* Nymphs their streams, to look
 On her rare works: nor more delight in viewing
 Them done, (done with such grace) than when a-doing.
 Whether she Orb-like roul the ruder wool;
 20 Or, finely finger'd, the selected cull;
 Or draw it into cloud-resembling flakes;
 Or equal twine with swift-turn'd spindle makes;
 Or with her lively-painting Needle wrought:
 You might perceive she was by *Pallas* taught.
 Yet such a Mistress her proud thoughts disclaim.
 25 Let her with me contend: if foil'd, no shame
 (Said she) nor punishment will I refuse.
Pallas forthwith an old-wive's shape indues;
 Her hair all white; her limbs, appearing weak,
 A staff supports; and thus began to speak:
 Old Age hath something which we need not shun:
 Experience by long tract of time is won.
 30 Scorn not advice: with Dames of human race
 Contend for fame, but give a Goddess place.
 Crave pardon, and she will thy crime remit.
 With eyes confessing rage, and eye-brows knit,
 35 (Her labour-leaving hands scarce held from strokes)
 She masked *Pallas* with these words provokes:
 Old Fool, that dot'st with age, to whom long life
 Is now a curse, thy Daughter, or son's Wife,
 (If thou hast either) taught be they by this;
 40 My wisdom for my self sufficient is.
 And lest thy counsel should an int'rest claim
 In my diversion, I am still the same.
 Why comes she not? why trial thus delays?
 She comes, said *Pallas*, and her self displays.
 Nymphs and *Mygdonian* Dames the Power adore:
 45 Only the Maid her self undaunted bore.
 And yet she blush: against her will the red
 Flusht in her cheeks, and thence as swiftly fled.
 Even so the purple Morning paints the skies;
 And so they whiten at the Sun's up-rise.
 50 She now, as desperately obstinate,
 Praise ill affecting, runs on her own fate.

- No more *Jove's* daughter labours to dissuade;
 No more refuseth, nor the strife delay'd.
 Both settle to their tasks apart; both spread
 At once their warps, consulting of fine thread,
 55 Ty'd to their beams. A reed the thread divides,
 Through which the quick-returning shuttle glides,
 Shot by swif^t hands. The comb's inserted tooth
 Between the warp suppresseth the rising woof.
 Strife less'ning toil, with skirts tuckt to their waist,
 60 Both move their cunning arms with nimble hast.
 Here crimson dy'd in *Tyrian* brass they weave:
 The scarce-distinguish'd shadows fight deceive.
 So watry clouds, guilt by *Apollo*, show
 The vast sky painted with a mighty Bow:
 65 Where though a thousand several colours shine,
 No eye their close transition can define:
 The next the former clearly represents;
 Yet by degrees scarce sensible dissent.
 Their work's embellish'd with ductil gold:
 And both reviv'd Antiquities unfold.
 70 *Pallas* in *Athen's* *Mars* his Rock doth frame,
 And that old strife about the City's name.
 Twice six Celestials sit enthron'd on high,
 Repleat with aw-insuling gravity:
 75 *Jove* in the midst. The luted figures took
 Their lively forms. *Jove* had a royal look.
 The Sea-god stood, and with his Trident strake
 The cleaving Rock, from whence a Fountain brake:
 Whereon he grounds his claim. With spear and shield
 Her self she arms: her head a'mourian steel'd,
 80 Her breast her *Egis* guards. Her Launce the ground
 Appears to strike; and from thar pregnant wound
 The hoary Olive charg'd with fruit ascends.
 The Gods admire; with victory she ends.
 Yet she, to shew the Rival of her praise
 What hopes to cherish for such bold assays,
 85 Adds four contentions in the utmost bounds
 Of every angle, wrought in little rounds.
 One *Thracian Rhodope* and *Hemus* shows,
 Now Mountains topt with never-melting snows,
 Once human bodies; who durst emulate
 The blest Celestials both in style and state.
 The next contains the miserable doom
 90 Of that *Pygmean* matron, overcome

108. METAMORPHOSIS.

- By *Juno* made a Crane, and forc'd to jar
 With her own Nation in perpetual war.
 A third presents *Antigone*, who strove
 For unmatched beauty with the Wife of *Jove*,
 95 (Nor *Ilium*, nor *Laomedon* her fire,
 Prevail'd with violent *Saturnia's* ire)
 Turn'd to a Stork, who, with white pinions rais'd,
 Is ever by her creaking Bill self-prais'd.
 In the last circle *Cynaras* was plac't;
 Who, charg'd with grief, the Temple stairs imbrac't,
 (Of late his Daughters, by their pride o'rethrown)
 100 Appears to weep, and grovel on the stone.
 The web a wreath of peaceful Olive bounds;
 And her own tree her work both ends and crowns.
Arachne weaves *Europa's* rape by *Jove*.
 The Bull appears to live, the Sea to move.
 105 Back to the shore she casts an heavy eye,
 To her distracted Damsels seems to cry;
 And from the sprinkling waves, that skip to meet
 With such a burthen, shrinks her trembling feet.
Asteria there a struggling Eagle piest:
 A Swan here spreads his Wings o're *Leda's* breast.
 110 *Jove*, Satyr-like, *Antiope* compels;
 Whose fruitful Womb with double issue swells:
Amphitryon for *Alcmæa's* love became;
 A Show'r for *Danae*; for *Ægina*, Flame:
 For beautiful *Minerasyne* he takes
 A Shepherd's form; for *Devis* a Snake's;
 115 Thee also, *Neptune*, like a lustful Steer,
 She makes the fair *Æolian* Virgin bear;
 And get th' *Aloides* in *Enipe's* Shape;
 Now turn'd t' a Ram in sad *Bisaltis* rape.
 The gold-hair'd mother of life-strengthening seed;
 The snake-hair'd mother of the winged Steed,
 120 Found thee a Stallion; thee *Malantho* finds
 A Dolphin. She to ev'ry form assigns
 Like equal looks, to ev'ry place the same
 Aspect. An *Herdsman Phœbus* here became;
 A Lion now; now Falcon's wings displays;
 125 *Macraean Iffa* Shepherd-like terrays.
Liber, a Grape, *Erigone* compress't:
 And *Saturn* Horse-like *Glaïron* gets, half-beast.
 About her web a curious trail designs;
 Flowers intermixt with clasping Ivy twines.

- Not *Pallas* this, nor Envy this reproves.
 130 Her fair success the next *Virago* moves:
 Who tears the web with crimes celestial fraught;
 With shuttle from *Cytorian* Mountains brought,
Arachne thrice upon the forehead smote.
 Her great heart brooks it not, about her throat
 135 An halter knits. Remorseful *Pallas* staid
 Her falling weight; Live, wretch, yet hang, she said:
 This curse (lest of succeeding times secure)
 Still to thy issue and thy race endure.
 140 Sprinkled with *Hecate's* baneful weeds, her hair
 She forthwith sheds: her nose and ears impair;
 Her head grows little, her whole body so;
 Her thighs and legs to spiny fingers grow;
 The rest all belly, whence a thred she sends:
 145 And now, a Spider, her old webs extends.
 All *Lydia* sounds, the same through *Phrygia* rung;
 And gave an argument to every tongue.
 Her *Niobe* had known, when she a maid
 In *Sipylus* and in *Maonia* staid.
 150 Yet slights that home example, still rebels
 Against the Gods, and with proud language swells.
 Much made her haughty. Yet *Amphion's* town,
 Their high descents, nor glory of a crown,
 So pleas'd her (though she pleas'd her self in all)
 155 As her fair race. We *Niobe* might call
 The happiest mother that yet ever brought
 Life unto light, had not her self so thought.
Tiresian Manto, in presages skill'd,
 The streets, inspir'd by holy fury, fill'd
 With these exorts: *Ismemides*, prepare;
 160 To great *Latona* and her Twins with prayer
 Mix sweet perfumes; your brows with *Lawrel* bind;
 By me *Latona* bids. The *Theban's* wind
 About their Temples the commanded Bay;
 And, sacred fires with incense feeding, pray.
 165 Behold, the Queen in height of state appears.
 A *Phrygian* mantle weav'd with gold she wears:
 Her face, as much as rage would suffer, fair.
 She stops, and shaking her dishevell'd hair.
 The godly troop with haughty eyes surveys.
 170 What madness is it, unseen God (she says)
 Before the seen Celestials to prefer?
 Or, while I Altars want, to worship her?

- Me *Tantalus*: (alone allow'd to feast
 In Heav'n) begot; my Mother not the least
Pleias; and greatest *Atlas* Sire to those,
 175 On whose high shoulders all the Stars repose.
Jove is my other Grandfather; and he
 My Father-in-law: a double grace to me.
 Me *Phrygia*, *Cadmus* kingdoms me obey:
 My Husband's harp-rai'd walls I jointly sway.
 180 Throughout my Court behold in every place
 Infinite riches: add to this a Face
 Worthy a Goddess: then, to crown my joys,
 Seven beauteous Daughters, and as many Boys:
 All these by marriage to be multiply'd.
 Behold, have we not reason for our pride?
 185 Dare you *Latona* then, by *Cæus* got;
 Before me place? to whom a little spot
 The ample Earth deny'd t'unlade her womb?
 Heav'n, Earth, nor Seas afford your Goddess room;
 A Vagabond, till *Delos* harbour gave.
 190 Thou wandrest on the land, I on the wave,
 It said; and granted an unstable place.
 She brought forth two; the seventh part of my race.
 I happy am, who doubts? so will abide;
 Or who doubts that? with plenty fortify'd.
 195 My state's too great for Fortune to bereave:
 Though much she ravish, yet much more must leave.
 My blessings are above low fear, Suppose
 Some of my hopeful sons this people lose;
 They cannot be reduced unto two.
 200 Off with your Bays, these idle Rites eschew.
 They put them off, the sacrifice forbore:
 And yet *Latona* silently adore.
 As much as free from barrenness, so much
 Disdain and grief th'ingraged Goddess touch.
 205 Who on the top of *Cynthus* thus begins,
 To vent her passions to her sacred Twins.
 Lo I, your mother, proud in you alone,
 (Excepting *Juno*, second unto none)
 Am question'd if a Goddess, and must lose;
 210 If you assist nor, all religious dues.
 Nor is this all; that curst *Tantaliam* Seed
 Adds foul reproaches to her impious deed.
 She dares her children before you prefer,
 And calls me childless: may it light on her,

Whose wicked words her Father's tongue declare.

- 215 About to second her report with prayer;
Peace, *Phæbus* said, complaint too long delays
Conceiv'd revenge: the same vext *Phæbe* says.
Then swiftly through the yielding air they glide
To *Cadmus* tow'rs; the clouds their glories hide.
A spacious plain before the City lies,
Made dusty with the daily exercise
- 220 Of trampling hoofs, by strifeful Chariots trackt:
Part of *Amphion's* active sons here backt
High-bounding Steeds; whose rich caparison
With scarlet blusht, with gold their brilles shone.
- 225 *Ismenus*, from her womb who first did spring,
As with his ready horse he beats a ring,
And checks his foamy jaws, Ay me! out-cries;
While through his groaning breast an arrow flies.
His bridle slackning with his dying force,
He leisurly sinks side-long from his horse.
- 230 Next, *Sipylus* from clashing quiver flies
With slackned reins: as when a Pilot spies
A growing storm, and, lest the gentle gale
Should scape besides him, claps on all his sail.
- 235 His haft th' inevitable bow o're-took,
And through his throat the deadly arrow struck.
He, by the horse's mane, and speedy thighs,
Drops head-long, and the Earth in purple dyes.
- 240 Now *Phædimus*, and *Tamalus*, the heir
T' his Grand-fire's name, that labour done, prepare
To wrattle. Whilst with oiled limbs they prest
Each other's pow'r, close grasping breast to breast,
A shaft, which from th' impulsive bow-string flew,
- 245 Them in that sad Conjunction jointly flew.
Both groan at once, at once their bodies bend
With bitter pangs, at once to earth descend.
Their rowling eyes together set in death,
Together they expire their parting breath.
In rusht *Alphenor*, (bleeding in their harms)
- 250 And rais'd their heartless corles in his arms:
But in that pious duty fell, the threds
Of life, his heart-ticings, wrathful *Delius* shreds.
Part of his lungs clave to th' extracted head:
And with his blood his troubled spirit fled.
- 255 But unhorn *Damafichthon* slaught' red lies,
Nor by a single wound; shot where the thighs

- Knit with the ham-strings in the knotty joint.
 Striving from thence to tug the fatal point,
 260 Another at his neck the bow directs.
 Thick-gushing blood the piercing shaft ejects;
 Which, spinning upward, cleft the passive air.
 Last *Ilioneus*, with successful prayer,
 His hands up-heaves; You Gods in general,
 Said he, (and ignorantly pray'd to all)
 265 O pity me. The Archer had remorse;
 But now irrevocable was that force:
 And yet his life a little wound dispatcht,
 His heart but only with the arrow scratcht.
 Ill news, the people's grief, her household's tears
 Present their ruin to their mothers ears.
 270 Who wonders how the Gods their lives durst touch;
 And swells with anger that their power was such.
 For sad *Amphion*, wounding his own breast,
 Had now his sorrow with his soul releast.
 How different is this *Niobe*, from that
 275 Who great *Latona's* Rites suppress'd of late,
 And proudly pac'd the streets, envy'd by those
 That were her friends; now pried by her foes?
 Franrick she doth on their cold corse fall,
 And her last kisses distributes to all.
 280 From whom to Heav'n erecting her bruin'd arms,
 Cruel *Latona*, feast thee with our harms;
 Feast, feast, she said; thy savage stomach cloy;
 Cloy thy wild rage, and in our sorrows joy.
 Seven times, upon seven *Hercles* born, I die.
 Triumph, triumph, victorious foe. But why.
 285 Victorious? hapless I have not so few;
 Who, after all these funerals, subdue.
 This said, the bow-string twangs. Pale terror chills
 All hearts save *Niobe's*, obdur'd by ills.
 The sisters, in long mourning robes array'd,
 290 About their *Hercles* stood, with hair display'd.
 One draws an arrow from her brother's side;
 And joining her pale lips to his, so dy'd.
 Another striving to assuage the woes
 That rackt her mother, forth with speechless grows;
 And bowing with the wound, which inly bled,
 295 Shuts her fixt teeth, the soul already fled.
 This, flying falls; that, her dead sister makes
 Her bed of death: this hides her self, that quakes.

Six slain by sundry wounds; to shield the last,
Her mother over her her body cast.

300 This one, she cries, and that the least, O save.
The least of many, and but one, I crave.

Whilst thus she sues, the su'd-for *Delia* hits.

She by her husband, sons and daughters, sits.

A childless Widow, waxing stiff with woes.

The wind wags not one hair; the ruddy Rose

305 Forakes her cheek; in her declining head.

Her eye-balls fix, throughout appearing dead.

Her tongue and palate robb'd of inward heat,

At once congeal; her pulse forbears to beat.

Her neck wants power to turn, her feet to go,

310 Her arms to move: her very bowels grow

Into a stone. She yet retains her tears:

Whom straight a whirl-wind to her country bears,

And fixes on the summit of an Hill.

Now from that mourning Marble tears distill.

Th' exemplary revenge strick all with fear:

315 Who offerings to *Latona's* altars bear

With doubled zeal. When one, as oft befalls,

By present accidents the past recalls.

In fruitful *Lycia* once, said he, there dwell

A sort of Peasants who her vengeance felt.

320 'Twas of no note, in that the men were base;

Yet wonderful. I saw the pool and place

Fam'd by the prodigy. My father, spent

Almost with age, ill-brooking travel, sent

Me thither for choice Steers; and for my Guide

325 A native gave. Those Pastures searcht, we spy'd

An ancient Altar, black with cinders, plac'd

Amidst a Lake, with shivering reeds imbrac'd.

O favour me, he, softly murmuring, said:

O favour me, I, softly murmuring, pray'd.

330 Then askt, if Nymph or Faun therein reside,

Or rural God. The *Lycian* thus reply'd:

O Youth, no Mountain Powers this Altar hold:

She calls it hers to whom *Jove's* Wife of old

Earth interdicted: scarce that floating Isle,

335 Wave-wandering *Delos* finisht her exile.

Where, coucht on Palms and Olives, she, in spite

Of fretful *Juno*, brought her Twins to light.

Thence also, frighted from her painful bed,

With her two infant Deities she fled.

Now

114 METAMORPHOSIS,

- 340 Now in *Chimæra*-breeding *Lydia*, (fir'd
By burning beams) with her long travel tir'd;
Heat-raising thirst the Goddesses sore oppress,
By their exhausting of her milk increast.
By fortune, in a dale, with longing eyes
A lake of shallow water she descries,
- 345 Where Clowns were then a-gathering picked weeds,
With shrubby oifers, andplash-loving needs.
Approacht, *Titania* kneels upon the brink,
And of the cooling liquor stoops to drink.
The Clowns withstood. Why hinder you, said she,
- 350 The use of water, that to all is free?
The Sun, Air, Water, Nature did not frame
Peculiar; a publick gift I claim.
Yet humbly I intreat it: not to drench
My weary limbs, but killing thirst to quench.
- 355 My tongue wanes moisture, and my jaws are dry:
Scarcely is there way for speech: for drink I die.
Water to me were Nectar. If I live,
'Tis by your favour: life with water give.
Pity these babes: for pity they advance
- 360 Their little arms. Their arms they stretcht by chance.
With whom would not such gentle words prevail?
But they, persisting to prohibit, rail;
The place with threats command her to forsake.
- 365 Then with their hands and feet disturb the lake;
And leaping, with malicious motion move
The troubled mud, which rising, floats above.
Rage quench't her thirst: no more *Latoria* sues
To such base slaves; but Goddess-like doth use
Her dreadful tongue, which thus their fates imply'd;
- 370 May you for ever in this Lake reside.
Her wish succeeds. In lov'd lakes they strive,
Now sprawl above, now under water dive;
Oft hop upon the bank, as oft again
- 375 Back to the water: nor can yet restrain
Their brawling tongues; but, setting shame aside,
Though hid in water, under water chide.
Their voices still are hoarse: the breath they fetch
Swells their wide throats: their jaws with railing stretch
- 380 Their heads their shoulders touch; no neck between,
As intercepted: all the back is green,
Their bellies (every part o're-fizing) white.
Who now, new Frogs, in slimy pools delight.

Thus

- Thus much I know not by what *Theban* said,
 Another mention of a Satyr, e made,
 385 By *Phæbus* with *Tritonia's* reed o'recome;
 Who for presuming felt an heavy doom.
 Me from my self, ah! why do you distract?
 (Oh!) I repent, he cry'd: alas! this fact
 Deserves not such a vengeance. Whilst he cry'd,
Apollo from his body stript his hide.
 His body was one wound; bloud every way
 390 Streams from all parts: his sinews naked lay;
 His bare veins pant: his heart you might behold,
 And all the fibers in his breast have told.
 For him the Fauns that in the forests keep,
 395 For him the Nymphs and brother Satyrs weep:
 His end *Olympus* (famous then) bewails,
 With all the shepherds of those hills and dales.
 The pregnant Earth conceiveth with their tears,
 Which in her penetrated womb she bears,
 Till big with water; then discharg'd her freight.
 400 This purest *Phrygian* Stream a way out sought
 By down-falls, till to toiling seas he came
 Now called *Marfyas* of the Satyr's name.
 The Vulgar, these examples told, return
 Unto the present; for *Amphion* mourn,
 And his lost issue. All the mother hate.
 405 *Pelops* alone laments his sister's fate.
 While with torn garments he presents his woes,
 The Ivory piece on his left shoulder shows.
 This once was flesh, and coloured like the right.
 Slain by his Sire, the Gods his limbs unite;
 His scattered parts all found, save that alone
 410 Which interpos'd the neck and shoulder-bone.
 They then with Ivory supply'd th' unfound,
 And thus restored *Pelops* was made sound.
 The neighbouring Princes met: the Cities near
 Intreat their Kings the desolate to cheer;
 415 Renown'd *Mycene*, *Sparta*, th' *Argive* State,
 And *Calydon*, not yet in *Dian's* hate,
 Fertile *Orchomenos*, *Corinthos*, fam'd
 For high-priz'd brass, *Meſſene*, never tam'd,
Cleona, *Patra*, *Pylor*, (*Neleus* crown)
 And *Træzen*, not as then *Pitheus* town,
 420 With all that two-sea'd *Isthmos* Streights include,
 And all without, by two-sea'd *Isthmos* view'd.

Athens

- Athens* alone (who would believ't?) withheld.
Thee from that Civil office war compell'd.
Th' inhabitants about the *Pontick* coast
Had then besieg'd thee with a barbarous host:
425 Whom *Thracian Terent* with his Aids o're-threw,
And by that victory renowned grew.
Powerful in wealth and people, from the loins
Of *Mars* deriv'd, *Pandion Progne* joins
To him in marriage. This nor *Juno* blest,
430 Nor *Hymen*, nor the Graces grac'd that feast,
The snake-hair'd Furies held the sputtering light
From funeral snatch, and made the bed that Night.
Th' ill-boding Owl upon the roof was set.
Progne and *Terent* with these omens met;
435 Thus Parents grew. The *Thracians* yet rejoice,
And thank the Gods with one united voice.
The marriage-day, and that of *Irys* birth,
They consecrate to universal mirth.
Sober the good unseen. By this the Sun,
440 Conducting Time, had through five Autumns run;
When *Battering Progne* thus assures her Lord.
If I have any grace with thee, afford
This favour, that I may my sister see:
Send me to her, or bring thou her to me:
Promise my father, that with swiftest speed
She shall return. If this attempt succeed,
445 The sum of all my wishes I obtain.
He bids them lanch his ships into the Main:
Then makes th' *Athenian* port with sails and oars,
And lands upon the wistful *Piræan* shoars,
Brought to *Pandion's* presence, they salute.
450 The King with bad presage begins his sute.
For lo, as he his wife's command recites,
And for her quick return his promise plights,
Bright *Phylomela* came in rich array;
More-rich in beauty. So they use to say
The stately *Naiads* and *Dryads* go
455 In Sylvan shades, were they apparell'd so.
This sight in *Terent* such a burning breeds,
As when we fire an heap of hoary reeds;
Or catching flames to Sun-dry'd stubble thrust.
Her face was excellent: and in-bred lust
460 Inrag'd his blood; to which those Climes are prone.
Stung by his Countrie's fury and his own,

- He straight intends her women to intice,
 And bribe her Nurse, to prosecute his vice;
 Her self to tempt with gifts, his crown to spend:
 Or ravish, and by war his rape defend.
 465 What dares he not, thrust on by wild desire?
 Nor can his breast contain so great a fire.
 Rackt with delay, he *Progne's* fate renews:
 And for himself, that but pretended, sues.
 470 Love made him eloquent. As oft as he
 Exceeded, he would say, Thus charged she:
 And moving tears (as she had sent them) sheds.
 You Gods, how dark a blindness over-spreads
 The souls of men! whilst to his sin he climbs,
 475 They think him good, and praise him for his crimes.
 Even *Philomela* wisht the same. Now she
 Hangs on her Father's neck; and what would be
 Her utter ruin, as her safety prest.
 While *Tereus* by beholding pre-possess,
 480 Her kisses and embraces heat his blood,
 And all afford his fire and fury food.
 He wisht, as oft as she her Sire imbrac't,
 Himself her Sire: nor would have been more chaste.
 He by their importunities is wrought.
 485 She, over-joy'd, her Father thanks; and thought
 Her self and Sister in that fortunate,
 Which drew on both a lamentable fate.
 The labour of the Day now near an end,
 From steep *Olympus Phæbus* Steeds descend.
 The boards are Princely serv'd: *Lycus* flows
 In burnisht gold. Then take they soft repose.
 490 And yet th' *Odrysian* King, though parted, cries;
 Her face and grace is ever in his eyes.
 He parts unseen unto his fancy feigns,
 And feeds his fires: Sleep flies his troubled brains.
 495 Day rose, *Pandion* his departing Son
 Wrings by the hand; and, weeping, thus begun:
 I ear son, since Piety this due requires,
 With her, receive both your and their desires.
 By faith, alliance, by the Gods above,
 500 I charge you guard her with a Father's love:
 And suddenly send back (for all delay
 To me is death) my age's only stay.
 And, Daughter, 'tis enough thy Sister's gone.)
 For pity leave me not too long alone.

- 305 As he impos'd this charge, he kist withal ;
 And drops of tears at every accent fall:
 The pledges then of promis'd faith demands,
 (Which mutually they give) their plighted hands.
 To *Progne*, and her little Boy, said he,
 My love remember ; them salute from me.
 310 Scarce could he bid farewell, sobs so ingage
 His troubled speech ; dreading his soul's presage.
 As soon as shipt, as soon as active oars
 Had mov'd the surges, and remov'd the shoars,
 She's ours, With me my wish I bear, he cries ;
 315 Exults, and barbarous, scarce defers his joys,
 His eyes fast fixt. As when *Jove's* Eagle bears
 An Hare t' her Airy trufs'd in rapeful fears,
 And to the trembling prisoner leaves no way
 For hoped flight, but still beholds her prey.
 320 The voiage made, on his own land he dreads ;
 And to a Lodge *Pandion's* Daughter leads,
 (Obscur'd with woods) pale, trembling, full of fears,
 And for her Sister asking now with tears.
 There mues her up ; his soul intent makes known ;
 325 Inforc'd her, a weak virgin, and but one.
 Help, Father, Sister, help, in her distress
 She cries ; and on the Gods with like success.
 She trembles like a Lamb, snatcht from the fangs
 Of some fell Wolf, that dreads her former pang's :
 330 Or as a Dove, who on her feathers bears
 Her bloud's fresh stains, and late-felt talons fears.
 Restor'd unto her mind, her ruffled hair,
 As at a woful funeral, she rare ;
 Her arms with her own fury bloody made :
 Then, wringing her up-heaved hands, thus said ;
 O Monster ! barbarous in thy horrid lust !
 335 Treacherous Tyrant ! whom my Father's trust,
 Impos'd with holy tears, my Sister's love,
 My Virgin state, nor Nuptial ties, could move !
 O what a wild confusion hast thou bred !
 I'm an Adulteress to my Sister's bed :
 Thou, Husband to us both ; my only hate ;
 And to expect a miserable fate.
 340 Why mak'st thou not thy villanies compleat,
 By forcing life from her abhorred seat ?
 O would thou hadst, e're I my honour lost ;
 Then had I parted with a spotless ghost.

- Yet, if the Gods have Eyes ; if their Powers be
Not merely Names ; nor all decay with me ;
545 Thou shalt not scape due vengeance. Sense of shame
I will abandon ; and thy crime proclaim
To men, if free : if not, my voice shall break (speak ;
Through these thick walls, and teach the woods to
Hard rocks resolve to ruth. Let heav'n this hear,
And Heav'n-thron'd Gods ; if there be any there.
- 550 These words the savage Tyrant move to wrath :
Nor less to fear. Alike provok'd by both,
He draws his sword : his cruel hands he winds
In her loose hair, her arms behind her binds.
Her throat glad *Philomela* ready made,
555 Conceiving hope of death from his drawn blade.
Whilst she reviles, invokes her Father, sought
To vent her spleen ; her Tongue, in pincers caught,
His sword divided from the panting root :
Which, trembling, murmurs curses at his foot.
- 560 And as a Serpent's tail, dislever'd, leaps ;
Even so her Tongue, and dying sought her steps.
After this fact (if we may rumour trust)
He oft abus'd her body with his lust.
Yet to his Wife even after this retires,
565 Who for her Sister earnestly inquires.
Her Funerals he belies, with feigned grief ;
And by instructed tears begets belief.
Progne her royal ornaments rejects,
And puts on black ; an empty tomb erects ;
- 570 To her imagin'd Ghost oblations burns ;
Her Sister's fate, not as she should, she mourns.
Now through twelve Signs the Sun had born his light.
What should sad *Philomela* do ? her flight
A barbarous guard restrain'd ; the walls were strong ;
575 Her mouth had lost the Index of her wrong.
The wit that misery begets is great :
Great sorrow adds a quickness to conceit.
A woof upon a *Thracian* loom she spreads,
And inter-weaves the white with crimson threads,
That character her wrong. This closely wrought
She gave t'her servant, by her looks besought
580 To bear it to her Mistress ; who presents
The Queen therewith, not knowing the contents.
The Wife to that dire Tyrant this unfolds,
And in a woful verse her state beholds :

She

- She held her peace: 'twas strange grief struck her mute:
 585 No language could with such a passion sue.
 Nor had she time to weep: Right, wrong, were mixt
 In her fell thoughts: her soul on vengeance fixt.
 It was that time when, in a wild disguise,
Sithonia: matrons use to solemnize
 590 *Lyæus* three-years Feast. Night spreads her wings:
 By night high *Rhodope* with timbrels rings.
 By night th' impatient Queen a javelin takes,
 And, now a Bacchanal, the Court forsakes.
 Vines shade her brows: the rough hide of a Deer
 595 Shags at her side: her shoulder bare a spear.
 Hurried through woods, with her attendant frows,
 Terrible *Progne*, frantick with her woes,
 Thy far more sober fury, *Bacchus*, strives
 To counterfeit. Now at the Lodge she arrives,
 600 Howls, *Enx* cries, breaks ope the doors, and took
 Her Sister thence; with Ivy hides her look,
 In habit of a Bacchanal array'd;
 And to her City the amaz'd convey'd.
 That hated roof when *Philomela* knew,
 The poor soul shook; her visage bloudless grew.
Progne withdraws, the sacred weeds unloos'd;
 605 Her woful Sister's bathful face disclos'd;
 Falls on her neck. The other durst not raise
 Her down-cast eyes: her Sister's wrong surveys
 In her dishonour. As she strove t'have sworn,
 With up-rai'd looks, and call'd the Gods t'have born
 610 Her pure thoughts witness, how she was compell'd
 To that loath'd fact; she hands, for speech, upheld.
 Stern *Progne* broils; her bosom hardly bears
 So vast a rage: she chides her Sister's tears.
 No tears, said she, our lost condition needs,
 But steel; or if thou hast what steel exceeds.
 615 I for all horrid practices am fit:
 To wrap this roof in flame, and him in it:
 His eyes, his tongue, or what did thee inforce,
 T'extirp; or with a thousand wounds divorce
 His guilty soul. The deed I intend is great:
 620 But what, as yet, I know not. In this heat
 Came *Itys* in, and taught her what to do.
 Beheld with cruel eyes, Ah! how I view
 In thee, said she, thy Father: then intends
 Her tragick Scene. Rage in her looks ascends.

- 825 But when her Son saluted her, and clung
 Unto her neck, mixt kisses as he hung,
 With childish blandishments; her high-wrought blood
 Began to calm, her rage abated stood:
 Tears trickled from her eyes by strong constraint.
- 830 But when she found her resolution faint
 With too much pity; she her Sister views,
 And says, while both by turns her eyes peruse,
 Why flatters he? why tongueless weeps the other?
 Why Sister calls not she, whom he calls Mother?
- 835 Degenerate! think whose Daughter, to whom wed:
 All piety is sin to *Terens* bed.
 Then *Irys* trails, (as when by *Ganges* floods
 A Tigress drags a Fawn through silent woods)
 Retiring to the most sequestered room.
- 840 While he, with hands up-heav'd, foresees his doom;
 Clings to her bosom; Mother! Mother! cry'd;
 She stabs him, nor once turn'd her face aside.
 His throat was cut by *Philomela's* knife:
 Although one wound suffic'd to vanquish life.
- 845 His yet quick limbs, e're all his soul could pass,
 She piece-meal tears: some boil in hollow brass,
 Some hiss on spits. The pavements blusht with blood.
Progne invites her Husband to this food,
 And feigns her Countie's Rite; which would afford
- 850 No servant, nor companion, but her Lord.
 Now *Terens*, mounted on his Grand-fire's throne,
 With his Son's carved intrals stuffs his own;
 And bids her (so Soul-blinded) call his Boy.
Progne could not disguise her cruelty:
- 855 In full fruition of her horrid ire,
 Thou hast, said she, within thee thy desire.
 He looks about, asks where. And while again
 He asks, and calls; all bloody with the slain,
 Forth, like a Fury, *Philomela* flew,
- 860 And at his face the head of *Irys* threw.
 Nor ever, more than now, desir'd a Tongue,
 To express the joy of her revenged wrong.
 He with loud out-cries doth the board repel;
 And calls the Furies from the depth of Hell.
 Now tears his breast, and strives from thence in vain
 To pull th' abhorred food: now weeps amain.
 And calls himself his Son's unhappy tomb.
 Then draws his sword, and through the guilty room

- Pursues the Sisters; who appear with wings
 To cut the air: and so they did. One sings
 670 In woods; the other near the house remains,
 And on her breast yet bears her murther's stains.
 He, swift with grief and fury, in that space
 His person chang'd. Long tufts of Feathers grace
 His shining crown; his Sword a Bill became;
 675 His Face all arm'd: whom we a Lapwing name.
 This killing news, e're half his age was spent,
Pandion to th' infernal Shadows sent.
Erechtheus the throne and scepter held;
 Who both in justice and bold arm excell'd.
 680 To him his Wife four Sons, all hopeful, bare;
 As many Daughters, two surpassing fair.
 Thee, *Cephalus*, thy *Procris* happy made:
 But *Thrace* and *Tereus Boreas* nuptial staid,
 Who God-belov'd *Orithya* wanted long,
 685 While he put off his pow'r, to use his tongue.
 His sute rejected, horribly inclin'd
 To anger, (too familiar with that Wind,)
 I justly suffer this indignity:
 For why, said he, have I my arms laid by,
 Strength, violence, high rage, and awful threats?
 690 'Tis my dishonour to have us'd intreats:
 Force me befits. With this thick clouds I drive,
 Tofs the blue billows, knotty Oaks up-rive,
 Congeal soft Snow, and beat the earth with hail.
 When I my brethren in the air assail,
 695 (For that's our field) we meet with such a shock,
 That thundring skies with our incounters rock,
 And cloud-struck lightning flashes from on high.
 When through the crannies of the earth I fly,
 And force her in her hollow caves, I make
 700 The Ghosts to tremble, and the ground to quake.
 Thus should I've woo'd, with these my match have made
Erechtheus should have been compell'd, nor pray'd.
 Thus *Boreas* chafes, or no less storms, and shook
 His horrid wings; whose airy motion struck
 705 The earth with blasts, and made the Ocean roar.
 Trailing his dusky mantle on the floor,
 He hid himself in clouds of dust, and caught
 Belov'd *Orithya*, with her fear distraught.
 710 Flying, his agitated fires increast:
 Nor of his airy race the reins suppress,

Till to the walled *Cicones* he came.

Two goddy Twins th' espous'd *Athenian* Dame

Gave to the lew author of her rape,

Who had their Father's wings, and Mother's shape:

715 Yet not so born. Before their Faces bare

The manly ensigns of their yellow hair,

Calais and *Zetes* both unplumed were.

But when the down did on their chins appear,

Then, fowl-like, from their sides soft feathers bud.

2 When youth to action had inflam'd their blood;

720 In the first vessel, with the flow'r of *Greece*,

Through unknown Seas they fought the Golden Fleece.

THE SEVENTH BOOK

THE ARGUMENT

F 2 OVID's



OVID'S **METAMORPHOSIS.**

THE SEVENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Men, Dragons teeth produce. Wing'd Snakes their years
 By Odours cast. A dry branch Olives bears.
 Drops sprout to flowers. Old Aeson young became:
 So Liber's Nurfes. An old Sheep, a Lamb.
 Cerambus flies. A Snake, a snake-like stone.
 An ox, a Stag. And Mera barks unknown.
 Horns front the Coan Dames. The Telchines
 All change. A Dove turn'd Maid. The hard to please
 Becomes a Swan. His Mother Hyrie weeps
 Into a Lake. High-mounting Combe keeps
 Her Son-sought life. A King and Queen estrang'd
 To flightful Fowls. Cephalus Nephew chang'd
 Into a seal. Eumelus daughter flies
 Through traceless regions. Men from Mushrooms rise.
 Phineus and Periphas light wings assume.
 So Polyphemon's Niece. From Cerberus spume
 Springs Aconite. Just Earth a grave denies
 To Sciron's bones; which now in Rocks arise.
 Arne, a Chough. Stout Myrmidons are born
 Of toiling Ants. The late-rejected Morn
 Masks Cephalus. The Dog that did pursue,
 And Beast pursu'd, two Marble Statues grew.*

With Pegasæan keel the Minya plow
 The curling waves; & Phineus see, who now
 In endless night his needy Age consumes.
 The youthful sons of Boreas, rais'd with plumes,

Those

Those greedy *Harpyes*, with the Virgin face,
Far off from his polluted table chase.

- 5 They, under *Jason*, having suffered much;
At length the banks of slimy *Phasis* touch;
Now *Phryxus* fleece the hardy *Minyæ* ask;
And from the King receive a dreadful task.

Meanwhile *Aetias* fries in secret fires:

- 10 Who struggling long with over-strong desires,
When Reason could not such a rage restrain,
She said, *Medea*, thou strive it all in vain: (prove?
Some God, unknown, withstands. What will this
Or is it such a thing as Men call Love?
Why seems the King's commands so too severe?

- 15 And so in truth they be. Why should I fear
A Stranger's ruin, never seen before?
Whence spring these cares? why fear I more and more?
These furies from thy Virgin-breast repel,
Wretch, if thou canst. Could I, I should be well.
A new-felt force my striving pow'rs invades:
Affection this, Discretion that, persuades.

- 20 I see the better, I approve it too:
The worse I follow. Why should'st thou pursue
An Husband of another world, that art
Of royal birth? Our Country may impart
A choice as worthy. If this foreign mate
Or live, or die, 'tis in the hands of fate.
Yet, may he live. I such a sure might move.

- 25 To equal Gods, although I did not love.
For what hath *Jason* done? his hopeful youth
Would move all hearts, that were not hard, to ruth,
His birth, his valour. Set all these apart?
His person would: I feel it moves my heart.
Yet should not I assist, the flaming breath
Of Bulls would blast him; or assaults of death.

- 30 Spring up in arms from *Tellus* hostile womb;
Or else the greedy Dragon prove his tomb.
This suffer, and thou hast an heart of stone,
Born of a Tigress, and more savage grown.
Yet why stand I not by? behold him slain?
And to my necessary eyes profane?

- 35 Add fury to the Bulls? to th' Earth-born, ire?
And sleepless Dragon with more spleen inspire?
The Gods forbid. I'll rather help than pray.
My Father's Kingdom shall I then betray?

- And save this Stranger, whom I hardly know,
 40 That, say'd by me, he should without me go,
 Marry another, and leave me behind
 To punishment? Could he prove so unkind,
 Or for another my deserts neglect,
 Then should he die. Such is not his aspect,
 The clearness of his mind, his very grace,
 45 That I should fraud suspect, or think him base.
 Besides, beforehand he shall plight his troth,
 And bind the contract with a solemn oath.
 What needst thou doubt; go on; delay decline:
 Obliged *Jason* will be ever thine.
 50 *Hymen* shall crown thee, mothers celebrate
 Their sons Protectress through th' *Achaian* State.
 My Sister, Brother, Father, country Gods,
 Shall I abandon for unknown abodes?
 Fierce is my Father, barbarous my land,
 My Brother a child: my Sisters wishes stand
 55 With my desires: the greatest God of all
 My breast inshrines. What I fortake, is small;
 Great hopes I follow: to receive the grace
 For *Argo's* safety; know a better place;
 And Cities which in these far-distant parts
 Are famous with civility and arts;
 60 And *Aeson's* son, whom I more dearly prize
 Than wealthy Earth, and all her Monarchies.
 In him most happy, and affected by
 The bounteous Gods, my crown shall reach the sky.
 They tell of Rocks that jostle in the main:
Charybdis, that sucks in, and casts again
 The wreckful waves: how in *Sicilian* Straights,
 65 Girt round with barking dogs, fierce *Scylla* waits.
 My love possess, in *Jason's* bosom laid,
 Let Seas swell high, I cannot be dismay'd,
 While I infold my Husband in my arms.
 Or should I fear, I should but fear his harms.
 Call'st thou him Husband? wilt thou then thy blame,
 70 *Medea*, varnish with an honest name?
 Consider well what thou intend'st to do;
 And, while thou mayst, so foul a crime eschew.
 Thus she: When Honour, Piety, and Right,
 Before her stood, and *Cupid* put to flight.
 She goes where *Hecate's* old Altar stood,
 75 O're-shadowed by a dark and secret wood.

- Her broken ardour she had now reclaim'd :
 Which *Jason's* presence forthwith re-inflam'd.
 Her cheeks blush fire, her face with fervour flashes.
 80 And as a dying cinder, rak'd in ashes,
 Fed by reviving winds, augmenting, glows,
 And, tessel'd, to accustom'd fury grows:
 So Sickly Love, which late appear'd to die,
 New life assum'd from his inflaming eye;
 Whose looks by chance more beauty now discover
 85 Than heretofore. You might forgive the Lover.
 Her eager eyes she rivets on his face;
 And, frantick, thinks him of no humane race:
 Nor could divert her looks. As he his tongue
 Began t' unloose, her fair hand softly wrung,
 90 Implor'd her aid, and promis'd her his bed;
 She answer made, with tears profusely shed:
 I see to what events m' intentions move;
 Nor ignorance deceives me thus, but love.
 I by my cunning will preserve your life:
 But swear, that done, to take me to your wife.
 He by the Altar of the Triple Power,
 95 The groves which that great Deity imbower,
 Her Father's Sire, to whom the hid appears,
 His own success, and so great danger, swears.
 Believ'd, from her th' enchanted herbs receives;
 With them, their use: and his Protectress leaves.
 100 The Morrow had the sparkling stars defac'd,
 When all in *Mars's* field assemble, plac'd
 On circling ridges; seated on a throne,
 The Ivory-scepter'd King in scarlet shone.
 From adamant nostrils brass-hoof'd Bulls now cast
 105 Fierce *Vulcan*, and the grass with vapours blast.
 And as full forges, blown by art, resound;
 As lime of flints, infurnac'd under ground,
 By sprinkled water fire conceives: so they
 Pent flames, involv'd in noiseful breasts, display;
 110 So roar their scorched throats. Yet *Æson's* Heir
 Came bravely on: on whom they turn, and stare
 With terrible aspects; his ruin threat
 With steel-tipt horns. Inrag'd, their cleft hoofs beat
 The thundring ground, whence clouds of dust arise:
 They with their smoky bellowings rend the skies.
 The *Minye* fear congeals; but he remains
 115 Untoucht. Such virtue Sorcery contains.

- Their dewlaps boldly with his hand he strokes :
 Makes them to draw the plough with unknown yokes.
 The *Colchians* at so strange a sight admire :
 120 The *Minys* shout, and set his thoughts on fire.
 He in his Gask the Viper's teeth assumes.
 And in the turn'd-up furrows them inhumes.
 Earth mollifies the pois'nous seeds, which spring,
 125 And forth a harvest of new People bring.
 And as an Embryo, in the womb inclos'd,
 Assumes the form of man, within compos'd
 Through all accomplish'd numbers; nor comes forth
 To breathe in air, till his maturer growth :
 So when the bowels of the reeming Earth
 Grow great, she gave mens perfect shapes their birth.
 130 And, what's more strange, with them, their arms a-
 Who at th' *Emonian* youth their lances bend. (scend;
 When this th' *Achaians* saw, they hung the head;
 And all their courages for terror fled.
 Even she who had secur'd him was afraid,
 135 When she beheld so many one invade.
 A chill cold checks her bloud; death looks less pale.
 And, lest the herbs she gave should chance to fail,
 Unheard auxiliary charms sh' imparts,
 And calls th' assistance of her secret Arts.
 He hurls a massy stone among his foes,
 140 Who on themselves convert their deadly blows.
 The Earth-born Brothers mutual wounds destroy,
 And civil war. The *Grecians* skip for joy,
 And throng t' embrace the Victor. Her the same
 145 Affection spur'd; she was withheld by shame.
 Yet that too weak, if none had lookt upon her :
 Not vertue checkt her, but the wreck of honour.
 Now in conceit she hugs him in her arms;
 And thanks the Gods, the authors of her charms.
 To make the Dragon sleep that never slept,
 Remains, whose care the golden purchase kept.
 150 Bright-crested, triple-tongu'd, his cruel jaws,
 Arm'd with sharp fangs, his feet with dreadful claws.
 When once besprinkled with *Lethæan* juice,
 And words repeated thrice, (which sleep produce,
 Calm the rough seas, and make swift rivers stand)
 155 His eye-lids vail'd to sleep's unknown command.
 The Hero of the Golden Fleece possest,
 Proud of the Spoil, with her whose favour blest

- His enterprize (a Second Spoil) now bore
To sea, and lands safe on *Tolchian* shoar.
Emonian Parents for their Sons return
160 Bring grateful gifts, congested incense burn;
And chearfully with h^{on}our-gilt offerings pay
Religious vows, But *Aeson* was away,
Opprest with tedious age, now near his tomb.
When thus *Aesonides*: O wife, to whom
165 My life I ow, though all I hold in chief
From thy deserts, which far surpass belief;
If Magick can, (what cannot Magick do?)
Take years from me, and his with mine renew.
Then wept. His piety her passion stirs;
170 Who sighs to think how she had used her's:
Yet this concealing, answers; What a crime
Hath slip't thy tongue? think'st thou that with thy time
I can, or will, another's life invelt?
Hecat' fore-send: nor is't a just request.
175 Yet, *Tason*, we a greater gift will give:
Thy Father, by our Art renew'd, shall live,
Without thy loss; if so the triple Pow'r
Assist me with her presence in that hour.
Three nights yet wanted e're the Moon could join
180 Her growing horns. When with replenisht shine
She view'd the Earth; the Court she leaves; her hair
Untrest, her garments loose, her ancles bare;
And wanders through the dead of drowzy Night
185 With unseen steps. Men, beasts, and birds of flight,
Deep Rest had bound in humid gyves: she crept
So silently, as if her self had slept.
No Aspen wags, moist air no sound receives;
Stars only twinkle. She to those upheaves
190 Her arms; thrice turns about, thrice wets her crown
With gathered dew, thrice yawns; and kneeling down,
O Night, thou friend to Secrets; you clear Fires,
That, with the Moon, succeed when day retires;
195 Great *Hecate*, that know'st and aid imparts
To our deligns; you, Charms and Magick Arts;
And thou, O Earth, that to Magicians yields
Thy powerful temples; airs, winds, mountains, fields,
Soft murmuring springs, still lakes, and rivers clear;
You Gods of woods, you Gods of night, appear.
200 By you, at will, I make swift streams retire
To their first fountains, whilst their banks admire;

- Seas rols, and smooth; clear clouds, with clouds deform;
 Storms turn to calms, and make a calm a Storm.
 With spells and charms I break the viper's jaw;
 205 Cleave solid rocks; oaks from their roots I draw;
 Whole woods remove; the airy mountains shake;
 Earth force to groan; and ghosts from graves awake.
 And thee, *Titania*, from thy sphere I hale;
 Though brass resounding do thy throes avail.
 Our charms thy chariot pale; our pois'nous weeds,
 210 That blushing Goddess which the night succeeds.
 Flame-breathing bulls you tam'd; you made them bow
 Their stubborn necks unto the servile plow.
 The Serpent's brood by you self-slaughtered lies:
 Your slumbers clos'd the waketul Dragons eyes.
 215 At our command; and sent the Golden Fleece
 (The guard deluded) to the towers of *Greece*.
 Now need I drugs that may old age indue
 With vigour, and the flower of youth renew.
 Which you shall give. Nor blaze these stars in vain;
 Nor Dragons vainly through the airy main
 220 This Chariot draw. Hard by the chariot rests.
 Mounting, she strokes the bridled Dragons crests,
 And shakes therein. Rapt up, beneath she spies
Theffalic Tempe; and her Snakes applies
 225 To parts remote. The herbs that *Ossa* bear,
 Steep *Pelion*, *Othrys*, *Pindus*, ever-clear
Olympus, who proud *Pindus* over-tops;
 Up roots she, or with brazen sickle crops.
 Much gathers on the bank of *Apidan*,
 230 By *Amphrysus* mach, and where *Enipeus* ran.
 Nor *Sperchius*, nor *Peneus* barren found;
 Nor thee, smooth *Babe*, with sharp rushes crown'd.
 She gather'd from *Eubæan Anthedon*
 That herb, as yet by *Glaucus* change unknown.
 235 By winged Dragons drawn, nine nights, nine days,
 About the romes, and every field surveys.
 Return'd, her Snakes, that did but only smell
 The Odours, cast their skins, and age expel.
 Her feet to enter her own roof refuse,
 Roof by the sky: she touch of man eschews.
 240 Two Altars builds of living turf, the right
 To *Hecate*, the left to *YOUTH*. These dight
 With Vervin and green boughs, hard by two pits
 She forthwith digs; and sacrificing flies

- 245 The throats of black-fleec'd Rams: with reeking bloud
 The ditches fills; and pours thereon a flood
 Of honey and new milk, from turn'd-up bowls;
 Repeating powerful words. The King of Souls,
 250 His ravish'd Queen sh'invokes, and Pow'r's beneath,
 Not to precipitate old *Æson's* death.
 They with long murmuring and pray'rs appeas'd;
 She bids them to produce the age-diseas'd.
 Her sleep-producing Charm his spirits deads,
 255 Who on the grass his senseless body spreads.
 Charg'd *Jason* and the rest far off withdrew.
 Unhallowed eyes might not such Secrets view.
 Furious *Medea*, with her hair unbound,
 About the fragrant Altar trots a Round;
 260 The brands dips in the ditches black with bloud,
 And on the Altars fires th'infected wood;
 Thrice purges him with waters, thrice with flames,
 And thrice with sulphur, muttering horrid names.
 Meanwhile in hollow brass the med'cine boils,
 And, swelling high, in foamy bubbles toils.
 265 There seeths the what th'*Æmonian* vales produce,
 Roots, juices, flow'rs, and seeds of sovereign use:
 Adds stones from Oriental rocks bereft,
 And others by the ebbing Ocean left;
 The Dew collected e're the Dawning springs;
 270 A Screech-Owl's flesh, with her ill-boding wings;
 The intrals of ambiguous Wolves, that can
 Take, and forsake, the figure of a Man;
 The Liver of a long-liv'd Hart: then rakes
 The scaly skins of small *Cynphian* Snakes.
 275 A Crow's old head and pointed beak was cast
 Among the rest, which had nine ages past.
 These, and a thousand more without a name,
 Were thus prepared by the barbarous Daine,
 For human benefit. Th'ingredients now
 She mingles with a withered Olive-bough.
 280 Lo, from the caldron the dry stick receives
 First verdure, and a little after, leaves;
 Forthwith with over-burthening Olives deckt.
 The skipping froth, with under-flames eject,
 Upon the ground descended in a dew;
 285 Whence vernal flow'rs and springing pasture grew.
 This seen, she cuts the old man's throat, out-leas'd
 His scarce-warm bloud, and her receipt (infus'd,)

- His mouth or wound suckt in. — His beard and head
 290 Black hairs forthwith adorn, the hoary shed.
 Pale colour, morphew, meager locks remove;
 And under-rising flesh his wrinkles smooth.
 His limbs wax strong and lusty. *Aeson* much
 Admires his change; himself remembers such
 Twice twenty Summers past: withal, indu'd
 295 A youthful mind; and both at once renew'd.
 'This wonder from on high *Lyæus* views:
 By *Colchis* gift his Nurses dates renews.
 Left fraud should cease, she with her bed's Consort
 300 Dissension seigns, and flies to *Pelias* Court.
 His Daughters (for sad age the Kings arrests)
 Her entertain. She soon, with lie protests
 Of forged love; allures their quick belief:
 Her many merits mentions, but in chief
 305 Old *Aeson*'s cure, insisting on that part.
 This hope ingenders, that her able Art
 Might to their Father's vanish youth restore.
 Her, they with infinite rewards implore.
 Shee muling, seems to doubt, and, with pretence:
 310 Of difficulty, holds them in suspense.
 But when she had a tardy promise made;
 To win your stedfast confidence, (she said)
 Take from your flocks the most age-shaken Ram,
 And suddenly he shall become a Lamb.
 315 Straight thither by the wreathed horns they drew
 A sunk-ey'd Ram, whose youth none living knew.
 Now at his rivell'd throat out-lancing life,
 (Whose little blond could hardly stain her Knife)
 His carcase she into a Caldron throws;
 With it, her drugs. Each limb more slender grows:
 320 He casts his horns, and with his horns, his years:
 Anon a tender bleating strikes their ears.
 While they admire, our skips a frisking Lamb,
 That sports, and seeks the Udder of his Dam.
 Fixt with amaze, they, strongly now possess,
 325 Her promise more importunately prest.
 Thrice *Phæbus* had unyok'd his panting Steeds,
 Drencht in *Iberian* Seas, whilst Night succeeds,
 Studded with stars; when false *Medea* took,
 With useless herbs, mere waters of the brook.
 330 On *Pelias*, and his drowzy Guard, she hung
 A death-like sleep with her enchanting tongue.

Whom

Whom now the so-instructed Sisters led
Into his chamber, and besiege his bed.

Why pause you thus, said she, O slow to good?

- 335 Unsheathe your sword, and shed his aged blood;
That I his veins with spirely juice may fill.
His life and youth depends upon your will,
If you have any virtue, nor pursue
340 Unfruitful hopes, perform this filial due.
With steel your father's age expulse, and purge
His dregs through wounds. Their zeal her speeches urge.
Who were most pious, impious first became;
Shunning unnaturalness, they act the same,
Yet hearts they had not to behold the blow,
But with averted looks blind wounds bestow.
345 He, blood-inbrew'd, his hoary head advanc'd;
Half-mangle strove to rise; and now intranc'd
Amidst so many swords, his arms upheld,
And, Daughters, cry'd, what do you? what compell'd
Those cruel hands invade your Father's life?
Down sunk their hands and hearts. *Medea's* knife
350 His following speech and throat asunder cuts:
She his hackt limbs in seething liquor puts.
And had not Dragons rapt her through the skies,
Revenge had tortur'd her. Aloft she flies
O're shady *Pelion*, God-like *Chiron's* Den,
355 Aspiring *Othrys*, hills renown'd by men
For old *Gerambus* safety: who, by aid
Of favouring Nymphs, relief-ful wings display'd,
While swallowing waves the weighty Earth conformed;
And swoln *Dencalion's* surges scap'd, undrown'd.
Æolian Pitane on her left hand leaves;
360 That Marble which the Serpent's shape receives;
Idæan groves, where *Liber* turn'd a Steer
(To cloke his son's lie theft) into a Deer;
The sand-heap which *Corytus* Sire contains;
And where new-barking *Mera* frights the plains:
365 *Enrypylus* town, where horns the Matrons sham'd
Of Co, when *Hercules* the Coons tam'd;
Phæbæus Rhodes, *Jalyssian Telchines*,
Drencht by *Jove's* vengeance in his brother's seas,
For all transforming with their vitious eyes.
370 By *Cæn's* old *Cartheian* walls she flies,
Where fates *Alcidamas* with wonder move,
To think his Daughter could become a Dove.

Then

- Then *Hyrie's* lake, *Cyeneian Tempe* view'd,
 Grac'd by a Swan with sudden plumes indu'd.
 For *Phyllis* there had, at a Boy's command,
 375 VVild Birds and savage Lions brought to hand;
 And bid to tame a Bull, his will perform'd:
 Yet at so stern a love not seldom storm'd,
 And his last purchase to the Boy deny'd.
 Pouting, You'l wish you'd given him me, he cry'd;
 380 And jump from down-right cliffs. All held him slain;
 VVhen spreading wings a silver Swan sustain.
 His mother (ignorant thereof) became
 A Lake with weeping, which they *Hyrie* name.
 385 Next *Pleuron* lies, where *Ophian Combe* shuns,
 VVith trembling wings, her life-pursuing sons.
 Then near *Latona* lov'd *Calaurea* rang'd,
 In which the King and Queen to birds were chang'd.
Cyllene on the right hand, where that beast
Menephron would his mother have compress'd.
 390 *Cephisus* spies, who for his nephew mourn'd,
 Into a Sea-calf by *Apollo* turn'd:
Eumelus Court, whose Daughter sads her Sire
 With mounting wings. Her Snakes at length retire
 To *Piren Ephyre*: men, if Fame say true,
 395 Here at the first from show'r-raisd mushrooms grew.
 But after *Colchis* had the new-wed Dame,
 And *Creon's* Palace, wrapt in Magick flame,
 VVhen impious steel her children's blood had shed,
 She ill-revend from *Jason's* fury fled.
 400 VVhom now the swift *Titanian* Dragons draw
 To *Pallas* towers. Those thee, just *Phineus*, saw,
 And thee, old *Periphās*, together fly:
 VVhere *Polyphemon's* Niece new wings supply.
Aegæus entertains her, (of his life
 405 The only stain) and took her for his wife.
 And now arrives, unknown, *Aegæus* seed,
 VVho, great in name, had two-sea'd *Isthmos* freed;
 VVhose undeserv'd ruin *Phasias* fought,
 By mortal *Aconite*, from *Scythia* brought.
 410 This from th' *Echidnean* Dog dire essence draws.
 There is a blind steep Cave with foggy jaws,
 Through which the bold *Tirynthian* Hero strain'd,
 Dragg'd *Cerberus* with adamant inchain'd:
 VVho backward hung, and, scowling, lookt askew
 415 On glorious day, with anger rabid grew;

- Thrice howls, thrice barks at once, with his three heads,
 And on the grass his foamy poison sheds.
 This sprung, attracting from the fruitful soil
 Dire nourishment, and power of deathful spoil.
- 420 The rural Swains, because it takes delight
 In barren rocks, burnam'd it Aconite.
Aegæus, by her sly persuasions won,
 As to a foe, presents it to his Son.
 He took the cup: when, by his Ivory hilt,
 He both his Son discover'd, and her guilt;
- 425 And struck the potion from his lips. With charms
 Ingend'ring clouds she escapes his lengthless arms,
 Though glad of his Son's safety, a chill fear
 Shook all his powers, that danger was so near.
 VVir' fire he feeds the Altars, richly feasts
- 430 The Gods with Gifts. Whole Hecatonbs of beasts
 (Their horns with ribands wreath'd) imbue the ground.
 No day, they say, was ever so renown'd
 Amongst th' *Athenians*. Noble, vulgar, all
 Together celebrate that Festival.
- 435 Thus singing, when full bowls their spirits raise:
 Great *Theseus*, *Marathon* resounds thy praise,
 For slaughter of the *Cretan* Bull. Secure
 They live, who *Cremyon*'s wasted field manure,
 By thy exploit and bounty. *Vulcan*'s Seed
 By thee glad *Epidaur*e beheld to bleed.
- 440 Savage *Procrustes* death *Cephisia* view'd;
Eleusis, *Cercyon*'s. *Scinis*, ill indu'd
 VVith strength so much abus'd, who Beeches bent,
 And tortur'd bodies 'twixt their branches rent,
- 445 Thou slew'st. The way which to *Alcathoe* led
 Is now secure, inhuman *Sciron* dead.
 The Earth his scatter'd bones a grave deny'd;
 Nor would the Sea his hated reliques hide:
 VVhich, tossed to and fro, in time became
 A solid rock: the rock we *Sciron* name.
- 450 If we thy years should number with thy acts,
 Thy years would prove a cypher to thy facts.
 Great soul, for thee, as for our publick wealth,
 We pray, and quaff *Lyæus* to thy health.
 The Palace with the people's praises rings;
 And sacred joy in ev'ry bosom springs.
- 455 *Aegæus* yer (no pleasure is complear
 Grief twines with joys:) for *Theseus* safe receiv

- Reaps little comfort. *Minos* threatens war,
 Though strong in men and ships, yet stronger far
 Through vengeance of a Father; who his harms,
 460 In slain *Androgeos*, scourgeth with just arms.
 Yet wisely first endeavours foreign aid;
 And all the Islands of that Sea survey'd.
 He *Anaphe* and *Astypalea* gains;
 The one by gifts, the other war constrains;
 465 Low *Mycone*, *Cimolus* chalky fields,
 High *Scyros*, *Cythnos*, which rich metals yields,
 Champain *Seriphos*, *Paros* far display'd
 With marble brows, *Sithonis* ill-betray'd
 By impious *Arne* for, yet-loved, gold,
 470 Turn'd to a Chough, whom fable plumes infold.
Oliaros, *Didyme*, the Sea-lov'd soil
 Of *Tenos*, *Peparethos* fat with oil,
Andros, and *Gyaros*; these their aid deny'd.
 The *Gnosian* fleet from thence their sails apply'd
 Unto *Oenopia*, for her children fam'd:
 475 *Oenopia* by the ancient dwellers nam'd;
 But *Æneas*, there reigning, call'd the same
Egina, of his honour'd Mother's name.
 All throng to see a Prince of so great worth:
 Straight *Telamon* and *Peleus*, issuing forth,
 With *Phocius*, youngest of that royal race,
 480 Make hast to meet him. With a tardy pace
 Came aged *Æacus*, and ask'd the cause
 Of his repair. When, after some short pause,
 With sighs, which his imbosom'd grief display'd,
 The Ruler of the hundred Cities said:
 Assist our Arms, born for my murth' red son,
 And in this pious war our fortunes run;
 485 Give comfort to his grave. The King reply'd,
 In vain you ask what needs must be deny'd:
 No City is in stricter league than ours
 Conjoyn'd to *Athens*: mutual are our pow'rs.
 He, parting, said, Your league shall cost you dear.
 And held it better far to threat, than bear
 490 A war so hazardous, whereby he might
 Consume his force before he came to fight.
 Yet might they see the *Cretans* under sail
 From high-built walls, when, with a leading gale,
 An *Attick* ship attain'd her friendly shoar,
 495 Which *Cephalus* and his embassage bore.

- Th' *Ætides* him know, (though many a day
 Unseen) imbrace, and to the Court convey.
 The goodly Prince, who yet th' impression held
 Of those perfections which in youth excell'd,
 505 Enters the Palace, bearing in his hand
 A branch of *Attick* Olive. By him stand
Clytus and *Butes*, valorous and young;
 Who from the loins of high-born *Pallas* sprung.
 First, *Cephalus* his full Oration made;
 Which shew'd his message, and demanded aid:
 505 Their leagues and ancient loves to mind recalls;
 And how all *Greece* was threatned in their falls:
 With eloquence enforcing's embassy.
 When God-like *Æacus* made this reply;
 (His royal Scepter shining in his hand)
Athenians, crave not succour, but command,
 510 This Island's forces yours vouchsafe to call;
 For in your aid I will adventure all.
 Soldiers I have enough, at once to oppose
 My enemies, and to repel your foes.
 The Gods be prais'd, and happy times, that will
 Bear no excuses. May your City still
 Increase with people, *Cephalus* reply'd.
 515 At my approach I not a little joy'd,
 To meet so many youths of equal years,
 So fresh and lusty. Yet not one appears
 Of those who heretofore your town possesse,
 When first you entertain'd me for a Guest.
 Then *Æacus*, (in sighs his words ascend)
 520 A sad beginning had a better end:
 Would I could utter all: Day would expire
 Ere all were told, and 'twould your patience tire,
 Their bones and ashes silent graves inclose.
 And what a treasure perished with those!
 525 By *Juno's* wrath, a dreadful pestilence
 Devour'd our lives. She took unjust offence,
 In that this Isle her Rival's name profess.
 While it seem'd human, and the cause unquest,
 So long we death-repelling Physick try'd:
 But those diseases vanquish'd Art deride,
 530 Heav'n first the Earth with thickned vapours shrouds,
 And lazy heat involves in sullen clouds.
 Four pallid Moons their growing horns unite,
 And had as oft withdrawn their feeble light;

- Yet still the death-producing *Auster* blew.
 535 The Springs and standing Lakes infected grew.
 Serpents in untill'd fields by millions creep;
 And in the streams their tainting poisons steep.
 Dogs, Oxen, Sheep, and savage Beasts first dye:
 Nor Birds could from the swift infection fly.
 540 Sad Swains, amazed, see their Oxen shrink
 Beneath the yoke, and in the furrows sink.
 The fleetish Flocks with anguish faintly bleat,
 Let fall their wool, and pine away with heat.
 The generous Horse, that from the Race of late
 Return'd with honour, now degenerate,
 545 Unmindful of the glory of his prize,
 Groans at his manger, and there heedless dies.
 The Boar forgets his rage: swift feet now fail
 The Hart; nor Bears the horned Herd assail.
 All languish. Woods, fields, paths (no longer bare)
 550 Are fill'd with carcases, that stench the air:
 Which neither Dogs, nor greedy Fowl, (how much
 To be admir'd!) nor hoary Wolves would touch.
 These putrefy, and deadly Odours bred,
 That round about their dire contagion spread.
 Now Plague among the wretched Country-Swains,
 555 Now in our large and populous City reigns.
 At first, their bowels broil, with fervour stretcht:
 The symptoms, redness, hot wind hardly fetcht.
 Their furr'd tongues swell; their dry jaws gasp for
 And with their air inhale a swifter death. (breath,
 560 None could endure or coverture, or bed;
 But on the stones their panting bodies spread.
 Cold stones could no way mitigate that heat:
 Even they beneath those burning burthens sweat.
 None cure attempt: the stern disease invades
 The heartless Leech; nor Art her Author aids.
 565 The near ally'd, whose care the sick attends,
 Sicken themselves, and die before their friends.
 Of remedy they see no hope at all,
 But only in approaching funeral.
 All their desires obey; for help none care;
 Help was there none: in shameless throngs repair
 570 To Springs and Wells: there stick, in bitter strife
 To extinguish thirst; but first extinguish life.
 Nor could th' o'recharg'd arise; but, dying, sink:
 And of those tainted waters others drink.

- The wretches loath their tedious Beds, thence break
 575 With giddy steps; or, if now grown too weak,
 Roul on the floor: their quitted Houses hate,
 As guilty of their miserable fate;
 And, ignorant of the cause, the place accuse.
 580 Half-Ghosts they walk'd, while they their legs could use.
 You might see others on the earth lye mourning,
 Their heavy eyes with dying motion turning.
 Stretching their arms to heav'n; wherever death
 Surpris'd them, parting with their sigh'd-out breath.
 585 Oh what a heart had I! or ought to have!
 I loath'd my life, and wish'd with them a grave.
 VWhich way soever I convert my eye,
 The breathless multitude disperd lye;
 Like perisht apples dropping with the strokes
 Of rocking winds, or acorns from broad oaks.
 590 See you yon Temple; mounted on high stairs?
 'Tis *Jupiter's*. Who hath not offer'd prayers,
 And flighted incense, there; Husbands for Wives,
 Fathers for Sons? and while they pray, their lives
 They 'fore th' inexorable Altars vent,
 VVith incense in their hands, half yet unspent.
 How oft the Ox unto the Temple brought,
 595 VWhile yet the Priest the angry Powers besought,
 And pour'd pure wine between his horns, fell down,
 Before the ax had toucht his curled crown?
 To *Jupiter* about to sacrifice,
 For me, my country, sons, with horrid noise
 600 Th' unwounded Offering tell; and now the wound
 Scarce blood to wet the knife, that made it, found.
 The Inwards lost their signs of heav'n's presage,
 Out-razed by the stern Disease's rage.
 The dead before the sacred doors were laid,
 605 Before the Altars too; the Gods t' upbraid.
 Some choke themselves with cords; by death eschew
 The fear of death; and instant Fates pursue.
 Dead corpes without Dues of Funeral
 They weakly bear: the Ports are now too small.
 Or uninterr'd they lye; or else are thrown
 610 On wealthless Piles. Respect they give to none.
 For Piles they strive: on those their kinsfolk burn,
 That flame for others. None are left to mourn,
 Ghosts wander unexplor'd by sons or fires;
 615 Nor is there room for tombs, or wood for fires.

Astonisht

- Astonish'd with these tempests of extremes,
 O *Jove*, said I, if they be more than dreams
 That laid thee by *Aegina*; nor thy ire
 Incens'd be, that I should call thee sire;
 620 Render me mine, or me afford a grave.
 With prosperous thunder-claps a sign he gave.
 I take it, said I; let this Omen be
 A happy pledge of thy intents to me.
 Hard by, a goodly Oak by fortune stood,
 625 Sacred to *Jove*, of *Dodonian* wood.
 Grain-gathering Ants there in long files I saw,
 Who with their little mouths great burthens draw;
 Keeping their paths along the rugged rine.
 While I admire their number, O divine,
 And ever helpful, give to me, said I,
 630 As many men, who may the dead supply.
 The trembling Oak his lofty top declin'd,
 And murmured without a breath of wind.
 I shook with fear, my tresses stood an end;
 Yet on the earth and oak I kisses spend.
 I durst not seem to hope, yet hope I did;
 635 And in my breast my cherisht wishes hid.
 Night came, and sleep care-wasted bodies chear'd:
 Before my eyes the self-same Oak appear'd:
 So many branches, as before there were;
 So many busie Ants those branches bear;
 So shook the Oak, and with that motion threw,
 640 To under-earth the grain-supporting crew.
 Greater and greater straight they seem to fight;
 To raise themselves from earth, and stand upright.
 These, numerous feet, black colour, lankness, leave;
 And instantly an human shape receive.
 645 Now sleep withdrew. My dream I waking blame;
 And on the small-performing Gods exclaim:
 Yet heard a mighty noise, and seem'd to have heard
 Almost forgotten voices: yet I fear'd
 That this a dream was also. Whereupon,
 The door thrust open, in rush'd *Telamon*.
 Come forth, said he, O father, and behold
 650 What hope transcends, nor can with faith be told.
 Forth went I, and beheld the men which late
 My dream presented; such in every state
 I saw, and knew them. They salute their King.
Jove prais'd, a party to the town I bring;

- 655 Leave to the rest the empty fields; and call
 Them *Myrmidons*, of their original.
 You see their persons: such their manners are
 As formerly; a people given to spare,
 Patient of labour, what they get, preserve.
- 660 They, like in years and minds, these wars shall serve,
 And follow your conduct; when first this wind
 (The wind blew Easterly) that was so kind
 To bring you hither, will to your avail
 Convert it self into a Southern gale.
- Discourse thus entertain'd the day; with Feasts
 They crown the Evening; Sleep the Night possess.
- 665 The Morning Sun projects his golden rays:
 Still *Eurus* blew, and their departure stays.
 Now *Pallas* sons to *Cephalus* resort,
 And *Cephalus* with *Pallas* sons to Court,
- 670 With early visits: (sleep the King in chains)
 Whom *Phocus* at the entrance entertains.
 For *Peletus*, with his brother *Telamon*,
 To raise an Army were already gone.
Phocus meanwhile into an inward room,
 Of fair receipt, th' *Athenians* led; with whom,
 They seated first, he sits. His fancy fed
- 675 Upon the Javelin with the golden head,
 Held by *Æolides*: of what tree made
 Being ignorant, some speeches past, he said;
 I haunt the desert woods, delight in bloud
 Of savage Beasts; yet know not of what wood
 Your Dart consists. For if of Ash it were,
- 680 'Twould look more brown; if Cornel, 'twould appear
 More knotty. On what tree soe'er it grew,
 Mine eyes for fair a Dart did never view.
 One of th' *Achaean* brethren made reply:
 You would more wonder at the quality.
- 685 It hits the aim'd at, not by fortune led;
 And of it self returns with slaughter red.
Phocus the cause desireth much to know,
 From whence it came, and who did it bestow.
 He yields to his request: yet things well known,
 Restrain'd by modesty, he lets alone.
- 690 And, toucht with sorrow for his wife, that bleeds
 In his remembrance, thus with tears proceeds.
 This Dart, O Goddess-born, provokes these tears:
 And ever would, if endless were my years.

This,

- This me, in my unhappy Wife, destroy'd:
 695 This gift I would I never had enjoy'd.
Procris *Orithya's* sister was; if Fame
 Have more inform'd you of *Orithya's* name.
 Yet she (should you their minds and forms confer)
 700 More worth the rape. *Erechtheus* me to her,
 And Love, unite. Then happy, happy I
 Might yet have been. But, Oh! the Gods envy.
 Two months were now consum'd in chaste delights;
 705 When gay *Aurora*, having vanquish'd Night,
 Beheld me on the ever-fragrant hill
 Of steep *Hymettus*, and, against my will,
 As I my toils extended, bare me thence.
 I may the truth declare without offence.
 Though rose be her Cheeks; although she sway
 The dewy Confiners of the Night and Day,
 And Nectar drink; my *Procris* all possessest:
 710 My Heart was hers, my Tongue her praise profess.
 I told her of her holy Nuptial ties,
 Of Wedlock's breach, and yet scarce-tasted joys.
 Fire-red, she said, Thy harsh complaints forbear;
 Possess thy *Procris*: though so fair, so dear,
 715 Thou'lt wish th' hadst never known her, if I know
 Insuing fate: and, angry, lets me go.
 Her words I ponder'd as I went along;
 Began to doubt, *Procris* might m' honour wrong.
 Her truth and beauty tempt me to distrust:
 Her virtue checks those fears as most unjust.
 720 But I was absent: but example fed
 My jealousy: but lovers all things dread.
 I seek my sorrows; and with gifts intend
 To tempt the chaste. *Aurora* proves a friend
 725 To this suspicion, and my form translates.
 Unknown, I enter the *Athenian* gates,
 And then my own. The house from blame was free,
 In decent order, and perplex for me.
 Scarce with a thousand sleights I gain'd her view.
 730 View'd, with astonishment I scarce pursue
 My first intent: scarce could I then forbear
 Due kisses, scarce not what I was appear.
 She still was sad; yet lovelier none than she,
 Even in that sadness; sorrowful for me.
 735 How excellent, O *Pheacius*, was that face,
 Which could in grief retain so sweet a grace?

What need I tell, how often I assail'd,
Her vexed chastity, how oft I fail'd?
How often, said she, One I only serve:
For him, wherever, I my bed preserve.

What mad man could such faith have farther prest,

740 But I, industrious to my own unrest?

With fervent vows, and gifts still multiply'd,

At length she wavers. False of faith, I cry'd,

Thou art disclos'd: I no Adulterer,

But thy wrong'd Spouse; nor can this trial err.

745 She made no answer, prest with silent shame,

Th'unhappy house, and me, far more in blame,

Forfaking: mankind for my sake sh'eschews,

And, *Dian*-like, the mountain-chace pursues.

Abandon'd, hotter flames my bloud incense.

750 I pardon begg'd, confessing my offence;

And said, *Aurora* might have me subdu'd

With such enticements, had but she so woo'd.

My fault confess, her wrong revenged, we

Grow reconcil'd, and happily agree.

755 Besides her self, as though that gift were small,

A Dog she gave; which, *Cynthia* giving, All,

Said she, shall pass in swiftness: and this Spear

You so commend, which in my hand I bear.

Do you the fortune of the first inquire?

760 Receive a wonder, and the fact admire.

Dark prophecies, not understood of old,

The *Naiades* with searching wits unfold.

When sacred *Themis*, in that so obscure,

Neglected grew. No could she this endure.

765 A cruel Beast infests th' *Aonian* plains,

To many fatal, fear'd by Country Swains,

Both for their cattel, and themselves. I met

The neighbouring youth, our Toils the fields beset.

He nimble skips above the upper lines,

770 And, mounting over, frustrates our designs.

The dogs uncouple; from them all be springs,

With no less speed than if supply'd by wings.

All bid me let my *Lelaps* slip, (for so

My dog was call'd;) who, struggling long ago,

775 Half throttled, strain'd the leash. No sooner gone

Than out of sight, his foot-steps left he on

The burning sand, but vanish from our eyes,

As swiftly as a well-driven Javelin flies;

- Or as a singing Pellet from a Sling;
 780 Or as an Arrow from a *Cretan* String.
 I mount an hill which over-top't the place,
 From thence beholding this admired chace.
 The beast now pincht appears, now shuns by flight
 His catching jaws: nor (crafty) runs out-right,
 785 Nor trusts his heels; with nimble turnings shunning
 His urgent foe, in stead of over-running.
 He at his heels, well match'd, doth now appear
 To catch th' uncaught, and mouths the empty air.
 My dart I take to aid: which while I shook,
 790 And on the thong direct my hasty look,
 To fit my fingers, looking up again,
 I saw two marble Statues on the plain.
 Had you these seen, you could not chuse but say,
 That this appear'd to run, and that to bay,
 That neither should each other over-go,
 795 The Gods decreed: if Gods descend so low.
 Thus he, and paus'd. Then *Phoebus*, Pray, unfold
 Your Dart's offence. Which *Cephalus* thus told.
 Joy Grief fore-runs: that Joy we first recite.
 For, O, those times I mention with delight,
 800 When youth and *Hymen* crown'd our happy life,
 She in her Husband blest, I in my VVife.
 In both one care, and one affection moves:
 She would not have exchang'd my bed for *Jove's*;
 Nor *Venus* could have tempted my desire:
 805 Our bosoms flam'd with such an equal fire.
 When *Sol* had rais'd his beams above the fouds,
 My custom was, to trace the leafy woods.
 Arm'd with this dart, alone I hunting went,
 Without horse, huntsmen, toils, or dogs of scent.
 810 Much kill'd, I to the cooler shade repair.
 And where the vally breaths a fresher air.
 Cool air I seek, while all with fervor glows;
 Cool air expect, the cause of my repose.
 815 Come, Air, I use to sing, relieve th' oppress;
 Come, O most welcom, glide into my breast:
 Now quench, as erst, in me this scalding heat.
 By chance I other blandishments repeat:
 (So Fates inforce) as, O my soul's delight,
 820 By thee I'm fed and cheer'd; thy sweets excite
 M' affections to these woods: O may thy breath
 Still fix with mine, and so preserve from death.

A busie

A busie ear these doubtful speeches caught.

825 Who oft nam'd Air some much-lov'd *Dryad* thought;
And told my *Procris* with a louder tongue
His false surmises, with the song I sung.

Love is too credulous. With grief she faints,

And, scarce reviving, bursts into complaints;

My spotless faith with fury execrates:

830 Woe's me, she cries, produc'd to cruel fates!

Transported with imaginary blame,

What's not, she fears; an unsubstantial name:

Yet grieves, (poor soul!) as if in truth abus'd;

Yet often doubts, and her distrust accus'd.

835 Now holds the information for a lie;

Nor will trust other witness than her eye.

Aurora re-inthron'd th' ensuing Day:

I hunt, and speed. As on the grass I lay,

Come, Air, said I, my tired spirits cheer.

840 At this an unknown high invades my ear.

Yet I; O come, before all joys prefer'd.

I then among the leaves a rustling heard,

And threw my dart, supposing it some beast.

But, O! 'twas *Procris*: Wounded on the breast,

845 She shriek'd at me. Her voice too well I knew;

And thither, with my grief distracted, flew.

Half dead, all blood-imbrew'd, my Wife I found,

Her gift (alas!) extracting from her wound.

I rais'd her body, than my own more dear;

850 To bind her wounds, my lighter garments tear,

And strive to staunch the blood. O, pity take,

Said I, nor thus a guilty soul forsake.

She weak, and now a dying, thus replies:

(Her last of speech) By all our nuptial ties,

855 By heav'n imbowed Gods, by those below,

To whose infernal monarchy I go,

By that, if ever I deserved well,

By this ill-fated love, for which I fell,

Yet now in death most constantly retain,

O, let not *Air* our chaster bed profane.

This said, I shew'd, and she perceived, how

860 That error grew: But what avail'd it now?

She sinks; her blood along her spirits took:

She looks on me as long as she could look.

My lips her soul receive, with her last breath;

Who, now resolved, sweetly smiles in death.

865 The weeping Hero told this Tragedy
To those that wept as fast. The King drew nigh,
And his two sons, with well-arm'd Regiments,
New rais'd; which he to *Cephalus* presents.



OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

THE EIGHTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Harmonious Walls. Lewd Scylla now despairs ;
With Nisus, chang'd : The Lark the Hobby dares.
Ariadne's Crown a Constellation made.
Th' inventive youth a Partridge, still afraid
Of mounting. Meleager's Sisters mourn
His Tragedy : To Fowl, so named, turn.
Five Water-Nymphs, the five Echinades
Demonstrate. Perimele, near to these,
Becomes an Island. Jove and Hermes take
The forms of Men. A City turn'd t' a Lake ;
A Cottage to a Temple. That good pair,
Old Baucis and Philemon, chang'd are
At once to sacred Trees. In various shapes
Blue Proteus sports. Oft self-chang'd Metra scapes
Scorn'd servitude. The Stream of Calydon
Forsakes its own, and other shapes puts on.*

NOW Lucifer exalts the Day, to Hell
Old Night descends ; the Eastern winds now fell,
Moist clouds arose ; when gentle Southern gales
Besfriend returning *Cephalus*. Full sails
Wing his successful course ; who long before
All expectation touch'd the wished shore.

Mean-

- 5 Mean while just *Minos* wafts *Lelegia's* coast,
 And girts *Alcorhoes* City with his Hoast.
 This *Nisus* held ; whose head a purple Hair,
 'Mong those of honourable silver, bare;
 10 His Kingdom's strength. Six aged Moons grew young ;
 Yet wars success in equal balance hung :
 Slow Victory, in choice yet what to doe,
 With doubtful wings 'twixt either army flew.
 A royal Tower, with sounding walls, there stands,
 15 Erected by *Apollo's* sacred hands :
 Whereon, they say, he laid his golden Lyre ;
 Whose strings the stones with harmony inspire.
 This, *Nisus* Daughter oft ascends alone,
 And drops small pebbles on the warbling stone,
 20 In time of peace. When war had peace expell'd,
 Thence she the conflicts of stern *Mars* beheld.
 By this delay, the Princes names she knows,
 Their arms, horse, habits, and *Cydomian* bows ;
Europa's Son, the General, yet she knew
 More than the rest, more than 'twas fit to do.
 25 For when he wore his fairly-plumed casck,
 She thought him lovely in that warlike mask :
 Or when his brass-refulgent shield he rais'd,
 His graceful gesture infinitely prais'd.
 Nor could his practis'd arm let slip a dart,
 But straight sh' extolls his strength, conjoyn'd with art.
 30 If he an arrow drew, she'd swear that so
Apollo stood, when he discharg'd his Bow.
 But when, his helmet off, he shew'd his face ;
 When clad in purple, with a gallant grace,
 He on his hot high-bounding Courser sits ;
 35 O then she scarce is mistress of her wits.
 Happy she calls the lance his hand sustains ;
 Happy she calls his hand-sustained reins.
 And had she pow'r, she would have madly past
 Through all the hostile ranks ; her self have cast
 40 Amidst the *Cretan* tents, even from that Tower ;
 Or op'd the brass-ribb'd gates to *Minos* power ;
 Or what he else could wish. She then survey'd
 The *Grossian* King's white Tent, and softly said ;
 Whether I should for this so sad a war
 Or joy, or grieve, within my self I jar.
 45 Alas, that he I love should be my foe !
 But I'd not known him, had it not been so.

- Yet me in hostage might he take, of peace
 A pledge, me for his spouse; and wars surcease.
 No marvel though a God her beauty took,
 50 If she that bare thee had so sweet a look.
 Thrice happy I, could I with wings prevent
 This dull delay, and fly to *Minos* tent!
 My self I would disclose, confess my flame;
 And buy him with what dowry he should name,
 55 But to betray these towers. Die, die, desire,
 Ere I by treason to your ends aspire.
 Yet, through the Victour's clemency, it some,
 Nay many, hath avail'd it have been o'rcome.
 Just war he wageth for his son's sad end:
 His cause is strong, strong arms his cause defend.
 60 Sure we must fall. If such our Citie's fate;
 Why should his Power inthrone him in this State,
 And not my Love? Better, without delay,
 His souldiers bloud, his own, he conquer may.
 For ill-presaging fears my rest confound,
 Lest some, not knowing him, should *Minos* wound.
 65 For no heart is so hard, that did him know,
 And would a Launce against his bosom throw.
 Then thus, with me, my Country I intend
 To render up, and give these wars an end.
 What is't to intend? Each passage hath a guard;
 My father keeps the Keys, sees the gates barr'd.
 70 'Tis he defers my joys; 'tis him I dread:
 Would I were not, or he were with the dead.
 Tush, we are our own Gods. They thrive that dare;
 And Fortune is a foe to slothful pray'r,
 Long since, another scotch't with such a fire,
 75 By death had forc'd away to her desire.
 And why should any more adventurous prove?
 I dare through sword and fire make way to Love.
 And yet here is no life of fire nor sword;
 But of my Father's hair. This must afford
 What I so much affect, and make me blest;
 80 Richer than all the treasure of the East.
 This sad, Night, nurse of cares, her curtains drew;
 When in the dark the more audacious grew.
 In prime of rest, when in'd with day-bred cares,
 Sleep all in folds, she silently repairs
 Into her Father's Bed-Chamber, and there
 85 Picks out (O horrid act!) his fatal hair.

- Seiz'd on her wicked prey, with her she bore
 The guilty spoil, unlock'd a Postern door;
 Then past the foe, (bold by her merit made)
 And to the King not unastonisht said:
 90 Inforc'd by Love, I *Scylla*, *Nisus* Seed,
 Yield up my Country, and my Gods: No meed,
 But thee, I crave. This purple hair receive,
 My love's rich pledge: Nor think an hair I give,
 95 But my old Father's head. And therewith she
 Presents the gift with wicked hand. But he
 Rejects her profer: And much terrifi'd
 With horror of so foul a deed, reply'd;
 The Gods exile thee (O thou most abhorr'd!)
 Their world; to thee nor Land nor Sea afford.
 Howe're, *Jove's* Creet, the world wherein I reign,
 Shall such a Monster neyer entertain.
 100 This said, the most just Victor durst impose
 Laws no less just upon his vanquisht foes:
 Then orders, that they forthwith oars conveigh
 Aboard the brass-beak'd ships, and anchors weigh.
 When *Scylla* saw the *Gnaussian* navy swim,
 And that her Treason was abhorr'd by him,
 105 To violent anger she converts her prayers,
 And, Fury-like, with stretcht arms, and spread hairs,
 Cry'd; Whither fly'st thou, leaving me, whose love
 With conquest crown'd thee? O prefer'd above
 110 My Country, Father; 'twas not thou didst win,
 But I that gave; my merit, and my sin.
 Yet this, nor such affection could persuade:
 Nor that on thee I all my hopes had laid.
 For whither should I go, thus left alone?
 What? To my Country? That's by me o'rethrow'n.
 Wert not, my treason dooms me to exile.
 115 Or to my Father, giv'n unto thy spoil?
 Me worthily the Citizens will hate:
 And neighbours fear th' example in their State.
 I out of all the world my self have thrown,
 To purchase an access to *Creet* alone.
 Which if deny'd, and I left to despair;
 120 *Europa* never one so thankless bare:
 But swallowing *Syrts*, *Charybdis* chaf'd with wind,
 Or some fell Tiger of th' *Armenian* kind.
Jove's not thy Father; nor with forged shape
 Of Bull beguil'd, thy Mother suffer'd rape.

150 METAMORPHOSIS,

- That story of thy glorious race is feign'd:
 125 For she a wild and loveless Bull sustain'd.
 O father *Nisus*, thy revenge behold.
 Rejoyce, O City, by my treason sold.
 Dearth, I confels, I merit. Yet would I
 Might by their hands, whom I have injur'd, die.
 For why shouldst thou, who only didst subdue
 By my offending, my offence pursue?
 130 My Country, and my Father felt this sin;
 Which unto thee hath meritorious been.
 Thou worthy art of such a wife, as stood
 A Bull's hot lust, within a Cow of wood;
 Whose shameless womb a monstrous burthen bare.
 Ah! do my sorrows to thy ears repair?
 Or are my fruitless words born by that wind
 135 That bears thee hence, and leaves me wretch behind?
 No marvel though *Pasiphaë* prefer'd
 A Bull 'fore thee, more savage than the Herd.
 Woe's me! Make hast I must: The waves with oars
 Resound; his ship forsakes, with us, our shores.
 In vain! I'll follow thee ungrateful King;
 140 And, while I to thy crooked vessel cling,
 Be dragg'd through drenching seas. This having said,
 She takes the waves, by *Cupid's* strengthening aid,
 And cleaves t' his ship. Her Father, now high-flown,
 145 Strikes airy wings, (a red-mail'd Hobby grown)
 And stoops to cuff her with his golden fears.
 She slips her hold, infebled by her fears.
 While yet a-falling, that she might eschew
 The threatening sea, light wings t' her shoulders grew.
 She changes to a bird in sight of all:
 150 This, of that ravish'd Hair, we *Ciris* call.
 No sooner *Minos* touch'd the *Cretan* ground,
 But by an hundred Bulls, with garlands crown'd,
 His vows to conquest-giving *Jove* he pay'd;
 And all his palace with the spoil array'd.
 155 And now his familie's reproach increast;
 That uncouth Prodigie, half man, half beast,
 The mother's foul adultery descry'd.
Minos resolv'd his marriage shame to hide
 In multitude of rooms, perplex and blind,
 The work t' excell'g *Dadalus* assign'd:
 Who sense distracts, and error leads a maze
 Through subtle ambages of sundry ways.

As *Phrygian Maander* sports about
 The flowry vales, now winding in, now out ;
 Himself incounters, sees what follows, guides
 165 His streams unto their springs, and, doubling, slides
 To long-mockt seas : So *Dædalus* compil'd
 Innumerable by-ways, which beguil'd
 The troubled sense ; that he, who made the fame,
 Could scarce retire : So intricate the frame.
 Within this fabrick *Minos* then inclos'd
 170 This double form, of man and beast compos'd.
 The Monster with *Athenian* blood twice fed,
 The third Lot, in the ninth year, vanquish'd.
 Who by a Clew was guided to the door
 (A Virgin's counsel) never found before.
Egides, with rapt *Ariadne*, makes
 For *Dia* ; on the naked shore forsakes
 175 His confident and sleep-oppress'd Mate.
 Now, pining in complaints, the desolate
Bacchus with marriage comforts, and that she
 Might glorious by a Constellation be,
 Her head unburthens of her crown, and threw
 It up to heav'n : Through thinner air it flew.
 180 Flying, the jewels that the verge incase
 Convert to fires, fast fixed in one place ;
 Th' old form retaining. They their Station take,
 'Twixt him that kneels, and him who holds the Snake.
 The Sea-imprison'd *Dædalus*, meanwhile,
 Weary of *Creet*, and of his long exile,
 Toucht with his Countrie's love and place of birth,
 185 Thus said ; Though *Minos* bar both Sea and Earth ;
 Yet heaven is free : That course attempt I dare.
 Held he the world, he could not hold the air.
 This said, to Arts unknown he bends his wits,
 And alters nature, Quills in order knits,
 190 Beginning with the least ; the longer still
 The short succeeds ; much like a rising Hill.
 Their rural Pipes the Shepherds long ago
 (Fram'd of unequal reeds) contriv'd so.
 With threads the midst, with wax he joyns the ends :
 195 And these, as natural wings, a little bends.
 Young *Icarus* stood by, who little thought
 That with his death he play'd ; and, smiling, caught
 The feathers toss'd by the wandring air :
 Now chafes the yellow wax with bulc care,

- 200 And interrupts his Sire. When his last band
 Had made all perfect, with new wings he fann'd
 The air that bare him. Then instructs his Son:
 Be sure that in the middle course thou run.
 Dank Seas will clog the wings that lowly flie:
 205 The Sun will burn them, if thou soar'st too high.
 Twixt either keep. Nor on *Bootes* gaze,
 Nor *Helice*, nor stern *Orion's* rays:
 But follow me. At once, he doth advise,
 And unknown feathers to his shoulders ties.
 210 Amid his work and words the salt tears brake
 From his dim eyes; with fear his fingers shake.
 Then kist he him ne'r to be kissed more;
 And rais'd on lightsome feathers flies before,
 His fear behind: As birds through boundless skie
 From airy nests produce their young to flie.
 215 Exhorts to follow; taught his baneful skill;
 Waves his own wings, his son's observing still.
 These, while some Angler, fishing with a Cane,
 Or Shepherd leaning on his staff, or Swain,
 With wonder views; he thinks them Gods that glide
 220 Through airy regions. Now he on's left side
 Leaves *Iune's*, *Samos*, *Delos*, *Paros* white;
Lebynthos and *Calydna* on the right,
 Flowing with honey. When the Boy, much took
 With pleasure of his wings, his Guide forsook:
 225 And, ravish'd with desire of heav'n aloft
 Ascends. The odour-yielding wax more soft
 By the swift Sun's vicinity then grew,
 Which late his feathers did together glew.
 That thaw'd, he shakes his arms, which now were bare,
 And wanted wherewirhal to gather air.
 Then falling, Help, O Father, he cries. The blew
 230 Seas stop his breath, from whom their name they drew,
 His Father, now no Father, left alone,
 Cry'd; *Icarus*, where art thou? Which way flown?
 What region, *Icarus*, doth thee contain?
 Then spies the feathers floating on the Main.
 He curst his arts, inters the corps, that gave
 235 The Land a name, which gave his Son a grave.
 The Partridge from a thicker him survey'd,
 As in a tomb his wretched son he laid:
 240 Who clapt his fanning wings, and loudly chunn'd,
 T' express his joy; as then an only bird;

Somade of late, (unknown in former time)

- 240 O *Dadalus*, by thy eternal crime.
 To thee thy Sister gave him to be taught;
 Who little of his destiny fore-thought;
 The Boy then twelve years aged, of a Mind
 Apt for instruction, and to Arts inclin'd.
 He Saws invented, by the bones that grow
 245 In fishes backs, the steel indenting so:
 And two shant Compasses with rivet bound,
 Th' one to stand still, the other turning round,
 In equal distance. *Dadalus* this stung,
 250 Who from *Minerva's* sacred turret flung
 The envy'd headlong, and his falling seigns.
 Him *Pallas*, faultrix of good wits, sustains:
 Who straight the figure of a fowl assumes,
 Clad in the midst of air with freckled plumes.
 The vigour of his late swift wit now came
 255 Into his feet and wings: He keeps his name.
 They never moun aloft, nor trust their birth
 To tops of trees; but flock as low as earth,
 And lay their eggs in tufts. In mind they bear
 Their ancient fall, and losly places fear.
 260 Tir'd *Dadalus* now in *Sicilia* lights:
 In whose defence hospitious *Cocalus* fights.
 Now *Athens*, by *Ageus* glorious Seed,
 Was from her lamentable tribute freed.
 They crown their Temples, warlike *Pallas*, *Jove*
 265 Invoke, with all the Deities above.
 Whom now they honour with the large expence
 Of bloud, free gifts, and heaps of frankincense.
 Vast fame through all th' *Argolian* Cities spread
 His praise; and all that rich *Achaia* fed
 His aid in their extremities intreat:
 270 And *Galydon*, (though *Meleager's* seat)
 His aid seeks gainst a Boar by *Dian* sent,
 As her revenge, and horrid instrument.
 For *Oeneus*, with a plenteous harvest blest,
 To *Ceres* his first-fruits of Corn addrest,
 To *Pallas* Oil; and to *Lylius* Wine,
 275 Ambitious honours all the Powers divine
 Reap from the Rural's; who neglect to pay
Diana dues, her Altars empty lay.
 Anger affects the God: This will not we
 Unpunisht bear; nor unrevenge'd, said she,

- 280 Though un-adored, shall they vaunt we be.
 With that she sent into *Oenian* fields
 A vengeful Boar: Rank-grass'd *Epirus* yields
 No big-bon'd bullock of a larger breed:
 But those are less which in *Sicilia* feed.
 His eyes blaze blood and fire: His stiff neck bears
 285 Horrible bristles, like a grove of spears.
 A boiling foam upon his shoulders flows
 From grinding jaws: His tusks equal those
 Of *Indian* Elephants: His fell mouth casts
 Swift lightning: And his breath the pastures blasts.
 290 Now tramples he the Corn, when in the blade;
 The Husbandman's ripe vows now frustrate made,
 He reaps the weighty ears: Their usual grain
 The Barns and threshing-floors expect in vain.
 Broad-spreading Vines he with their burthen shears;
 295 And boughs from ever-leasy Olives tears.
 Then falls on Beasts, the Herdsmen now unfeard:
 Nor Dogs, nor raging Bulls defend their Herd.
 The people fly, security scarce find
 In walled towns: Till *Melaeger*, joyn'd
 300 With youths of choicest worth, inflam'd with praise,
 Attempts his death. The twin *Tyndarides*,
 One for his Horsemanship, the other fam'd
 For Whorl-bats; *Jason*, who the first Ship fram'd;
Theseus with his *Perithous*, a pair
 Of happy friends; and *Lyncæus*, *Appar's* heir;
 The two *Thestiadae*; *Leucippus*, crown'd
 305 For strength; *Acastus*, for his dart renown'd;
Swift Idas; *Cæneus*, not a woman then;
Hippothous, *Dryas*; *Phœnix*, (best of men.)
Amyntor's son; th' alike *Actorides*;
 And *Phyleus*, sent from *Elis*, came: With these,
Pheretes hope; adventurous *Telamon*;
 And he who call'd the great *Achilles* Son;
 310 *Hyanthian Ialau*; the well-grac'd
Eurytion; and *Ecbian*, who surpass
 In running; *Lelex* the *Narycian*;
 With *Panopæus*; *Hyleus*; *Hippasus*;
 Now youthful *Nestor*: Sons to that intent
Hippocæn from old *Amycla* sent;
 315 *Penelope's* father-in-law; *Parrhasia* bred
Ancæus; wise *Ampycides* well read
 In fates; *Oecides*, not as yet betray'd

- By's wife; *Tegeian Acalant*, a maid
 Of passing beauty, sprung from *Scharnus* race,
 Of high *Lycean* woods the only grace.
 A polish'd Zone her upper garment bound;
 320 And in one knot her artless hair was wound.
 Her arrows Ivory guardian clattering hung
 On her left shoulder; and a Bow well strung
 Her left hand held. Her looks a wench display'd
 In a boy's face, a boy's face in a maid.
 325 The *Calydonian* Hero her beheld,
 And wish'd at once: His wishes fate repell'd.
 He lurking flames attracts; and said, O blest
 Is he, whom thou shalt with thy joys invest!
 But time and modesty his courtship stay,
 By a more pressing action call'd away.
 330 A wood o're-grown with trees, yet never fell'd,
 Mounts from a plain, that all beneath beheld.
 The glory-thirsting Gallants this ascend.
 Forthwith a part their corded toils extend;
 Some, hounds uncouple; some, the track or feet
 Together trace, and danger long to meet.
 335 A Dale there was, (through which the rain-rai'd flood
 Oft tumbled down, and in the bottom stood)
 Repleat with pliant Willows, marshy Weeds,
 Sharp Rushes, Osiers, and long slender Reeds.
 The Boar from thence dislodg'd, like lightning crush'd,
 340 Through jutting clouds, among the hunters rush'd.
 Bears down the obvious trees; the crashing woods
 Report their fall. The Youths each other's blouds
 With high-rai'd shouts inflame, who keep their stands,
 And shake their broad-tipt spears with threatening.
 The dogs he scatters; those that durst oppose (hands.
 345 His horrid fury, wounds with ganching blows.
Eckion first his javelin vainly cast,
 Which struck a Beech. The next his sides had past,
 But that with too much strength it over-flew:
 350 This weapon *Pagasean Jason* threw,
 O *Phabus*, said *Ampyrices*, if I
 Have honour'd, and do honour thee, apply
 Thy succour in success of my intents.
 The God, as much as in him lay, assents.
 But from the dart the head *Diana* took,
 355 Which gave no wound, although the Boar it struck.
 The beast like lightning burns, thus chaf'd with ire:
 His

256 METAMORPHOSIS,

- His grim eyes shine, his breast breaths flames of fire,
And as a stone which some huge engine throws
Against a wall, or bulwark mann'd with foes ;
360 The deadly boar with such sure violence
Assaults their forces. The right wing's defence,
Eupalamon and *Pelagon*, he cast
On sounding earth : Drawn off with timely haste.
Enasimus, great *Hippocoon's* son,
Could not so well his slaughtering tusks shun,
365 Which cut the shrinking sinews in his thigh,
Even as he trembled, and prepar'd to flie.
And *Nestor* long had perished, perchance,
Before *Troy's* war ; but vaulting on a Launce,
He took a tree, which there his branches spread ;
And safely saw the foe from whom he fled.
370 Who, full of rage, his vengeful tusks whets
Upon an Oak, and dire destruction threatens.
Then, trusting to his new-edg'd arms, the Boar
The manly thigh of great *Orithyas* tore.
The brother Twins, not yet celestial stars,
Conspicuous both, both terrible in wars,
375 Both mounted on white Steeds, aloft both bare
Their glittering spears, which trembled in the air :
And both had sped, but that the Swine withdrew
Where neither horse nor javelin could pursue.
In follows *Telamon*, hot of the chace ;
380 And, stumbling at a root, fell on his face.
While *Peless* lifts him up, a winged flight
Tigæa drew, which flew as swift as flight.
Below his ear the fixed arrow stood,
And stain'd his bristles with a little blood.
385 The Virgin less rejoiced in the blow
Than *Meleager*, who first saw it flow,
First shew'd his mates the blood. O most renown'd,
Said he, thy honour hath thy virtue crown'd.
The men, they blush for shame ; each other chear ;
390 And high-raisd souls with clamours higher rear :
Their spears in clusters fling ; which make no breach
Through idle store, and throws their throws impeach.
Behold *Ancæus*, with a poll-ax, stern
To his own fate ; who said, By me O learn :
You youths, how much a man's sharp steel exceeds
A woman's weapons, and applaud my deeds.
395 Though *Dian* should take arms, and in this strife

- Protect her Beast, she should not save his life.
 Thus gloriously he boasts; in both his hands
 Advanc'd his poll-ax, and on tip-toes stands.
 400 Whom, ere his arms descend, the furious Swine
 Prevents, and sheaths his tusks in his groin.
 Down fell *Anceus*, out his bowels gush't :
 All gore with blood the earth, as guilty, blush't.
Ixion's son *Pirithous* forward prest,
 405 And with an able arm his Lance address't.
 To whom *Aegides* ; O to me more dear
 Than my own life, my better half, forbear :
 The wise in valour should aloof contend :
 Fool-hardy courage was *Anceus* end.
 This said, his heavy cornel, with an head
 Of brass, he hurls : Which sure had struck him dead ;
 410 (It was deliver'd with so true an aim)
 But that a tall Beech interpos'd the fame.
Aesonides then threw his thrilling Lance ;
 Which hit (diverted from the mark by chance)
 A dog between his baying jaws : The wound
 Rush't through his guts, and nail'd him to the ground.
 415 *Oenides* varying hand discharg'd two spears :
 The earth the one, the beast the other bears.
 While now he raves, grunts, turns his body round,
 Casts blood and foam, the author of his wound
 Rush't in, provokes his greater wrath, and, where
 420 His shields dis sever, thrusts his deadly spear.
 They all with chearful shouts their joys unfold,
 Shake his victorious hands, the Beast behold
 With wonder, whose huge bulk possess't so much,
 And hardly think it safe the slain to touch ;
 425 Yet dye their javelins in his blood. He laid
 His foot upon his horrid head, and said,
 My right receive, beloved *Nonacrine*,
 And let my glory ever share with thine.
 Then gave the bristled spoil, and ghastly head
 430 With monstrous tusks arm'd, which terror bred.
 She in the Gift and Giver pleasure took.
 All manner, with preposterous envy strook.
 On her the violent *Thestiade* frown ;
 And cry aloud with stretcht-out arms, Lay down ;
 Nor, Woman, of our titles us bereave :
 435 Lest thee thy beautie's confidence deceive.
 He's no fit judge, whom love hath rest of sight.

Then:

- Then snatch from her, her gift; from him, his right.
Oenides sweels, his looks with anger stern:
 You ravishers of others honours, learn
 440 (Said he) the distance between words and deeds.
 With impious steel secure *Plexippus* bleeds.
 While *Taxus*, whether to revenge his blood,
 Or shun his brother's fortune, wavering stood;
 He clears the doubt: The weapon, hot before
 445 By th' other's wounds, new heats in his heart's gore.
 Gifts to the holy Gods *Althea* brings
 For her son's victory, and *Pearus* sings.
 When back she saw her slaughtered brothers brought,
 At that sad sight she screecht, and, grief-distraught,
 The City fills with out-eries; off she tears
 450 Her royal robes, and funeral garments wears.
 But told by whom they fell, no longer mourns:
 Rage dries her eyes, her tears to vengeance turns.
 The triple Sisters erst a brand convey'd
 Into the fire, her belly newly laid;
 Thus chanting, while they spun the fatal twine;
 455 O lately born, one period we assign
 To thee, and to this brand. The charm they weave
 Into his fate, and then the chamber leave:
 His mother snatcht it with an hasty hand
 Out of the fire, and quencht the flagrant brand.
 This in an inward closet close she lays;
 460 And by preserving it, preserves his days.
 This now produc'd, a pile of wood she rais'd,
 That, by the hostile fire invaded, blaz'd.
 Four times she proffers to the greedy flame
 The fatal brand; as oft withdrew the same.
 A Mother, and a Sister, now contend:
 465 And two contending names one bosom rend.
 Oft fear of future crimes a paleness bred:
 Oft burning fury gave her eyes his red.
 She seems to threaten now with cruel look:
 And now appears like one that pity took.
 470 Her tears the fervour of her anger dries:
 Yet found she tears again to drown her eyes.
 Even as a ship, when wind and tide contends,
 Feels both their furies, and with either bends:
 So *Thestias*, whom unsteddy passion drives,
 475 By changes, calms her rage, and rage revives.
 A Sister's love at length subdues a Mother's.

- That blood may calm the ghosts of bleeding Brothers,
 Impiously pious, Flames, to ashes turn
 This brand, said she, and my loath'd bowels burn.
 480 Then, holding in her hand the fatal wood,
 As she before the funeral altar stood,
 You triple Powers, who guilty Souls pursue,
Eumenides, these Rites of vengeance view.
 I act the crime, I punish. Death must be
 By death aton'd. On murder, murder we
 485 Accumulate, redoubling funerals.
 This cursed house by throngs of mischief falls.
 Shall *Oeneus* joy in his victorious son?
 Sad *Thestius* robb'd of his? One fortune run.
 Look up, O you my Brothers ghosts, you late
 490 Dillodged souls; see how I right your fate.
 Accept of this infernal sacrifice,
 Which cost me dear, my womb's accursed price.
 Ay me! O whither am I rapt? excuse
 A Mother, Brothers. Trembling hands refuse
 Their fainting aid. He merits death: Yet by
 A Mother's rage methinks he should not die.
 495 Then shall he scape? alive, a victor, feast
 In proud success, of *Calydon* posses?
 You, little ashes, and chill shades, forlorn?
 I'll not endure it. Perish, Villain, born
 To our immortal ruin. Ruinate
 With thee thy Father's hopes, his crown and state.
 500 Where is a Mother's heart? a parent's pray'r?
 Th' unthought-of burthen which I ten months bare?
 O would, while yet an infant, the first flame
 Had thee devour'd; nor I oppos'd the same.
 Thy life, I gave; by thine own merit die:
 A just reward for thy impiety.
 505 Thy twice-giv'n life resign; first by my womb,
 Last by this ravish'd brand; or me intomb
 With my poor Brothers. Fain I would pursue:
 Revenge, yet would not. O, what shall I do?
 Before my eyes my Brothers wounds now bleed,
 510 And the sad image of so foul a deed.
 Now pity and a Mother's name controul
 My stern intention. O distracted soul!
 You've won, my Brothers; but, alas! ill won:
 So that, while thus I comfort you, I run
 Your fate. With eyes turn'd back, her quaking hand

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 Now pity and a Mother's name controul
 My stern intention. O distracted soul!
 You've won, my Brothers; but, alas! ill won:
 So that, while thus I comfort you, I run
 Your fate. With eyes turn'd back, her quaking hand
 To

- To trembling flames expos'd the funeral brand.
 The brand appears to sigh, or sighs expires,
 Wrapt in th' imbracements of unwilling fires.
- 315 Unknowing *Meleager* absent broils
 Even in those flames; his blood, thick-panting, boils
 In unseen fire. He such tormenting pains
 With more than manly fortitude sustains.
 Yet grieves, that by a slothful death he falls
 Without a wound: *Anceus* happy calls.
- 320 His aged Father, Brothers, Sisters, Wife,
 He groaning names, with his last words of life:
 Perhaps his Mother. Flames and pains increase;
 Again they languish, and together cease.
- 325 To liquid air his vanisht spirits turn,
 The sable coals in clouds of ashes mourn.
 Low lies high *Calydon*, the young, the old,
 Ignoble, noble, all their griefs unfold:
 The *Calydonian* Marrons cut their hair,
 Desflower their beauties, cry, Wo and despair!
- 330 His hoary head with dust his Father hides,
 Lies groveling on the ground, and old age chides.
 For now his Mother, by her guilt pursu'd,
 Revenging steel in her own breast imbrew'd.
 Though *Phabus* would an hundred tongues bestow,
 A wit that should with full invention flow,
 All *Helicon* infuse into my breast:
- 335 His Sisters sorrows could not be express'd.
 Themselves, forgetting decency, they deface:
 While he retains a body, that imbrace;
 Kiss his pale lips: When turn'd to ashes, they
 The ashes in their bruised bosoms lay:
- 340 Fall on his tomb; his name, that there appears,
 Imbrace, and fill the characters with tears.
 But when *Diana's* wrath was satish'd
 With *Oeneus* misery; they all (beside
 Fair *Gorge* and the lovely *Deianire*)
 On plummy pinions, by her power, aspire,
- 345 With long-extended wings, and beaks of horn:
 Who through the air in varied shapes are born.
 Meanwhile to *Pallas* towers *Aegides* lies,
 (His part perform'd in that joint enterprize)
 Whose halt rain-raised *Achelous* staid.
- 350 Renown'd *Cetragon* Prince, the River said,
 Vouchsafe my roof, nor to th' impetuous flood

- Commit thy person. Oft huge logs of wood,
And broken Rocks, down tumbling, loudly roar.
555 Herds with their stalls not seldome heretofore
They hurried have: Nor was the Ox of force
To keep his stand; nor swiftness fav'd the Horse.
And when dissolv'd snow from mountains pour'd,
Their violent whirl-pits many have devour'd,
More safe to stay until the current run
560 Within his bounds. To whom *Aegæus* son;
'Twere folly, if not madness, to refuse
Thy house and counsel: Both I mean to use.
Then enters his large Cave, (where Nature play'd
The Artisan) of hollow Pumice made,
And rugged Tophus, floor'd with humid moss:
565 The roof pure white and purple shells imboss.
Now had *Hyperion* past two parts of day,
When *Theseus*, with the partners of his way,
Pirithous, and *Lelex* the renown
Of *Træzen*, now appearing gray, sat down;
570 And whom the River (glad of such a guest)
Preferr'd unto the honour of his feast.
Forthwith bare-footed Nymphs bring in the meat:
That ta'ne away, upon the table set
Crown'd cups of wine. When *Theseus* turn'd his face
575 To under-seas, and, pointing, said; What place
Is yon, and of what name, that stands alone?
And yet methinks it should be more than one.
It is not one, the courteous Floud replies,
But five: Their neighbourhood deceives your eyes.
580 The less t' admire *Diana*, late despis'd,
Five Nymphs they were; who having sacrific'd
Ten beeves, invited to their festival
The rural Gods; my self forgot by all;
At this I swell, and, never greater, roul
585 With streams as much irag'd as my soul.
The woods from woods, and fields from fields I tear;
With them, the Nymphs (now mindful of me) bear
In exile to the deep: Whose waves, with mine,
That then-united mass of earth disjoin
Into as many pieces, as in seas
590 Are of the Floud-imbrac'd *Echinades*.
Yet see one Ile, far, O! far off remov'd,
Call'd *Perimele*, once by me belov'd.
I from this Nymph her virgin-honour took.

Hippodamas

- Hippodamas* his Daughter could not brook ;
 595 But cast her from a rock into the deep.
 Whom while my loving streams from sinking keep,
 I said ; O *Neptune*, thou that dost command
 The wandring waves, that beat upon the land,
 To whom we Rivers run, in whom we end,
 Incline a gentle ear. I did offend
 600 Whom I support. O kind and equal prove.
 Had but *Hippodamas* a Father's love,
 Or, had he not been so inhuman ; he
 Would both have pitied her, and pardon'd me.
 Her, whom his fury hath from earth exil'd,
 When in the troubled waves he cast his child,
 605 A place afford : Or let her be a place
 Which I may ever with my streams imbrace.
 His head the King of Surges forward shook,
 And, in assenting, all the Ocean struck.
 The Nymph yet swims, although with fear oppress.
 I laid my hand upon her panting breast :
 610 While thus I handled her, I might perceive
 The earth about her stiffning Body cleave:
 Now, with a mass infolded, as she swims,
 An Island rose from her transform'd limbs.
 He held his peace. This admiration won
 615 In all ; derided by *Ixion's* son,
 By nature rough, and one who did despise
 'All-able Gods : Who said, Thou tell'st us lies,
 And think'st the Gods too potent ; as if they
 Could give new shapes, or take our old away.
 His saying all amaz'd, (none it approv'd)
 620 Most *Lelex*, ripe in age and wisdom, mov'd.
 Heav'n's power, immense and endless, none can shun,
 Said he ; and what the Gods would do, is done,
 To check your doubt ; on *Phrygian* hills there grows
 An Oak by a Lime-tree, which old walls inclose.
 625 My self this saw, while I in *Phrygia* stay'd,
 By *Pittheus* sent, where erst his father sway'd.
 Hard by, a lake, once habitable ground,
 Where Coos and fishing Cormorants abound.
 Jove, in an human shape, with *Mercury*,
 630 (His heels unwing'd) that way their steps apply.
 Who guest-rises at a thousand houses crave ;
 A thousand shut their doors : One only gave,
 A small thatch'd Cottage, where, a pious Wife,

- Old *Baucis*, and *Philemon*, led their life;
 635 Both equal-ag'd. In this, their youth they spent;
 In this, grew old; rich only in content.
 Who poverty, by bearing it, declin'd;
 And made it eaise with a chearful mind.
 None master, nor none servant, could you call:
 They who command, obey; for two were all.
 640 *Jove* hither came, with his *Cyllenian* mate,
 And, stooping, enters at their humble gate.
 Sit down and take your ease, *Philemon* said.
 While busie *Baucis* straw-stufft cushions laid
 And stirr'd abroad the glowing coals, that lay
 In smothering ashes, rak'd up yesterday.
 645 Dry bark and with'ed leaves thereon she throws;
 With feeble breath to flame the cinders blows;
 Then slender clefts and broken branches gets:
 And over all a little Kettle sets.
 Her Husband from the cool herbs cuts their leaves,
 650 Which from his grateful Garden he receives:
 Takes down a fitch of Bacon with a Prong,
 That long had in the smoaky chimney hung:
 Whereof a little quantity he cuts;
 And it into the boiling liquor puts.
 This seething, they the time beguile with speech,
 655 Unfensible of stay. A bowl of Beech
 There by the handle hung upon a pin:
 This fills he with warm water, and therein
 Washes their feet. A moss-stufft bed and pillow
 Laid on an homely bed-stead made of willow;
 660 A coverlet, us'd but at feasts, they spread:
 Though coarse and old, yet fit for such a bed.
 Down lie the Gods. The palsie-shaken Dame
 Sets forth a table with three legs: One lame,
 665 And shorter than the rest, a pot-sheard rears,
 This, now made level, with green Mint she clears;
 Whereon she party-colour'd Olives set,
 Autumnal Cornels, in tart pickle wet,
 670 Cool Endive, Radish, new Eggs roasted rear,
 And late-press'd Cheese, which earthen dishes bear:
 A Goblet of the self-same silver wrought,
 And bowls of Beech, varnish'd with wax, were brought.
 Hot victuals from the fire were forthwith sent:
 675 They wine, not yet of perfect age, present.
 This ta'ne away, the second course now comes;

Filberds,

- Filberds, dry Figs, with rugged Dates, ripe Plums,
 Sweet-swelling Apples, distill in Osier twines,
 And purple Grapes new gather'd from their vines:
 680 I th' midst, an honey-comb. Above all these,
 Were chearful looks, and ready will to please.
 Meanwhile the Maple-cup it self doth fill:
 And oft exhausted, is replenisht still.
 Astonisht at the miracle, with fear
 685 *Philemon* and the aged *Baucis* rear
 Their trembling hands in pray'r; and pardon crave
 For that poor entertainment which they gave.
 One Goose they had, their cottage's chief guard;
 Which they to hospitable Gods award:
 690 Which long their slow pursuit deluding, flies
 To *Jupiter*; so sav'd from sacrifice.
 We are Gods, said they; Revenge shall all destroy:
 You in this ruin shall your lives enjoy.
 Together leave your house; and to yon hill
 695 Follow our steps. They both obey their will.
 The Gods conducting, feebly both ascend,
 Leaning on staves, and with time's burthen bend.
 A flight-shot from the top, review they take;
 700 And see all swallowed by a mighty Lake.
 Their House excepted. While they this admire,
 Lament their neighbours ruin, and desire
 And see their cottage, which alone doth keep
 Its place, while for the Place's fate they weep:
 705 That humble shed, two little even for two,
 Becomes a Fane. The Crotches Columns grew;
 The Thatch and Roof shine with bright Gold; the
 Divinely cary'd; the Pavement Marble-floors. (Doors
 While fearful *Baucis* and *Philemon* pray'd,
 710 *Saturnius* with a chearful count'nance said:
 Thou just old man, and thou good woman, (who
 Deserv'st so just an husband) what do you
 In chief desire? They talk a while alone;
 Then thus to *Jove* their common wish make known.
 We crave to be your Priests, this Fane to guard.
 715 And since in all our lives we never jarr'd,
 Let one hour both dissolve: Nor let me be
 Intomb'd by her, nor she intomb'd by me.
 Their fate is sign'd. The Temple they possess,
 As long as life. With time and age oppress,
 720 As now they stood before the sacred gate,

- And call to memory that place's fate,
Philemon saw old *Baucis* freshly sprout;
 And *Baucis* saw *Philemon* leaves thrust out.
 Now on their heads aspiring branches grew.
 While they could speak, they spake: At once, Adieu,
 725 They jointly said; at once the creeping rine
 Their trunks inclos'd; at once their shapes resign.
 They of *Tyana* to this present show
 These neighbour-trees, that from two bodies grow.
 Old men, nor like to lie, nor vain of tongue,
 This told. I saw their boughs with Garlands hung;
 730 And hanging fresh, I said, Who Gods before
 Receiv'd, be such: Adorers we adore.
 The tale and teller wonder and belief
 Provok'd in all, but *Theseus* mov'd in chief.
 Who covetous to hear such deeds as these;
 The *Calydonian* River, prest to please
 735 In this sort, leaning on his elbow, spake.
 There be, who ever keep the form they take:
 Others have power themselves at will to change.
 As thou, blue *Proteus*, that in seas dost range:
 Who now a Man, a Lion now appear'st,
 740 Now a fell Boar; a Serpent's shape now bear'st;
 A Bull, with threatening horns, now seem'st to be;
 Now like a Stone, now like a spreading Tree;
 And sometimes like a gentle River flow'st.
 Sometimes like Fire, averseto Water, show'st.
 745 *Autolycus* his Wife, the Daughter to
 Lewd *Erisichton*, things as strange could do.
 He was her Father; who the Gods despis'd,
 Nor ever on their Altars sacrific'd;
 Who *Ceres* groves with steel profan'd, where stood
 750 An old huge Oak, even of itself a Wood.
 Wreaths, ribbands, grateful tables, deckt its boughs,
 And sacred stem, the Dues of powerful Vows.
 Full oft the *Dryades*, with chaplets crown'd,
 755 Danc'd in his shade, full oft they tript a Round
 About his bole. Five cubits three times told
 His ample circuit hardly could infold:
 Whose stature other trees as far exceeds,
 As other trees surmount the humble weeds.
 Yet this his fury rather did provoke;
 Who bids his servants fell the sacred Oak:
 760 And snatching, while they pass'd, an Ax from one,

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- Thus stormeth; Not the Goddess lov'd alone,
 But though this were the Goddess, she should down,
 And sweep the Earth with her aspiring crown.
- 765 As he advanc'd his arms to strike, the Oak
 Both sigh'd and trembled at the threatening stroke:
 His Leaves and Acorns pale together grew:
 His colour-changing Branches sweat cold dew.
 Then, wounded by his impious hand, the blood
 Gush'd from th' incision in a purple flood.
- 770 Much as a mighty Ox, that falls before
 The sacred altar, spouts forth streams of gore.
 On all amazement seiz'd: When One (of all)
 The crime deters; nor would he's Ax let fall:
 Contracting his stern brows, Receive, said he,
 Thy piece's reward: And from the tree
 The stroke converting, lops his head; then strike
 The Oak again: From whence a voice thus spake;
- 775 A Nymph am I, within this Tree inspir'd,
 Belov'd of Ceres. O profane of mind,
 Vengeance is near thee, with my parting breath
 I prophesie: A comfort to my death.
- 780 He still his guilt pursues, and overthrows
 With cables, and innumerable blows,
 The sturdy Oak: Which, nodding long, down rush'd;
 And in his lofty fall his fellows crush'd.
 Their Sister and their grove the Nymphs lament;
 And, hid in sable veils, to Ceres went;
- 785 On *Erisichthon* just revenge requir'd,
 She readily consents to their desire.
 The fair-brow'd Goddess shakes her shining hairs:
 (With that, the Fields shook all their golden ears)
 Then to a merciless revenge proceeds,
 (Had he deserved mercy by his deeds?)
- 790 By starving. But, since nor, by fatal doom,
 Ceres and *Naiades* might together come;
 A Nymph, one of the light *Oreades*,
 She sends to *Famine*, with such words as these.
 In frosty *Scythia* lies a land, forlorn
 And barren, bearing neither fruit nor corn.
- 795 Num Cold, pale Hue, chill Age there abide,
 And meager *Famine*. Bid that Fery glide
 Into his cursed intrals, and devour
 All plenty: Let her rage subdue my power,
 But lest long ways thy journey tedious make,

- My chariot and my yoked Dragons take.
 805 Taking her chariot, through the empty skies,
 To *Seythia* and rough *Caucasus* she flies:
 There, in a stony field, sad *Famine* found,
 Tearing with teeth and nails the foodless ground;
 With snarled hair, sunk eyes, looks pale and dead,
 Lips white with slime, thin teeth with rust o're-spread.
 810 Through her hard skin the writhel'd guts appear.
 Her huckle-bones stuck up; a valley, where
 Her belly should ascend; her dry breasts hung
 So lank, as if they to her back had clung.
 The falling flesh the rising joints augment.
 815 Round knees, and ankles leanly eminent.
 Esy'd far off, (she durst not be so bold
 To come too near,) the Nymph her message told.
 After a little stay, although she were
 Far off, although but now arrived there,
 She famine felt; so wheels about her Snakes,
 820 And her high passage to *Æmonia* takes.
Famine obeys the Goddess's command,
 (Though their endeavours still opposed stand)
 And, by a tempest hurried through the skies,
 Enters the wretch's roof; besides him lies,
 Then fast asleep; (for now Night's heavy charms
 825 All eyes had clos'd) imbrac'd him in her arms;
 Her self insus'd; breath'd on his face and breast;
 His empty veins with hungry rage possess.
 This thus perform'd, she leaves the fruitful earth;
 And back returns to her abodes of dearth.
 830 Sleep hitherto with pleasurable wings
 On *Erisichthon* gentle slumber flings.
 Who dreams of feasts, extends his idle jaws,
 With labouring teeth fantastically chaws;
 Deludes his throat by swallowing empty fare,
 And for affected food devours the air.
 835 Awak'd, hot famine raves through all his veins,
 And in his guts and greedy palate reigns.
 Forthwith, what Sea, what Earth, what Air affords,
 He craves, and plains of starving at full boards;
 In banquets banquets seeks. What might alone
 840 Have Towns and Nations fed, suffice not one.
 Hunger increaseth with increas'd repast.
 And as all Rivers to the Ocean halt,
 Who, thirsty still, drinks up the stranger floods:

- As ravenous fires refuse no proper'd foods,
 845 Huge piles receive, the more they have, the more
 By much desire, made hungry with their store:
 So *Erisichthon*, of a mind prophane,
 Full dishes empties, and demands again.
 Meat breeds in him an appetite to meat;
 Who, ever empty, still prepares to eat.
 850 His bellie's gulf his patrimony wasts,
 Consuming famine yet unlesened lasts:
 And his insatiable throat's extent
 Now all his wealth into his bowels sent.
 A daughter left, unworthy such a Sire,
 The begger sold, to feed his hunger's fire.
 855 Her noble thoughts base servitude disdain;
 And now her hands extending to the Main,
 O thou that hadst my maidenhead, said she,
 Thy ravisht spoil from hated bondage free.
Neptune heard this, who to her prayer consents:
 860 And, though then by her Master seen, prevents
 His following search; transforming of his Rape
 Into a Man, mask'd in a Fisher's shape.
 Angler, her Master said, that with thy bait
 Conceal'st thy hook, so prosper thy deceit,
 So rest the Sea compos'd, so may the fish
 865 Be credulous, and taken at thy wish,
 As thou reveal'st her, who, in garments poor,
 And ruffled hair, late stood upon this shoar.
 For here, but very now, I saw her stand;
 Nor farther trace her foot-steps in the sand.
 She, *Neptune's* bounty finding, well apaid
 870 To be inquir'd for of her self, thus said:
 Pardon me, Sir, where you are; my eyes
 Have been attentive on this exercise.
 To win belief; so may the God of Seas
 Assist my cunning in such Arts as these,
 As late nor man, nor maid, I saw before
 875 Your self, my self excepted, on this shoar.
 He credits, and beguill'd, the shoar forsook:
 When she again her former figure took.
 Her Father, seeing she could change her shape,
 880 Oft sold her; she as often made escape,
 Now Hart-like, now a Cow, a Bird, a Mare,
 And fed his hunger with ill-purchas'd fare.
 But when his malady all means had spent,

And

And he had given it the last nourishment;
Now to devour his own flesh proceeds;
885 And by diminishing it, his body feeds.
What need I dwell on foreign facts? Even we
Can vary shapes, though limited they be.
Now seem I as I am; oft like I snake;
And many times a Bull's horn'd figure take.
890 But while I horns assum'd, one thus was broke
As you behold. This with a sigh he spoke.

H OVID'S



OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

THE NINTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*A Serpent; Achelous; now a Bull:
His severed Horn with Plenty ever full.
Lychas a Rock. Alcides sunk in flame,
Ascends a God. The labour-helping Dame
A Wesel. Lotis, flying lust, becomes
A Tree: the like fate Dryope intombs.
Old Iolaus waxeth young again.
Callirhoe's Infants suddenly grow Men.
Byblis a weeping Fountain. Iphis, now
Turn'd Boy, to Ilus pays his Maiden Vow.*

HE who his high descent from Neptune draws,
Of this so sad a Sigh demands the cause,
This maimed Brow. When thus the God proceeds,
His dangling curls impal'd with quivering reeds.
An heavy task you set: his own disgrace
5 Who would revive? Yet was in not so base
To be subdu'd, as noble to contend:
And such a Victor doth by foil defend.
Have you not heard of fair-cheek'd Deianire,
10 The envy'd hope of many, the desire
Of all that knew her? We, with others, went
To Oeneus Court, to purchase his consent.
Parthaon's son, make me thy son-in-law,
I and Alcides said: the rest withdraw.

- He, with his Father *Jove*, his Labours fame,
 15 And Step-dame's vanquish't tasks, inforc'd his claim.
 'Twere shame, said I, that deathless Gods to men
 Who die should stoop. (A God he was not then.)
 These ever-living waters I command,
 That wind in endless currents through thy Land.
 Thy son no stranger is, if I be He:
 20 But of thy Country, and a Friend to thee.
 And be't no prejudice, that *Juno's* Hate,
 Nor punishing Employments press my fate.
 If from *Alcmena* you your linage shew;
Jove's your false Sire, or criminous, if your true.
 25 You seek a Father in a Mother's shame.
 Brag not of *Jove*, or take a Bastard's name.
 He all this while, with eyes that sparkle fire,
 Upon me frown'd, and hardy rul'd his ire:
 Then only said, My hand my tongue exceeds:
 30 Win thou with words, so I subdue with deeds.
 With that, fell on. To speak so big, and shrink,
 I shame; and let my wave-green Mantle sink;
 My arms oppose, my hands for seizure prest;
 And every fitt'd part for fight addrest.
 35 He throws dust on me with his hollow hand:
 And I again besprinkle him with sand.
 Now catch'd he at my neck, now at my thighs,
 Or proffer makes, and t' every limb applies.
 But me my weight defends; in vain he strives.
 40 Much like as when a roaring billow drives
 Against a rock: the rock repels his pride,
 By his own poizure firmly fortify'd.
 Both for a while withdrew: again we meet,
 And strongly keep our stands; feet joyn to feet.
 With that I rusht upon him with my breast:
 45 My fingers his, my brow his forehead prest.
 So have I seen two Bulls with horrid might
 Together close; the motive of their fight
 The fairest Cow in all those fields; the Herd
 With fear expecting which should be preferr'd.
 50 Thrice *Hercules* did all his force incline
 (But all in vain) to free his breast from mine.
 The fourth assay my strong imbrace unbound,
 And from my grasping arms his body woun'd.
 Then turning me about, (truth guides my tongue)
 Upon my back with all his weight he hung.

- 55 If I have credit, (Lies can find no way
To praise) on me, me thought, a mountain lay.
Scarce could I clasp my arms, all froth'd with sweat:
Scarce from his gripes could I my body get.
Still pressing on, he gives not time to breathe,
Nor gather strength: my powers my trust deceive.
- 60 At last, his yoking arms my neck command:
When, pull'd upon my knees, I bit the sand.
My native Slight my weaker force supply'd:
I straight from him like a long Serpent glide.
Now in contracted folds I forward sprung,
- 65 Horridly hissing with my forked tongue.
He laughs, and flouts my Cunning in this sort:
To strangle Serpents was my cradle's sport.
Though other Dragons to thy conquests bow:
To dire *Lernean Hydra*, what art thou?
- 70 Her wounds were fruitful: from each sever'd head,
Each of her hundred necks, two fiercer bred;
More strong by twinning heirs. These thus renew'd
And multiply'd by death, I twice subdu'd.
What hope hast thou, a forged Snake, to 'scape;
- 75 That fight'st with feigned arms, and begg'st thy shape?
This said, my neck his grasping fingers clinch'd,
And scruz'd my throat, as if with pincers wrinch'd;
While from his gripes I strove my jaws to pull.
- 80 Twice overcome, I now, like furious Bull,
Once more his terrible assaults oppose.
His arms about my swelling chest he throws,
And following, hales; my Horn (my head turn'd round)
Fixt to the earth, and threw me on the ground.
- 85 My brow (that not sufficient) disadorns,
By breaking one of my ingaged horns.
The *Naiades* with fruit and flowers this all:
Wherein abundant plenty riots still.
Here *Achelous* ends. One lovely-fair,
- 90 Girt like *Diana's* Nymph, with flowing hair,
Came in, and brought the wealthy Horn, repleat
With Autumn's store, and fruit serv'd after meat.
Day sprung, and mountains shone with early beams
His Guests depart; nor stay till peaceful streams
Glide gently down, and keep their bounded race.
- 95 Sad *Achelous* now his ruffick face
And maimed head within the current shrouds.
This blemish much his former beauty clouds;

- All else compleat. The damage of his brows
 100 He shades with flaggy wreaths, and fallow boughs.
 But *Deianira*, *Nessus*, was thy wrack;
 A deadly arrow piercing through thy back.
Jove's son, with his new Wife, to *Thebes* his cotise
 Directing, came t' *Evemus* rapid source.
 105 The big-swoln streams, increas'd with Winter's rain,
 And whirling round, their passage now restrain.
 For her he fears: fear for himself abhor'd:
 When strong-limb'd *Nessus* came, who knew the Ford,
 And said; I safely will transport thy Bride:
 110 Meanwhile swim thou unto the other side.
 To him *Alcides* his 'iraid VVife betakes;
 VVho, fearing both the flood and *Nessus*, quakes.
 Charg'd with his quiver, and his Lion's skin,
 (His club and bow before thrown over) in
 The Hero leaps, and says, However vast,
 115 These waves, since undertaken, shall be past.
 And confident, nor seeks he smoothest ways;
 Nor by declining entertains delays.
 Now over, stooping for his bow, he heard
 His Wife's shrill shrieks; and *Nessus* saw, prepar'd
 120 To violate his trust. Thou ravisher,
 VVhat hope, said he, can thy vain speed confer?
 Soho, thou half a beast, withhold thy flight:
 I wish thee, hear; nor intercept my right.
 If no respect of me can fix thy trust,
 Yet let thy Father's wheel restrain thy lust.
 125 Nor shalt thou 'scape revenge, however fleet:
 VVounds shall o'retake thy speed, though not my feet.
 The last his deeds confirm; for as he fled,
 An arrow struck his back: the barbed head
 Pass'd through his breast. Tugg'd out, a crimson flood
 130 Spouts both ways, mixt with *Hydra's* pois'nous blood.
 This *Nessus* took, and softly said; Yet I,
Alcides, will not unrevenged dye:
 And gave his Rape a robe dipt in that gore.
 This will (said he) the heat of love restore.
 Long after, (all the ample world possess
 135 VVith his great acts, and *Juno's* hate increas'd)
 From raz'd *Oechalia* hasting his remove,
 To sacrifice unto *Cenean Jove*:
 Fame's babblings *Deianira's* ears surprize,
 (VVhich falsehood adds to truth, and grows by lies)

- 140 How *Iole* her Husband *Hercules*
 With love inthrall'd. Stung with this strong disease,
 The troubled lover credits what she fears.
 At first she nourisheth her grief with tears,
 Which weeping eyes diffuse. Then said; But why
 Weep we? the Strumpet in these Tears will joy.
- 145 Since she will come, some change attempt I must,
 Before my Bed be stained with her lust.
 Shall I complain? be mute? shift houses? stay?
 Return to *Calydon*, and give her way?
 Or call to mind that I am sister to
- 150 Great *Meleager*, and some mischief do?
 What a wrong'd Woman, what the spleenful wo
 Of jealousy, by harlots death, can show?
 Her thoughts, long toil'd with change, now fixed stood,
 To send the garment dipt in *Nessus* blood;
 To quicken fainting love. The present she
- 155 To *Lychas* gave, (as ignorant as she)
 And her own sorrow; which, with good intent,
 And kind respects, she to her Husband sent.
 This now the unsuspecting Hero wore,
 Wrapt in the poison of *Echidna's* gore.
 He, praying, new-born flames with incense fed;
- 160 And bowls of wine on marble Altars shed.
 The spreading mischief works; with heat dissolv'd,
 The manly limbs of *Hercules* it involv'd.
 Who, whilst he could, with usual fortitude
 His groans suppress. All patience now subdu'd
 By extream pain, the Altar down he flings;
- 165 And shady *Ossa* with his clamour rings.
 Forthwith to tear the torture off he strives.
 The riven robe his skin, that lines it, rives:
 Or to his limbs inseparably it cleaves;
 Or his hugh bones and sinews naked leaves.
- 170 As fire-red steel in water drencht; so toils
 His hissing blood, and with hot poison boils.
 No mean: the greedy flames his entrails eat;
 And all his body flows with purple sweat:
 His scorched sinews crack, his marrow fries.
- 175 Then, to the Stars his hands advanc'd, he cries:
 Feast, *Juno*, on our harms. Oh, from on high
 Behold this plague: thy cruel stomach cloy.
 If foes may pity purchase; (such are we;)
 This life, with torments vext, long sought by thee,

And

- 180 And born to toil, receive. For death would prove
 To me a blessing: and a Step-dame's love
 May such a blessing give. Have I thus gain'd,
 For slain *Busiris*, who *Jove's* temple stain'd
 With strangers blood? that from the earth earth-bred
Antaeus held? whom *Geryon's* triple head,
 185 Nor thine, O *Cerberus*, could once dismay?
 These hands, these made the *Cretan* Bull obey.
 Your labours, *Elis*, smooth *Stymphalian* floods,
 Confess with praises, and *Parthenian* woods.
 You got the golden Belt of *Thermodon*:
 190 And Apples from the sleepless Dragon won.
 Nor cloud-born *Centaurs*, nor th' *Arcadian* Boar,
 Could me resist; nor *Hydra*, with her store
 Of frightful Heads, which by their loss increas'd.
 I, when I saw the *Thracian* Horses feast
 195 With human flesh, their mangers overthrew;
 And, with his Steeds, their wicked Master slew.
 These hands the *Nemean* Lion choak'd; these quell'd
 Huge *Cacus*: and these shoulders heav'n upheld.
Jove's cruel wife grew weary to impose:
 200 I never to perform. But, oh! these woes,
 This new-found plague, no virtue can repel,
 Nor arms, nor weapons. Hungry flames of Hell
 Shoot through my veins, and on my liver prey.
Eurystheus yet triumphs: and some will say
 205 That there be Gods. Here his complaint he ends;
 And high-raisd steps o're lofty *Oeta* bends,
 Hurried with anguish: like a Bull, that bears
 A wounding javelin; whom the wounder fears.
 Oft should you see him quake, oft groan, oft striving
 To tear his garments; solid trees up-riving,
 210 Inrag'd with the mountains, and then rear
 His scorched arms unto his Father's sphere.
 Hid in an hollow Rock, he *Lychas* spies:
 When torture having seiz'd his faculties
 With all her fury, *Lychas*, didst thou give
 This horrid gift, said he? Think'st thou to live;
 215 I dying by thy treason? While he quakes,
 Looks ghastly pale, unheard excuses makes;
 While yet he spake, while to his knees he clung;
 Caught by the heels, about his head thrice swung,
 Him into deep *Eubæan* waves he threw;
 220 (As engines, stones) who hardned as he flew.

- As falling show'rs congeal'd with freezing winds,
 Convert to snow; as snow together binds,
 And, rolling round, in solid hail descends:
 So while the air his forced body rends,
 225 Bloudless with terror, all his moisture gone,
 That Age reports him chang'd to rugged Stone.
 And still within *Eubæa's* gulfy deeps,
 A small Rock lies, which man's proportion keeps;
 VVhereon the mariners will not tread at all,
 As if't had sense: and this they *Lychnas* call.
- 230 But thou, *Jove's* God-like son, (a Pile with store
 Of trees prepar'd, which lofty *Ossa* bore)
 Thy Bow and ample Quiver (wherein lie
 Those Arrows that again must visit *Troy*)
 Bequeath'st to *Pean's* Heir; who catching fire
 235 Puts to the Pile. While greedy flames aspire,
 Thou on the top thy Lion's spoils didst spread;
 And lay'st thereon (thy Club beneath thy head)
 With such a look, as if a crowned Guest
 Amidst full goblets, at a mirthful feast.
- 240 Now all-embracing Flames a crackling made,
 And their Contemner's patient limbs invade.
 The Gods much thought for Earth's Defender took:
 When thus *Saturnius*, with a cheerful look:
 This grief, you Gods, is our delight; with all
 245 Our soul we joy, that such as you should call
 Us King and Father, who so grateful are,
 And of our progeny express such care.
 For though his noble acts deserve as much;
 You us oblige. But lest vain terrors touch
 250 Your loyal hearts, let not these flames displease.
 Who conquer'd all, shall also conquer these.
Vulcan shall but his mother's part subdue.
 For that's immortal which from us he drew,
 And can not taste of death, nor stoop to fire;
- 255 But, freed from earth, shall to our joys aspire.
 This all your Deities I think will please.
 If any grudge such grace to *Hercules*,
 Nor would his honour; let them envy still:
 They shall confirm our act against their will.
- 260 The Gods assent. And *Juno's* self accords;
 At least in show: yet *Jupiter's* last words
 Unsmooth her forehead with observ'd distast.
 What flame could vanquish, *Mulciber* doth wast;

- 265 And *Hercules* not known by's face remains,
 Who nothing of his mothers form retains;
 Now only *Jove*-like. As a Snake his years
 Casts with his skin, and sprightly young appears
 With glittering scales: so the *Tyrnthian*,
 Having put off the habit of frail man,
 270 Shines in his better part, and seems more great,
 With aw-insufing majesty repleat;
 Rapt in a chariot by almighty *Jove*,
 Through hollow clouds unto the Stars above.
 Prest *Atlas* feels his Weight. *Eurystheus* ire
 275 Ends not in death; his hatred to the Sire
 Persues his race. *Alcmena*, worn with care,
 Had *Iole*, to whom she might declare
 Her old-wives plaints, her sons hard labours, (known
 Thro' broad-spread Earth) his fortunes and her own.
 Her *Hyllus*, by *Alcides* testament,
 280 Took to his bed, with love's unforc'd consent;
 And fill'd her womb with generous seed. When thus
Alcmena: Be the Gods propitious,
 And quick in working, when thy time draws near.
 To call *Ilithya*, which sad mothers fear;
 285 To me made difficult by *Juno*'s spight.
 For ten accomplisht signs did now excite
 My travail to *Alcides* birth, whose weight
 My belly stretcht; which bare so great a freight,
 That you might swear, it was begot by *Jove*:
 290 When with intolerable pains I strove.
 Now also, speaking, horror chills my heart:
 And griefs remembred add to grief a part.
 Seven nights, seven daysthus rackt, with anguish till'd,
 My hands upheld, with out-cries, I desir'd
 295 *Lucina*'s aid, my burthen to untie.
 She came indeed, but pre-corrupted by
Jove's wife, to execute her deadly hate.
 Hearing my groans, she sat before the gate
 On yonder Altar. Her right knee upholds
 300 Her cross left ham; her fingers knit in folds
 Delay'd delivery: she with mutter'd spells
 Of secret power, the pressing birth repels.
 I strive, and, raving, tax ungrateful *Jove*;
 Desire to die; and breathe complaints might move
 305 Releptless flinrs. The *Cadmean* Dames were there;
 Who pray for me, and comfort my despair.

- Red-hair'd *Galanthis*, one of mean descent,
 In all employments stoutly diligent,
 Beloved for her duty, doth misdoubt
 310 Malicious *Juno*. Passing in and out,
 She saw the Goddess on the Altar sit;
 Her arms about her knees her fingers knit.
 Whate're you be, rejoyce with us, she said;
 Joyful *Alcmena* hath her belly laid.
 The Goddess ruling childbirth, starting, rose;
 315 And, parting her link'd fingers, eas'd my Throes.
 They say, *Galanthis* laugh'd at this deceit:
 VVhom straight the flouted Goddess, in a fret,
 Drags by the hair, nor suffers her to rise.
 320 Forthwith her arms convert to legs and thighs.
 Agility and colour still abide;
 Her shape transform'd. In that her Mouth supply'd
 Help to that child-birth, at her Mouth she bears:
 Nor now our still-frequented houses fears.
 325 This said, she sighs for her old servant's sake:
 To whom her Daughter, likewise sighing, spake.
 You, Mother, sorrow for no kindreds tate.
 But what if I the wondrous change relate
 Of my poor Sister? Tears and sorrow seize
 330 My troubled speech. Of all th' *Ocalides*,
 For form few might with *Dryope* compare;
 The only child her dying mother bare:
 I born by a second Wife. Her Virgin-flow'r
 Being gath' red by that over-mastring pow'r,
 VVho in *Delos* and in *Delphos* doth relide;
Andriamon weds her, happy in his Bride.
 335 A Lake there is, which shelving borders bound,
 Much like a shoar, with fragrant Myrtles crown'd.
 Hither came simple *Dryope*, and (what more
 Afflicts me) to those Nymphs she garlands bore.
 Her arms her Child, a pleasing burthen, hold;
 340 VVho suckt her breasts, not yet a twelye-month old.
 Hard by the Lake a flow'ry Lotus grew,
 (Expecting berries) of a crimson hue.
 Thence pulling flowers, she gave them to her Son
 To play withal: so was I like t' have done;
 345 For I was the e. I saw the bloud descend
 From dropping twigs, tho boughs with horror bend;
 And heard, too late, *Lotis* a Nymph, who fled
 From lustful *Priapus*, to quit her dread,

- Assum'd this shape, her name of *Lotus* kept.
 350 My Sister, this not knowing, backward stept,
 And would depart, as soon as she had pray'd.
 But roots her feet, for all her struggling, stay'd;
 And only above she moves. The bark increast,
 Ascending from the bottom to her breast.
 355 This seen, she thought t'have tore her hair; but tears
 Leaves from their twigs: her head green branches bears.
 The child *Amphisus* (for his grandfather,
Eurytus, did that name on him confer)
 Now finds his Mother's breasts both stiff and dry.
 360 I, a spectator of thy tragedy,
 Dear Sister, had in me no power of aid.
 Yet, as I could, thy growing trunk I stay'd,
 Clung to thy spreading boughs, and wish't that I,
 Intomb'd with thee, might in thy *Lotus* lye.
 Behold, *Andramon* comes, with him her Sire,
 365 (Both wretched) and for *Dryope* inquire.
 VVhen I for *Dryope* the *Lotus* show'd,
 They kisses on the yet warm wood bestow'd;
 And, groveling on the ground, her roots imbrace.
 Now all of thee, dear Sister, but thy face,
 Th'incroaching habit of a Tree receives.
 VVith tears she bathes her new-created leaves;
 370 And, while she might, while yet a way remain'd
 For speaking passion, in this sort complain'd:
 If credit to the wretched may be given,
 I swear by all the Pow'rs above in Heaven,
 I never this deserv'd. Without a sin
 I suffer: innocent my life hath been.
 Or if I lye, may my green branches fade,
 375 And, fell'd with axes, on the fire be laid.
 This Infant from his dying Mother bear
 To some kind Nurse: and often let him here
 Be fed with milk; oft in my shadow play.
 Let him salute my tree; and sadly say,
 (VVhen he can speak) This *Lotus* doth contain:
 380 My dearest Mother. Let him still refrain
 All Lakes; nor ever dare to touch a Flower:
 But think that every tree insurines a Power.
 Dear Husband, Sister, Father, all farswel.
 If in your gentle hearts compassion dwell,
 Suffer no ax to wound my tender boughs;
 385 Nor on my leaves let hungry cattel browse.

- And since I cannot unto you decline,
 Ascend to me, and joyn your lips to mine.
 My little son, while I can kiss, advance.
 But fate cuts off my failing utterance.
 For now the softer rind my neck ascends,
 390 And round about my leafy top extends.
 Remove your hands: without the help of those,
 The wrapping bark my dying eyes will close.
 She left to speak, and be. Yet human heart
 In her chang'd body long retain'd a seat.
 395 While *Iole* this story told, her eyes,
 Fill'd with her tears, the kind *Alcmena* dries,
 And weeps her self. Behold, a better change
 With joy defers this sorrow, nor less strange.
 For *Iolus*, twice a youth, came in,
 400 The doubtful Down now budding on his chin.
 Fair *Hebe*, at her Husband's sute, on thee
 This gift bestow'd. About to swear, that she
 Would never give the like; wise *Themis* said,
 Forbear; War raves in *Thebes* by discord sway'd;
 And *Capaneus* but by *Jove* alone
 405 Can be subdu'd. The Brothers then shall groan
 With mutual wounds. The sacred Prophet, lost
 In swallowing earth, alive shall see his Ghost.
 His Son's red hands his Mother's life extract,
 T' appease his Sire; a just, yet wicked fact.
 410 Rapt from his home and senses, with th'affright
 Of staring furies, and his mother's Sprite,
 Until his Wife the fatal gold demands;
 Her Husband murder'd by *Phegides* hands.
 Then *Acheloian Callirrhoe*
 415 Shall *Jove* importune, that her Infants may
 Be turn'd to Men, and due revenge require
 (As he, for his) of those who slew their Sire.
 Her Pray'rs shall win consent from *Jove*; who then
 Will bid thee make *Callirrhoe's* Children Men.
 This, *Themis* with prophetick rapture sung.
 420 Among the Gods a grudging murmur sprung,
 Why they this gift should not to others give.
Aurora for her Husband's age doth grieve:
Ceres complains of *Jasias* hoary hair:
Vulcan would *Erichonius* youth repair:
 425 And cares of time to come in *Venus* reign,
 That her *Anchises* might wax young again.

All sue for some, seditious tumults grew,
From Favour sprung ; which *Jove* doth thus subdue.

What mutter you ? or where is your respect ?

430 Think you, you can the power of Fate subject ?

Old *Jolau* was by Fate renew'd :

By fate *Callirrhoe*'s Babes shall be indu'd

With youth ; not by ambition, nor by war.

Even we, that you may better brook it, are

435 Prescrib'd by Fate : which could we change, not thus

Should time make old our God-like *Æacus* ;

Eternal youth should *Rhadamanthus* crown ;

Nor should our *Minos* lose his old renown,

Despised now through age, who heretofore

With such a brave command his scepter bore.

440 These words of *Jove* the yielding Gods assuage ;

Sith *Rhadamanthus* and *Æacus* with age

Decline ; and *Minos*, whose youth's active flame

Made mighty nations tremble at his name :

Though now, in mind and body impotent,

445 *Miletus* *Deionides* ascent

T' his throne he fears, adorn'd with youth, and style

Of *Phæbus* son : nor durst his fears exile.

But thou, *Miletus*, of thy own accord

Forsook'st thy native home ; and now aboard,

Through deep *Ægean* seas to *Asia* cam'st

450 Building a Town which from thy self thou nam'st.

He, as the Nymph *Cyane*, (excellent

For beauty) daughter to *Meander*, went

Along his winding banks, compress'd her there :

Who *Byblis* at one birth with *Caunus* bare.

455 *Byblis* example lawless love reproves,

For *Byblis* her own Brother *Caunus* loves,

Nor as a Sister should a Brother do.

She at the first no lustful Passion knew,

Nor thought it sin him eagerly to kiss,

460 Nor by embracing that she did amiss.

A shadow of false piety her beguiles.

Love by degrees corrupts. Her dress and smiles

She frames t' attract ; and to seem fair desires ;

And envies whomsoever she admires.

465 Yet knows not her disease : no wishes rise

In sighs as yet ; and yet within she fries.

She calls him Lord, the due of blond disclaim'd,

And would be *Byblis*, and not Sister, nam'd.

Nor

- Waking she durst not harbour in her breast
 470 A wanton hope. But in dissolving rest
 Her lover oft sh' enjoys; her senses keep
 A festival: yet blushes she in sleep.
 Sleep fled; long mute, her dream sh' again renews
 By repetition: which she thus pursues.
- 475 Woe's me! what boad these fantasies of night?
 If true, how wretched! why should such delight?
 His heav'nly form by envy is approv'd:
 He might, if not my Brother, be belov'd;
 And merit my affections, (O too well)
 If I were not his Sister: there's my hell.
- 480 While waking I endeavour no such ill.
 May these bewitching dreams inchant me still.
 No spy could blab that imitated joy.
 O *Venus*, and withal, thou winged Boy,
 What pleasure, what content had I that night!
- 485 How lay I all dissolved in delight!
 With how much joy remembred! short those joys;
 And hasty night our happiness envies.
 Would I could change this wretched name of mine:
 Or he the interest in his blood resign.
 How well, O *Caurus*, might our Father be.
- 490 A Father-in-Law, or to thy self, or me?
 O would to *Jove* we all in common held,
 Except our birth; though mine his birth excell'd.
 Whom then (O fairest) wilt thou make a mother?
 How ill hath Nature linkt us to each other?
- 495 Still must thou be my Brother. What I hate,
 I only have. What then prognosticate
 These flattering Visions? what, in these extreams,
 Can dreams avail? or is there weight in dreams?
 The Gods forbid. Yet Gods their Sisters wed.
- 500 *Saturn* and *Ops* had both one womb and bed.
 So *Tethis* with *Oceanus*, so *Jove*
 Combines with *Juno* in eternal love.
 Gods have peculiar laws: how dare I draw
 From them examples, bound t' another law?
 Die, die, forbidden flames; or let me die.
- 505 Then may my Brother kiss me when I lie
 On sable herse. Besides, the joint consent
 This craves of two. Say, it should me content:
 He may abhor it. Yet th' *Æolides*
 Embraced theirs. Whence sprung such proofs as these?
 O whi-

- 510 O, whether wrapt? You wicked flames, remove.
 A Brother, as befits a Sister, love.
 Yet should he first affect, perhaps I then
 His love might cherish, and affect agen.
 Then shall I, who would not his sute reject,
 515 Sue first? What, canst thou speak? thy thoughts detect
 I can: Love prompts. If shame my speech suppress,
 Yet Letters may my hidden flames confess.
 This pleas'd her, and a little satisfy'd
 Her doubtful mind. When, rais'd on her left side,
 And leaning on her elbow, Hap what may;
 520 We will (said she) our frantick love display.
 O, whether slide I? O, what flames excite
 These thoughts? Then fits she trembling hands to writ;
 (One holds the wax, the style the other guides)
 Begins, doubts, writes, and at the tables chides;
 525 Notes, razes, changes oft, dislikes, approves;
 Throws all aside, resumes what she removes.
 Her will she knows not, no composure brooks.
 Soft shame and impudence strive in her looks.
 She had writ Sister: that, as most unfit,
 530 Defac'd, she took the tables, and thus writ.
 Health to her only Love that Lover sends,
 Whose health alone upon your love depends.
 To tell you who I am, alas! I shame.
 If you would know my sute; without a name
 O let me plead; nor be for *Byblis* known,
 535 Until my hopes be to assurance grown.
 Pale colour, leanness; ruthful looks, wet eyes,
 Long sighs, which from concealed passion rise,
 Frequent imbracements, and (if you so much
 Observed) kisses of too hot a touch
 540 To sute a Sister's coldness; these express
 The deep distemper of my wounded breast.
 And yet, although my soul the wound sustain'd,
 Although in me a fiery fury reign'd,
 Heav'n's witness, that I might at length be well,
 I try'd the utmost, striving to repel
 The violent darts of *Cupid*; and far more
 545 Than you would think a Woman could, I bore.
 Against my will, I now become your slave;
 And with afflicted language pity crave.
 You may preserve, you only can undo:
 Chuse which you will. Nor sues a foe to you.

- 550 But one who, near alli'd, would nearer join,
And in a stricter league of love combine.
Let old men know what's lawful, good, or ill;
And to their frosty rules subject their will.
Rash *Venus* fits our years. Yet know not we
555 Intangling Laws: let us think all things free,
And imitate the Gods. Paternal awe,
Respect of fame, nor fear can us withdraw,
If once the cause of fear be laid aside,
Our easie stealths a Brother's name will hide.
We may in private talk; converse and kifs,
560 Whoever by. What wants to crown our bliss?
O pity me, who have my love confest;
(But would not, had not utmost ardour prest)
Let thy remorseless cruelty be read
Upon my monument, when I am dead.
565 The wax thus fill'd with her successless wit,
She verses in the utmost margent writ;
Then seals her shame: her parched tongue deni'd
To wet her gem; which weeping eyes suppli'd
Then, blushing, calls a servant of known trust,
570 And flattering him awhile, said, Friend thou must
See these with care and secrecy convey'd
To my — there paus'd, and after, Brother, said.
In their delivery the tables fell:
She at that Omen starts, yet bids farewell.
The wary messenger attends his time,
And gives to *Caunus* her infolded crime.
575 Amaz'd *Maendrius* high in choler grew,
And on the ground the half-read tables threw.
About to strike: Thou wicked instrument
Of horrid lust, said he, by flight prevent
My sword's revenge: but that our infamy
Thy death would publish, villain, thou should'st die.
He, frighted, flies; and to his mistress bears
580 The wrath of *Caunus*. *Byblis* quaking hears
Her sad repulse: a death-resembling cold
Besieg'd her heart, and vital heat controll'd.
Yet, with her soul, her frantick love returns;
585 Who, with scarce-moving lips, thus softly mourns.
And worthily. Why, O too rash! have I
Disclos'd this wound? affections secrecie
Who would so soon to heady lines commit?
First, with ambiguous words it had been fit

- 590 T'have felt his thoughts, and train'd him to pursue.
 I should have noted how the weather grew ;
 And chosen a safe sea: but now my sails
 Swell desperately with rough untried gales.
 Now born on crushing Rocks, the floods o're-bear
 595 My sinking Bark; nor can I backward steer.
 Could not that Open check the cherisht scope
 Of my desires, when, with my blasted hope,
 The tables fell? should I not have assign'd
 Another day, or wholly chang'd my mind?
 600 O no, the day. Heav'n warn'd me by sad,
 By sure, presages; had I not been mad.
 My self, before my letters, should have sud,
 And lively love exprest: he should have view'd
 My moving tears, a Lover's pleading eyes.
 605 More could I've spoke than letters can comprise.
 About his neck my arms I might have wound;
 And, had he cast me off, appear'd to swond;
 Clung to his feet, and groveling, life implore.
 This passion might I've acted and much more:
 Whereof though each particular had fail'd;
 610 Yet all together joyn'd might have prevail'd.
 Perhaps the blame-deserving messenger
 In choice of time, or circumstance, did err;
 Took him not when his mind was pleas'd and free.
 This wrackt my hopes. For of no Tigress he,
 Nor Lionness was born: his gentle breast
 615 Rough flint, hard steel, nor adamant invest.
 He must be won; no sower repulse shall make
 My suto surcrease, till life my breast forsake.
 The best, if what is done were to begin,
 620 Is not t' attempt; next, what w' attempt, to win.
 For never would he, though I should o'refway
 My strong desires, forget this lewd assay.
 Desisting, would condemn my love for light;
 Or that I tri'd t' intrap him by this slight.
 It may be thought, that brutish lust did move
 These ecstasies; and not the God of love.
 625 Nor can I but have had a wicked mind;
 I made a motion, which my hand hath sign'd.
 No giving back can make me innocent;
 Nought can I add to sin, much to content.
 630 This said; one thought another doth controul:
 So great a discord wracks her wavering soul.

- What she dislikes, she acts: unfaſhiſ'd,
 She oft attempteth, to be oft deni'd.
 This ſeen, he flies his country for her crime;
 635 And builds a City in a foreign ſlime.
 When woful *Byblis*, raving through deſpair,
 Her garments from her bruised boſom tare,
 Striking her arms through fury, and proclaims
 In high diſtraction her inceſtuous flames.
 640 Hopeleſs, her hated manſion ſhe eſchews,
 And frantickly her brothers flight purſues.
 And as *Iſmarian Bacchanals*, great ſon
 Of *Semele*, ſtruck with thy *Thyrſus*, run
 In thy *Triennials*: ſo *Bubafian Dames*
 Saw howling *Byblis* hurrying o're their plains.
 645 From theſe ſhe wander'd through the *Carian* bounds,
 The warlike *Leleges*, and *Lycian* grounds;
Cragus, *Lymira's* ſtreams, the ſilver waves
 Of *Xanthus* paſt; and where *Chimera* raves
 On craggy Rocks, with Lion's face and main,
 A Goats rough body, and a Serpent's train.
 650 The Woods were paſt; when thou, O *Byblis*, faint
 With long purſuit, and paſſion's ſtrong constraint,
 Sunk'ſt down, thy ruſſled hair on earth diſplaid,
 Thy face upon the wither'd leaves low laid.
 The kind *Lelegean* Nymphs oft in their arms
 Attempt to raiſe her, and with powerful charms
 655 Of counſel ſtrive to cure her love-ſick mind,
 Which at her deafned heart no entrance find.
 She, grasping the green ruſhes, ſilent lies,
 And bathes them in the rivers of her eyes.
 The *Naiades* thruſt under theſe a Spring:
 Their bounty could not give a greater thing.
 660 As pitch diſtilleth from the bark's black wound;
 As ſtiff *Bitumen* iſſues from the ground;
 As ſtreams, which froſts in Icy fetters bind,
 Thaw with th' approaching Sun, and Southern wind:
 Even ſo *Phabeian Byblis*, ſpent in tears,
 665 Becomes a living fountain, which yet bears
 Her name; and under a black Holm, that grows
 In thoſe rank vallys, plentifully flows.
 The fame of this ſo wonderful a fate
 Had fill'd *Greece's* hundred Cities; if of late
 The change of *Iphis*, generally known,
 Had not produc'd a wonder of their own.

- 670 For *Phaestus*, near to *Gnosius*, fostered
 One *Lycus*, of un-noted parents bred;
 However free. Nor did his wealth exceed
 His parentage: yet both in word and deed
 Sincere he was, and of a blameless life.
- 675 Who thus bespake his now down-lying Wife:
 Two things I wish: that you your belly lay
 With little pain; and that it prove a boy.
 A daughter is too chargeable, and we
 Too poor to match her. If a girl it be,
- 680 I charge, what I abhor, (O Piety,
 Forgive me) that, as soon as born, it die.
 This having utter'd, the Commanded wept
 And the Commander; tears no measure kept.
 Yet *Teletusa* still, with fruitless pray'r,
 Desires he would not in the Gods despair.
- 685 But he was constant. Now her time was come,
 And the ripe burthen stretcht her heavy womb:
 When *Inachis*, with all her sacred band,
 In dead of night, or stood, or seem'd to stand
 Besides her bed. Her brows a crown adorns,
- 690 With ears of shining corn, and *Cynthia* horns.
 Barking *Anubis*, and *Bubastis* bright,
 Black *Apis* spotted variously with white,
 He whose mouth-sealing finger silence taught,
 Timbrels, *Osiris* never enough sought,
- 695 And foreign Serpents, whose dire touch constrain
 A deadly slumber, consummate her train.
 Then (as if seen awake) the Goddess said:
 My *Teletusa*, be not thus dismaid;
 Reject these cares, thy husband disobey,
 And when *Lucina* shall thy belly lay,
- 700 Foster what e're it be. A Deity
 Auxiliary to Distress am I,
 Ready to help, and easily implor'd:
 Nor shall it grieve thee that thou hast ador'd
 Ungrateful *Isis*. This admonished,
 She leaves the room. When, rising in her bed,
 Her hands to heaven glad *Teletusa* threw;
 And humbly prays her vision may prove true.
- 705 Increasing throes at length a girl disclos'd,
 Both by the father and the world suppos'd
 To be a boy, so closely hid; and known
 But to the mother, and the nurse alone.

He

- He pays his vows, and by his Father's name
 710 It *Iphis* calls. This name rejoic'd the dame,
 To each sex common, now deceiv'd thereby,
 She still with pious fraud conceals her lie.
 A boy it was in show; whose looks assign
 A boy or girl, love would in either shine.
 715 At thirteen years her father her affy'd
 To yellow-trest *Janthie*: she the pride
 Of *Phaistian* virgins for unequal'd fair,
Thelestes daughter, and his only heir.
 Like young they were, like fair, together bred,
 720 Inform'd alike, alike accomplished.
 Love's darts at once their simple bosoms strike;
 Alike their wounds: their hopes, O! far unlike.
 The day th' expect. *Janthie* thought time ran
 Too slow, and takes her *Iphis* for a man.
 725 Poor *Iphis* loves, despairs; despair ejects
 Far fiercer flames: a maid, a maid affects.
 What will become of me, (she weeping said)
 730 Whom new, unknown, prodigious loves invade?
 If painful, the Gods should me have stroy'd:
 Or else have giv'n what might have been enjoy'd.
 No Cow a Cow, no Mare a mare pursues;
 But Harts their gentle Hinds, and Rams their Ewes:
 So Birds together pair. Of all that move,
 735 No female suffers for a female love.
 O would I had no being! Yet, that all
 Abhor'd by Nature might in *Ceres* befall;
Sol's last-incensed daughter lov'd a Bull,
 But male and female they: my love more full
 Of uncouth fury. For she pleas'd her blood;
 740 And stood his error in a Cave of wood.
 She, for her craft, had an adulterer.
 Should all the world their subtle wits confer;
 Should *Dædalus* his waxen wings renew,
 And hither flie, what could his cunning do?
 Can Art convert a Virgin to a Boy?
 735 Or fit *Janthie* for a maiden's joy?
 No, fix thy mind; compose thy fond desires:
 O quench these ill-advis'd and foolish fires.
 Think of thy sex; do not thy self abuse:
 What may be, seek; and love, as females use.
 750 Hope wings desire, hope *Cupid's* flight sustains:
 Thy Sex these hope denies. No watch restrains

- Our dear embrace, no husband's jealousies,
 No rigorous Sires; nor she her self denies:
 Yet not to be enjoy'd. Nor canst thou be
 755 Happy in her, though men and Gods agree.
 Now also all to my desires accord.
 What they can give, the eatie Gods afford.
 What I desire, my father and hers doth please.
 760 But nature crosseth, stronger than all these.
 She, she forbids. That day begins to shine,
 (Long wisht) wherein ~~Jan~~ *Jan* must be mine:
 And yet not mine. Of mortals most accurst!
 I starve at feasts, and in the River thirst.
Juno, and *Hymen*, wherefore are you come?
 We both are Brides; but where is the Bride-groom?
 765 Here ends she. Nor less burns the other Maid;
 Who, *Hymen*, for thy swift appearance pray'd.
 Yet *Teletusa* fears what she affects,
 Protracting time; oft want of health objects;
 Ill-boading dreams and auguries oft feigns.
 But now no colour for excuse remains:
 770 Their nuptial rites, put off with such delay,
 Were to be solemniz'd the following day.
 When she unbinds hers and her daughter's hair;
 And, holding by the Altar, form'd this pray'r;
Isis, who *Paratonium*, *Pharos* Isle,
 775 Smooth *Mareotis*, and seven-chanell'd *Nile*,
 Chear'ft with thy presence, thy poor suppliants hear:
 O help in these extrems, and cure our fear.
 Thee Goddess, thee of old, these ensigns, I
 Have seen, and know; thy lamps, attendancy,
 And sounding Timbrels; and have thee obey'd.
 780 To me impenitè, life to this Maid,
 Thy saving counsel gave: to both renew
 Thy timely pity. Tears her words pursue.
 The Goddess shakes her Altar; when the gate
 Shook on the hinges: horns, that imitate
 The waxing Moon's, through all the Temple flung
 785 A sacred splendour: noiseful Timbrels rung.
 The mother, glad of this successful sign,
 Though not secure, returns from *Isis* shrine.
 Her *Ipshis* follows, with a larger pace
 Than usual; nor had so white a face.
 Her strength augments; her look more bold appears;
 790 Her shortned curls scarce hang beneath her ears.

She's

190 METAMORPHOSIS.

She's far more full of courage, rapt with joy:
 For though of late a Wench, she's now a Boy.
 Gifts to the Temple born, they Jo sing:
 With joy their gifts they to the Temple bring;
 And add a title, in one verse display'd:

- 795 What *Iphis* vow'd a Wench, a Boy he payd.
 The Morning Night dismask with welcome flame;
 VWhen *Junio*, *Venus*, and free *Hymen* came
 To grace their marriage; who, with gifts divine,
Iphis the Boy to his *Lantke* joyn.

OVID'S



OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

THE TENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Fear turns a Man to flint. Lethæas blame
Olenus bears, now Stones, their shapes the same.
Vest Cybele, to Pine her Atys turns.
Sweet Cyparissus in a Cypress mourns.
Enamour'd Jove an Eagles wings displays;
And lovely Ganymede to Heaven conveys.
Slain Hyacinthus sighs in his new Flower.
The cruel Sacrificers by the power
Of Venus turn'd to Bulls. The Prostitute,
To Stones. Pygmalion weds the living fruit
Of his rare Art. Erigone doth shine
In Heaven, converted to the Virgin Sign.
Myrrha, a weeping tree. Hippomenes
And Atalanta, Lions. Cyprides
(Inform'd by Mentha's change) her Paramour
Turns to a fair, but quickly fading, Flower.*

HENCE to the Cicones, through boundless skies,
In Saffron mantle, Hymenæus flies,
By Orpheus call'd; but neither usual words,
Nor chearful looks, nor happy signs affords.
The Torch his hand sustain'd, still sputtering rais'd
A sullen smoke; though shaken, never blaz'd.
Th' event worse than the Omen. As this Bride
Troops with the Nymphs by Hebrus side,

A Ser-

- 10 A Serpent bit her by the heel ; which forc't
 Life from her body, and nuptial ties divorc't.
 Which when the *Thracian* Poet had above
 Enough bewail'd, that his complaints might move
 The Shades below, by *Tenarus* he descends
 To *Stygian* floods ; and his bold steps extends
 15 By airy Ghosts, departed Souls, that found
 A sepulture, through that unpleasant Ground,
 To *Pluto's* Court. When, having tun'd his strings,
 Thus to his harp the God-like Poet sings.
 20 You Powers that sway the World beneath the Earth,
 The last abode of all our human birth ;
 If we the truth without offence may tell ;
 I come not hither to discover Hell,
 Nor bind that scolding Curr, who barking shakes
 About his triple brows *Medusa's* snakes.
 My Wife this journey urg'd. Who, by the tooth
 Of trod-on Viper, perisht in her youth.
 25 I would, and strove t' have born her loss : but LOVE
 Won in that strife, a God well known above ;
 Nor here, perhaps, unknown. If truly Fame
 Report old Rapes, you also felt his flame.
 By these obscure Abodes so full of dread,
 30 By this huge *Chaos*, and deep silence spread
 Through your vast Empire, by these prayers of mine,
Eurydice's too-hasty fate untwine.
 We are all yours : and after a short stay,
 Early or late, we all must run this way.
 Hither we throng, 'tis our last home assign'd ;
 35 Th' eternal habitation of mankind.
 She, when her time by nature shall expire,
 Again is yours : I but her use desire.
 If fate deny me this, my second choice
 Is, here t' abide : in both our deaths rejoyce.
 40 While thus he sung, and struck the quavering strings,
 The bloudless Shadows wept ; no cheating Springs
 Tempt *Tantalus* ; *Ixion's* Wheel stood still ;
 Their Urn the *Belides* no longer fill ;
 The Vulturs feed not *Tyrtius* Liver on ;
 And *Sisyphus* fate listning on his Stone.
 45 The Furies, vanquish't by his verse, were seen
 To weep, that never wept before. Hell's Queen,
 The King of Darkness, yield t' his powerful plea.
 Among the late-come Souls, *Eurydice*

They

They call: she came, yet halting of her wound.
 50 *Orpheus* receives her thus: Till thou the bound
 Of pale *Avernus* pass, if back thou cast
 Thy careful eyes, thou losest what thou hast.
 A steep ascent, dark, thick with fogs, they climb,
 Through everlasting Silence; by this time
 55 Approach the confines of illustrious Light.
 Fearing to lose her, and longing for a sight,
 His eyes th' impatient Lover backward threw:
 When she, back-sliding, presently withdrew.
 He catches at her, in his wits distraught;
 And yielding air for her (unhappy!) caught.
 60 Nor did she, dying again, her spouse reprove:
 For what could she complain of, but his love?
 But takes her last farewell: her parting breath
 Scarce reacht his ears, when she revolves to death.
 Her double loss sad *Orpheus* stupid'd;
 65 With equal terror unto his, who spy'd
 Three-headed *Cerberus*; whom fear alone,
 Oppressing nature, turn'd into a stone.
 Or like *Olemis*, who, to excuse his Wife,
 Accus'd himself, and takt his guiltless life:
 70 With thee, *Lethæa*, whose proud beauty late
 Drew on thy self and him a cursed fate:
 United bodies once; but for thy pride
 Now Marble statues on fount-fruitful *Idæ*.
 He kindly (pressing to return) intreats
 The Ferry-man; who answers him with threats.
 Upon the banks seven days he sat, forlorn
 And comfortless, all sorts of food forborn;
 75 Care, grief of mind, and tears, his only cheer:
 Calling the Gods of *Erebus* severe.
 At length to snowy *Rhodope* he hasts,
 And *Hæmus*, beaten with the northern blasts.
 Now *Titan* thrice had finished his years
 In watry *Pisces*: *Orpheus* still forbears
 80 The love of Women; or through bad success,
 Or former vows. Yet many ne'r the less
 Th' affected Poet seek; none him enjoys:
 He beauty first admir'd in hopeful boys.
 85 A Hill there was, a Plain upon that Hill,
 Which in a flowry mantle flourish'd still;
 Yet wanted shade. Hither this God-born went,
 Sat down, and rought his well tun'd Instrument.

- 90 A shade straight rose. Nor trees of *Chaomy*,
 The Poplar, various Oaks that pierce the sky,
 Soft Linden, smooth-rin'd Beech, unmarried Bayes,
 The brittle Hazel, Ash, whose spears we praise,
 Unknotty Firr, the solace shading Planes,
 95 Rough Chestnuts, Maple fleck with different granes,
 Stream-bordering Willow, Lotus loving Lakes,
 Tough Box, whom never sappy spring forsakes,
 The slender Tamarisk, with trees that bear
 A purple fig, nor Myrtles absent were:
 The wanton Ivy wreath'd in amorous twines,
 100 Vines bearing grapes, and Elms supporting Vines,
 Straight Service trees dropping Pitch, fruit red
Athanas; these the rest accompan'd.
 With limber Palms, of Victory the prize:
 And upright Pine, whose leaves like bristles rise:
 Priz'd by the Mother of the Gods: for she
 105 Her lust-stain'd *Atys* turn'd into that tree.
 The spire-like Cypress in this throng appears,
 Of late a Boy: lov'd by that God who bears
 The silver bow, and strikes the quavering strings.
 Sacred to Nymphs that haunt *Carthain Springs*
 110 A Stag there was; whose horns on high display'd
 With spreading palms, afford his head a shade.
 His antlers shone with gold; a carquois
 His neck imbrac't with sparkling Diamonds set.
 A silver bell upon his forehead hung
 115 By silken strings, which every motion rung.
 Round pearl, of equal size, from either ear
 Hung on his cheeks: who, void of native fear,
 Frequented houses: and well pleas'd, would stand
 The gentle strokings of a strangers hand.
 This, *Cyparissus*, was thy only joy.
 120 (Of all that *Cea* bred, the fairest boy)
 By thee full oft, to change of Pasture led:
 To purling streams that part the ranker mead.
 With various flowers now wouldst thou trick his horn
 Now on his back (who no such burthen scorns)
 About the spacious fields in pleasure ride;
 125 And with a purple rein the willing guide.
 'Twas Summer, and high noon: Dares burning eye
 Made *Cancers* crooked claws with fervour fry.
 Upon the ground the panting Hart was laid,
 Cool air receiving from the spreading shade.

- 130 Whom silly *Gyparissus* wounds by chance :
 And seeing life pursue his tugg'd out lance,
 Resolves to die. What did not *Phæbus* say,
 That might a grief so slightly caus'd allay ?
 He answers him in sighs : this last good-turn
- 135 Implores ; That he might never cease to mourn.
 His blood now shed in tears, a greenish hew
 His body dims : the locks that dangling grew
 Upon his ivory forehead, bristling rise
- 140 And pointing upward, seem to threaten the skies.
 When *Phæbus*, sighing : I for thee will mourn :
 Mourn thou for others : *Hæres* still adorn.
 Such trees attracting ; and inviron'd round
 With birds and beasts, upon the rising ground
 The Poet sits : who, having tun'd his strings
- 145 Though dissonant, yet musical, thus sings.
 From *Jove*, O Muse, my Mother, draw my verse ;
 All bow to *Jove* : *Jove's* power we oft rehearse.
 150 And late of Giants sung, in lofty strains,
 Foil'd by his thunder on *Phlegæan* plains.
 Now, in a lower tune, to lovely boys
 Belov'd of Gods, turn we our softer laies :
 And Women well deserving punishment,
 On interdicted lust, with fury bent.
- 155 Heavens King, young *Ganymed* inflames with love :
 There was what *Jove* would rather be than *Jove* :
 Yet daigns no other shape than hers that bears
 His awful lightning in her golden fears.
 Who forthwith stooping with deceitful wings,
- 160 Truss'd up *Iliades* by *Ida's* springs.
 Who now for *Jove* (though jealous *Juno* scouls)
 Delicious Nectar fills in flowing bowls.
 And *Amyclides*, thee in azure skies
 Had *Phæbus* fixt ; if cruel Destinies
 Had not prevented : yet in some sort made
 Eternal. For, as oft as Springs invade
- 165 Sharp Winters, and to *Aries Pisces* yields :
 So oft renew'd, thy Flower adorns the fields.
 My fathers love to thee did mans excel,
 Their president the *Delphians* miss, who dwell
 On round Earths navel : while the God of Beams,
 Haunts wall-less *Sparta*, and *Eurotas* streams.
- 170 Now, neither for his Harp, nor quiver, cares :
 Himself debasing, beares the corded cares :

- Or leads the Dogs; or clambers Mountains, led
 By Lordly Love, and flames by custom fed.
 Now *Titan* bore his equal distant Light,
 175 Between forerunning and ensuing night:
 When lightned of their garments, either shone
 With suppling oyl; in strife to throw the stone.
 This swinging through the air first *Phæbus* threw:
 The obvious clouds dispersing as it flew;
 180 On solid earth, though flying long, at length
 Descends; and shews his art-inabling strength.
 Th' imprudent Boy attempts with fatal haste
 To take it up; when Earth, by boundings, cast
 The stone, O *Hyacinthus*, at thy head.
 185 The Boy lookt pale; so lookt the God, who bled
 Even in his bleeding. Raised from the ground;
 He sought t' assuage, and dry the bitter wound.
 And would with herbs his flying soul have staid:
 That wound was cureless; art affords no aid.
 190 As Violets, or Lillies loving streams,
 Or Poppy, bruised in their yellow stems,
 Wither forthwith, and hang their heavy heads,
 Nor raise themselves, but bow to their first beds:
 So hung his dying looks; so overway'd,
 His limber neck upon his shoulder laid.
 195 Sweet flower, said *Phæbus*, blasted in the prime
 Of thy fair youth: thy wound presents my crime.
 Thou art my grief and shame. This hand thy breath
 Hath crush'd to air: I, author of thy death,
 200 Yet what my fault? unless t' have play'd with thee,
 Or lov'd thee, (O too well!) offences be.
 I would, sweet Boy, that I for thee might dye!
 Or dye with thee! but since the fates deny
 So dear a wish; thou shalt with me abide:
 And ever in my memory reside.
 205 Our Harp, and Verse, thy praises shall resound:
 And in thy Flower my sorrow shall be found.
 A valiant Hero shall, in time, to it
 Another add; and in the same be writ.
 While thus *Apollo* truly prophesy'd:
 Behold the blood which late the grass had dy'd,
 210 Was now no blood: from whence a flower full blown
 Far brighter than the *Tyrian* scarlet shone:
 Which seem'd the same, or did resemble right
 A Lilly: changing but the red to white.

- Nor so contented; (for the youth receiv'd
That grace from *Phæbus*) in the flower he weav'd
215 The sad impression of his sighs, which bears
Ai! Ai! display'd in funeral Characters.
Nor shame to *Sparta Hyacinth* procures;
Whose adoration to this day endures:
For now, as then, they yearly celebrate
The *Hyacinthian* Feast in solemn State.
220 Perhaps if *Amathus* you ask, (whose earth
Abounds with metals) if she like the birth
Of her *Protopides*; she would reply:
As well as theirs, for their impiety,
In former time, with monstrous horns defam'd:
Whereof they fitly were *Gerasia* nam'd.
Before their doors the tragick Altar stood
Of *Jove* the Hospitable; stain'd with blood
225 Of stranger guests. Who had this shambles seen,
Would think that blood the blood of Calves had been.
A Guest new sacrific'd; fair *Cyprides*
Offended with such cruel Rites as these,
Her towns and *Ophiussa's* fields prepares
230 T'abandon. Yet, said she, what guilt of theirs
In me so great a detestation breeds?
Rather with death reward such bloody deeds;
Or exile: if from these extrems they scape,
What middle course, but to transform their shape?
235 When musing to what form, she cast her look
Upon the horned Herd; who from them took
A resolution so to arm their skulls:
And turns their mighty limbs to monstrous Bulls.
Yet durst th' obscene *Protopides* deny,
O Venus, thy all-ruling Deity.
240 The first that ever gave themselves for hire
To prostitution; urged by thy ire,
Their looks emboldned, modesty now gone,
Convert at length to little-differing Stone.
Pygmalion seeing these to spend their times
So beast-like; frighted with the many crimes
245 That rule in Women; chose a single life:
And long forbore the pleasure of a Wife.
Meanwhile, in Ivory with happy art
A Statue carves, so graceful in each part,
As Woman never equall'd it: and stands
Affected to the fabrick of his hands.

- 250 It seem'd a virgin, full of living flame;
 That would have mov'd, if not with-held by shame.
 Such Art his art conceal'd, which he admires:
 And from it draws imaginary fires:
 Then often feels it with his hands, to try
- 255 If 'twere a body, or cold Ivory.
 Nor could resolve. VVho kissing, thought it kist:
 Oft courts, imbraces, wrings it by the wrist;
 The flesh impressing (his conceit was such)
 And fears to hurt it with too rude a touch.
 Now flatters her; now sparkling stones presents,
- 260 And Orient pearl (loves witching instruments)
 Soft-singing birds, each several-colour'd flower,
 Firft, Lillies, painted balls, and tears that pour
 From weeping trees. Rich Robes, her person deck;
 Her fingers, rings; reflecting gems, her neck;
 265 Pendants, her ears; a glittering zone, her breast.
 In all shew'd well; but shew'd when naked, best.
 Now lays he her upon a gorgeous bed:
 VVith carpets of *Sidonian* purple spread.
 Now calls her Wife. Her head a pillow prest
 Of plummy down, as if with sense possess.
- 270 Now came the day of *Venus* Festival:
 Through wealthy *Cyprus* solemniz'd by all.
 White heifers, deckt with golden horns, by strokes
 Of axes fall; ascending incense smokes.
 He, with his gift before the Altar stands;
 You Gods, if all we crave be in your hands,
 275 Give me the Wife I wish: one like, he said,
 But durst not say, give me my ivory Maid.
 The golden *Venus*, present at her feast,
 Conceives his wish; and friendly siges express.
 The fire thrice blazing, thrice in flames aspires.
 To his admir'd Image he retires:
- 280 Lies down besides her, rais'd her with his arm;
 Then kiss'd her tempting lips, and found them warm.
 That lesson oft repeats; her bosom oft
 VVith amorous touches feels, and felt it soft.
 The ivory dimpled with his fingers, lacks
 Accustom'd hardness: as *Hymettia* VVax
 285 Relents with heat, which chafing thumbs reduce
 To pliant forms, by handling fram'd for use.
 Amaz'd with doubtful joys, and hope that reels;
 Again the Lover, what he wishes, feels.

- The veins beneath his thumbs impression bear:
 A perfect Virgin full of juice and heat.
 290 The Cyprian Prince with joy-expressing words,
 The pleasure-giving *Venus* thanks affords.
 His lips to her he joyns, which seems to melt:
 The blushing Virgin now his kisses felt;
 And fearfully erecting her fair eyes,
 Together with the light, her Lover spies.
 295 *Venus* the marriage blest which she had made:
 And when nine Crescents had at full display'd
 Their joyning horns, repleat with borrowed flame,
 She *Paphus* bore: who gave that Isle a name.
 He *Cinyras* begot: who might be styl'd
 Of men most happy, if without a child:
 300 I sing of horror! Daughters, far, O far
 From hence remove! and you, who fathers are!
 Or if my winning verse your minds allure:
 Let them no credit in this part procure.
 Or if you will believe the same for true:
 Believe withal the judgments that ensue.
 305 If nature could permit so foul a Crime:
 Enjoy for you, *Ismarians*; for this Clime;
 This World of ours; so distant from that earth,
 That gave to such a cursed Monster birth.
 In Costus, Cinnamon, and Amomum;
 Rich let *Panchasia* be: let precious Gum
 Sweat from her trees; affected flowers bring forth;
 310 So't *Myrrha* bear. No new tree of that worth.
Cupid denies t' have us'd his darts therein:
 And vindicates his flames from such a sin.
Alecto, with swoln snakes, and *Stygian* fire
 That fury rais'd. 'Tis sin to hare thy Sire:
 315 This love, a greater. Princes their abodes
 Leave all in parts; and for thee fall at odds:
 Of all, O *Myrrha*, make thy choice of one:
 So one of all be in that number none.
 She knew't: and striving, to her self thus spake:
 320 Ah whither rapt! what is't I undertake!
 O Gods: O piety! divine respect
 Of Parents guard me: and this Sin eject:
 If so a sin it be. No piety
 Condemns such *Venus*; Nature's common tie.
 325 Horses their fillies back, fires Heifers bear;
 Goats kids beget on those whose kids they were;

- Birds of that seed conceive, whereof but late
 Conceive'd themselves: nor they degenerate.
 Happy in this are those! but human care
 330 Hath fram'd malignant laws: and we who are
 By nature free, malicious customs bind.
 There is a Nation to their blood more kind;
 VVhere sons their spothers, fathers daughters wed;
 Affection doubled by their birth and bed.
 Wo's me, that there I was not born! the place
 Makes this a crime. What thoughts are these! hence bafe,
 335 Hence wicked hopes. Though he all-worthy be:
 Yet, as a father, must be lov'd by thee.
 VVere I not daughter to great *Cyniras*;
 All I conceive in my desires might pass,
 Now, in that mine, not mine: proximity
 Disjoyns us; nearer, were we not so nigh.
 340 Hence would I fly by unreturning ways
 To shun this sin: dire Love my journey stays;
 To feast my hungry eyes with his dear sight,
 Talk, touch and kiss; or more, if more I might.
 O wicked Virgin, canst thou more propound?
 345 Know'st thou what laws and names thy lusts confound.
 Thy Father's VVhore! a Rival to thy Mother!
 Thy own Son's Sister! Mother to thy Brother!
 Nor fear'st the *Furies* with their hissing hair,
 VVho on the faces of the guilty stare,
 350 VVith dreadful Torches! From thy soul exile
 This mischief, e're it actually defile.
 Nor with thy horrid lust infringe the law
 Of powerful Nature: but in time withdraw.
 VVould I, he would not: too too well inclin'd.
 355 O that like fury would inflame his mind!
 Thus she. But *Cyniras*, prest with the store
 Of worthy sisters who his voice implore;
 In his own choice irresolute, demands
 (Their names rehearsing) how her fancy stands.
 She, thoughtful silent, gazing on his face,
 360 Flusht with inbosom'd flames, and wept apace.
 He, taking this for maiden fear; Desist
 From weeping, said: then dry'd her cheeks, and kiss.
 This too much pleas'd her. Once more ask'd, who
 She best could like: reply'd, One, like to you,
 365 Be still, said he, so pious. At that name
 She hung the head, as conscious of her blame.

- 'Twas now the mid of night: when Sleep bestows
 On men, and on their cares, a sweet repose.
 But *Myrrha* watches, rapt with raging fires;
 370 Retracting her implacable desires
 Despairs, hopes; will not, will; now shames, again
 Desires; nor knows what course to take. As when
 A mighty Oak (now almost fell'd) his fall
 On each side threatens; and is fear'd on all:
 375 Even so her mind, impair'd with various wounds,
 VVaves to and fro; and changes still propounds.
 No mean, no cure, was left for love but death.
 Death pleas'd. Resolv'd to choak her hated breath
 Up-starting, to a beam her girdle ties.
 380 Dear *Cinyras*, farewell, (she softly cries)
 And of my ruin understand the cause:
 That said, the noose about her neck she draws.
 Her wakeful Nurses faithful ears, they say,
 A whispering heard, who in the Lobby lay;
 Straight rose; unlockt the doors; the instrument
 385 Of death beholding, screecht: together rent
 Her hair and bosome: and, with trembling haste,
 The girdle from her pallid neck displac't.
 Now had she time to weep, t' embrace her Care:
 And ask the cause of such accurs'd despair.
 She, silent, fixes on the earth her eyes:
 390 And grieves at death's prevented enterprize.
 Baring her hoary hairs and empty breast,
 The Nurse, by her first food, and cradle, prest
 Her griefs disclosure. *Myrrha* turns aside,
 And sighs. The Nurse wou'd not be so deny'd.
 395 Nor only promis'd secrecy, but said,
 Tell me, my child, and entertain my aid:
 My old-age is not fruitless: charms have we,
 And powerful med'cines, if it sury be:
 If witchcraft, magick shall thy torments ease:
 If wrath of Gods, the Gods we will appease
 400 With sacrifice. VVhat can be else surmis'd,
 Thy fortunes by incursions unsurpris'd;
 Thy mother, and thy father, well; that name
 Drew from her soul a sigh, that scorchy like flame:
 Nor in the Nurse did this suspicion move
 Of such a Crime: and yet she saw 'twas Love.
 405 Importunate to know what least she fears,
 Laid in her lap now watred with her tears.

Sh' infolds her in her feeble arms, and said;
 I know thou lov'st: wherein (nor be afraid)
 Thou maist on my sedulity rely:
 Nor shall thy father ever this descry.

410 At that, in fury from her lap she sprung;
 Then on the bed her prostrate body flung:
 Muffling her guilty looks: Be gone, she said,
 And spare the blushes of a wretched Maid.
 Still urg'd: Be gone, repli'd; or else forbear
 To inquire of that which is a sin to hear.

The Nurse lost in a maze: her hands with years
 415 And terror trembling (kneeling to her) rears:
 Now speaks her fair, now threatens to disclose
 (Unless she made her privy to her woes)
 Her purpos'd violence: and vowes to prove
 Both secret, and a sistant to her love.

At that, her head she rais'd; her Nurses brest
 420 With weeping bathes: oft strove to have confest;
 As oft with-held: at length she hid her head;
 And said, O Mother, happy in thy bed!
 There ends: then groans. The Nurse cold horror shook;

Now too much knowing: with a ghastly look,
 425 Her hoary hair star'd on her head: Who said,
 What not, that might so foul a lust disswade.
 The Virgin could not such a truth deny:
 But stands resolv'd, or to possess or die.

Love, said she, and possess (there stopt, as loth
 430 To say; thy Sire) and bound it with an oath.
 Now Matrons celebrate the yearly Feast
 Of *Ceres*; whom long linen stoles invest:
 And offer garlands of their first ripe corn;
 Forbidden *Venus* for nine nights forborn,

435 And touch of man. In sporles ornaments,
 With these, the Queen her secret Rites frequents,
 Lying alone the lewdly diligent
 Both *Cinyras*, o're-charged with Wine, present
 With proffer of true love, though falsely maskt:

440 And prais'd her beauty. Of what age being askt?
 Of equal age with *Myrrha*, she replies.
 When bid to bring her: home in hast she highs;
 Rejoyce, said she, I bring the victory.
 Th' unhappy Virgin felt but little joy;
 Such ill success her troubled Soul divin'd;

445 And yet she joy'd: such discord rackt her mind.

Now

- Now silence over all the world did reign :
 And slow *Bootes* had declin'd his Wain.
 (To sin address) from heaven bright *Cynthia* flies ;
 Stars shroud their heads in clouds : Night lost her eyes.
- 450 *Erigone*, *Icarus*, first remove :
 She plac'd in Heaven for her paternal love.
 Thrice stumbled she ; the funeral Owl thrice rent
 The air with ominous shrieks : yet on she went :
 By pitchy night, of modesty bereft,
- 455 Her Nuries right hand holding with her left,
 And groping with the other hand, explores
 Her blind access. Now came she to the doors
 Of that dire chamber ; now the way to sin
 She boldly opens ; and now enters in.
 Yet bloud and courage her at once forsook ;
 Her knees, unknitting, one another strook ;
- 460 The nearness to her crime removes desire :
 Who now repents, and would unknown retire.
 Protracting, by the hand the Nurse her led ;
 And, having rendred her unto his bed :
 Here *Cinyras*, said she, receive thine own,
 And joins their cursed bosoms. He unknown,
- 465 His bowels to his bed assumes : and cheers
 With comfortable words her maiden fears :
 By chance he call'd her daughter, (being old)
 And she him father : that their names might hold.
 Now his incestuous bed his daughter leaves,
 With wicked seed her cursed womb conceives :
- 470 Who bears about the burthen of her shame :
 Next night, and next, and next, re-acts the same.
 When *Cinyras* who longs to see his Lover,
 So oft imbrac't ; did with a light discover
 His sin, and daughter. Sorrow not a word
 Could utter : he unsheaths his shining sword.
- 475 She swiftly flies : whom nights black shelter shields
 From threatening death ; and strays through spacious
 Palm-clad *Arabia*, and *Panchæa* past ; (fields.
 Now having wandred by nine Moons, at last
- 480 Rest to her weary limbs *Sabea* gave.
 Charg'd with her womb ; not knowing what to crave ;
 Between the hate of life, and fear of death,
 These thoughts she utters with her fainting breath.
 You Powers ! If Penitency pierce your ear ;
 I have deserved, nor refuse to hear,

Your

- 485 Your just inflictions: yet lest I prophane
 Or those who live, or who in death remain,
 O banish me from either Monarchy,
 That, chang'd by you, I may nor live, nor dye.
 Confession some coelestial pity found,
 Those wishes had their Gods. Even then the ground
 490 Cover'd her legs: a downward spreading root
 Barst from her toes; whose ever-fixing foot
 Sustain'd the lengthful bole. Bones turn to wood,
 To pith her marrow, into sap her blood:
 Her arms great branches grow, her fingers spine
 To little twigs; her skin converts to rind.
 495 Now her big womb the rising tree posselt,
 Her bosom folds, and now her neck oppress'd:
 When she, delay ill brooking, downward shrunk
 And vales her visage in the closing trunk.
 Though sense, with shape, she lost; still weeping, she
 500 Sheds bitter tears, which trickle from her tree:
 Tears of high honour; these their Mistress name
 As yet preserve, and still shall bear the fame.
 This ill-got Infant, now at perfect growth
 Within the tree, endeavours to get forth.
 505 The strict embracing bark her belly wrung,
 With torment stretcht: nor had that grief a tongue:
 Nor could she call *Lucina* to her throws:
 And yet the tree like one in labour shows;
 Bows down with pains, and groans, and weeps a flood.
 510 *Lucina* by her trembling branches stood;
 Her hand impos'd, and uttered powerful words.
 The yawning tree the crying Babe affords
 A passage; whom those Nymphs receive with joy.
 And in his mothers tears anoint the Boy.
 515 Nor e'vy could but praise his beauty: so
 The naked *Cupids*, lively painted, show.
 But, lest their habit some distinction make,
 A quiver give, or his from *Cupid* take.
 Time glides away with undiscovered haste,
 520 And mocks our hopes: no wings can fly so fast.
 He, whom his sister bore, his Grandfires son,
 Late trees-inclos'd, who lately life begun,
 But now a most sweet Infant, now as rare
 A Boy, now Man, now than himself more fair,
 And now on *Venus* for his mothers fires
 Revenge inflicts: who dotingly admires,

- 525 For kist by quiver-bearing *Love*, his dart
By fortune raz'd her tender breast; with smart
Incens'd, she thrust him from her, nor then found
The wounds deceitful death, yet deep the wound.
Not now *Cythera* could the Lover please;
- 530 Nor *Paphos*, grasp'd with resulting Seas.
High *Cnidos*, *Amathus*, renown'd for brass,
Nor heaven frequents; her heaven *Adonis* was.
Him woos, accompanies, besides him lies
In grateful shades, and strives to please his eyes.
Now like *Diana* she her self attires; (Briers:
- 535 And trips o're Hills and Rocks, through Brakes and
Hollows the Hound; pursuing beasts of chase,
Bucks, high-horn'd Harts, and Harts who fly apace;
- 540 But rapt'ful Wolves, rough Bears, fell Boars elchews;
And Lions, whom the blood of Beeves imbrues.
And thee, *Adonis*, her misdoubts disswade
From such encounters; had they been obey'd.
Who she, said she, be bold in following those:
Valour unsafely copes with valiant foes.
- 545 Sweet Boy! subject not me to fortunes stroke,
Nor cruel beasts by nature arm'd provoke,
For fear such glory but too costly prove.
Thy youth and beauty, though they *Venus* move.
Nor bristled Swine, nor shaggy Lion touch:
Pity ne'r pier'd the eyes nor hearts of such.
- 550 Boars, in their crooked tusks lightning have:
And Lions with impetuous fury rave.
I hate them. Asked, why? We will relate
Old crimes, said she, and wonder-striking fate.
But now unusual toil my strength invades:
- 555 And lo, yon' Poplar courts me with her shades,
The grass affords a bed: There let us rest.
When, lying down, the grass and him she prest.
Her head now in her Lovers bosom laid:
Thus (words with kisses intermixing) said:
- 560 Perhaps you of a Maid have heard, who won
The Prize in running from the swiftest Man.
'Tis true, She won indeed: nor could you tell
Whether her speed or beauty did excel.
Enquiring of an husband, this reply
- 565 *Apollo* gave. The use of husband she,
O *Atalant*: yet thou shalt vainly strive
Against thy fate, and lose thy self alive.

Frighted

- Frighted herewith in shady woods she lives :
 And troops of pressing Sutors from her drives
 With this reply : Except out-run I be,
 570 I am a Wife for no man ; Run with me.
 My bed and I, are both the winners meed :
 The tardy dies. Upon this law proceed.
 She, cruel : yet so powerful was her look,
 That many a youth the peril undertook.
 575 *Hippomenes* beheld this tragick strife.
 Will any through such danger seek a Wife?
 (Said he) and taxt their follies that pursu'd.
 But when her face and naked form he view'd :
 Such as is mine ; or thine, wert thou a Maid :
 580 Amaz'd ! with hands up-heav'd, Forgive (he said)
 O you whom late I blam'd ! not then I knew
 The prizes worth. Love still by praising grew :
 Who wishes now that none might run so fast :
 Envy and fears : Why linger I, nor haste
 585 (Said he) to try my fortune? Gods still aid
 Th' adventurous. VVhile this in thought he said ;
 The Virgin with a winged pace past by ;
 Though seeming to th' *Aonian* Youth to fly
 As swift as *Scythian* shafts ; her form he more
 590 Admires ; by motion lovelier than before.
 The wind reverberates her ancles wings,
 And whisks her ham-bound buskins purple strings,
 Tossing her hair, on Ivory shoulders spread.
 Her pure white body so receives the red,
 595 As when carnation curtains are displaid
 On pure white walls, and die them with their shade.
 VVhile this the stranger view'd, the race was run ;
 And *Atalanta's* brows the Garland won.
 The vanquisht sigh ; and pay their forfeiture.
 600 Nor could so sad success his fear procure :
 VVho rose ; and fixing on the Maid his eyes ;
 VVhy seek you praise by easie victories ?
 Contend with us : if we obtain the Bays,
 Our victory will not eclipse your praise.
 605 *Megaraeus* me begot, *Onchestius* bloud ;
 He *Neptunes*, Ruler of the sacred flood :
 Nor we degenerate. My foil your name
 VVill honour ; and immortalize your fame.
 This while, a well-pleas'd eye she on him threw :
 610 Nor knows her wish ; to lose, or to subdue

VVhat.

- What God, a Foe to beauty, would destroy
 This Youth, said she, who seeks my bed t' enjoy
 With his lifes forfeiture? If I may be
 The Judge, there is not so much worth in me.
 Nor is't this beauty moves, though it might move,
 615 But that a Boy. We pity, and not love.
 Besides, his courage, and contempt of death!
 Who from great *Neptunes* son derives his birth!
 And then, his love; content to part with life,
 If harder fate deny me for his Wife!
 620 Be gone, O stranger; shun my bloody bed,
 While yet thou mai'st: this match will lose thy head.
 No Virgin is there who would not be thine:
 And such would seek, whose lustres darken mine.
 Yet why regard I him, so many slain?
 Look to thy self, or perish, since in vain
 Admonisht by such numbers, whom this strife
 625 Hath sent to death, Th' art weary of thy life.
 And must he die, because he'd live with me?
 Must death, adventurous love, thy wages be?
 This murder will our victory defame
 And purchase hate; yet am not I in blame.
 O would thou wouldst desist, and danger shun!
 630 Or since so mad, would thou couldst faster run!
 How Boy and Virgin glory in his face!
 O poor *Hippomenes*! O would this place
 Th' hadst never seen! thou well deserv'st to live.
 Were I more happy, and hard fate would give
 Me leave to marry; thou art He alone,
 635 To whom my bed, and beauties should be known.
 Thus she, who raw, and pierc'd with loves first touch,
 Errs in her thoughts; and loves; nor knew so much.
 Now King and People call upon the Race;
 When *Neptune's* Issue thus implor'd thy grace.
 640 O *Venus*, favour my attempts, he said,
 And those affections, which you gave me, aid!
 This friendly winds convey'd unto my ear:
 I pity, and no longer help forbear.
 A field there is, so fertile none, through all
 645 Rich *Cyprus*; which they *Damascenus* call.
 Antiquity this to my honour vow'd;
 And therewithal my Temples had indow'd.
 A Tree there flourish on that pregnant mold,
 Whose glittering leaves, and branches, shone with gold;
 There

- Three golden Apples, gathered from that tree,
 650 By chance I brought: and, so as none could see,
 Himself excepted, to *Hippomenes*,
 Together with their use, deliver'd these.
 The trumpets sound. Both from the Barrier start,
 Whose nimble steps scarce touch earth's upper-part.
 Their feet unwet, the sea might well have born:
 655 Or unsuppressed stalks of standing corn.
 Favour and Clamour, joining in remorse,
 The youth thus hearten: now thy speed enforce,
 Make hast, *Hippomenes*, delay decline,
 Collect thy powers: the victory is thine.
 'Tis doubtful whether, what the people said,
 660 More joy'd the Heros or *Schænean* Maid.
 How often lagg'd she, when she might o're-go;
 And gazing on him, sigh'd t' out-strip him so!
 Short breath from panting bosoms scorching flew,
 665 The Gaol far off: when *Neptune's* Nephew threw
 One Apple of the three: the Maid admires;
 And greedy of the shining fruit, retires
 To catch the rolling gold: the Youth past by,
 And all the field resounded shouts of joy.
 This hindrance she repairs with winged hast:
 670 Again *Hippomenes* behind her cast;
 The second fruit, thrown farther than before,
 Declin'd her steps, yet him out-strips once more:
 The Race now near an end, he said, O save!
 Great Goddess, give success to what you gave!
 675 And threw the shining gold another way
 With all his vigour, to prolong her stay.
 When I compell'd her, doubtful what to do,
 To take it up, and added weight thereto,
 With-held, both by diverting her pursuit,
 And with the burthen of that ponderous fruit.
 But lest my words the race in length exceed:
 680 She was out-run, and he receiv'd his Meed.
 Deserv'd not I both thanks and frankincense,
 Think you, *Laonir*, for his lifes defence?
 He neither gave. Provok'd with sudden rage
 At this contempt, and lest the future age
 By such examples should my God-head slight,
 685 Against them both I due revenge excite.
 The Fane, erected by *Echion's* vow
 Up to the Mother of the Gods, they now

Had past, obscur'd by dark and secret shades :
When their long journey them to rest perswades.

690 *Hippomenes*, incens'd by ny fires ;
Here lusteth with unfeas'nable desires.
A gloomy grot, much like unto a Cave,
Stood near this Fane ; to which light pumice gave
A natural cover, by devotion grac'd ;
Within this Cell the reverend Priest had plac'd
The wooden Images of ancient Gods :

695 This entring ; he pollutes their chaste abodes.
The Statues wry their looks. The Mother, crown'd
With Towers, had struck them to the *Stygian* sound :
But that she thought that punishment too small.
When yellow mains on their smooth shoulders fall ;
Their arms to legs ; their fingers turn to nails ;
700 Their breasts of wondrous strength : their rusted tails
Whisk up the dust ; their looks are full of dread :
For speech, they roar : the woods become their bed.
These Lions, fear'd by others, *Cybel* checks
With curbing bits ; and yokes their stubborn necks.
705 These, O my Dear, and all such kinds of beasts
As will not turn their backs, but bend their breasts
T' encounter with the rash Assailant, then :
Lest by thy courage We be both undone.

This said : thence flew she, rais'd by yoked Swans.
But Valour such admonishments with-stands.

710 By chance the dogs, pursuing long before
His scented footings, had dislodged a Boar.
Whom, rushing from his covert, the bold Youth
Obliquely wounds. The Boar with crooked tooth
Writhes out the javelins with his blood imbru'd.
Who now his safety-seeking Foe pursu'd ;
715 Sheathing his tusches in his groin : and threw
To earth the dying Boy. The Swans that drew
Idalia's weightless chariot through the air,
Yet reacht not *Cyprus* : when the heavenly Fair
Thence heard his dying groans ; and wheeling round,
720 Her silver birds directs to that sad sound :
But when she saw him weltring in his Gore ;
Down jumping from the skies, at once she tore
Her hair and bosom : then her breast invades
With bitter blows ; and Destiny upbraids.
Not all, said she, is subject to your waft :

725 Our sorrows monument shall ever last.

Sweet

210 METAMORPHOSIS,

Sweet Boy! thy deaths sad image, every year
Shall in our solemniz'd complaints appear.

But be thy bloud a Flower. Had *Proserpine*

730 The power to change a Nymph to Mint? is mine
Inferiour? or will any envy me

For such a change? This having utter'd, she

Pour'd Nectar on it, of a fragrant smell,

Sprinkled therewith; the bloud began to swell;

Like shining bubbles, which from drops ascend.

And e're an hour was fully at an end,

735 From thence a Flower, alike in colour, rose:

Such as those trees produce, whose fruits inclose

Within the limber rind their purple grains,

And yet their beauty but a while remains;

For those light-hanging leaves infirmly plac'd,

The winds that blow on all things, quickly blast.

OVID'S



OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

THE TENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*A Serpent chang'd to Stone. Rough barks infold
The cruel Bacchanals. To starv'ing Gold
All turns at Midas touch: His body larvæ
In clear Pactolus, whose enriched waves
Wash off his gold and gilt; and Asses ears
His folly shame: the whisper'd Secret bears
Like sounding Reeds. Apollo, and the Guide
Of sacred Seas, in human shapes reside.
Forc'd Thetis varies forms. Dædalion
T' a Falcon turn'd. A Wolf congeal'd to Stone.
Morpheus to mortals, Phobctor to Brutes,
And Phantasus to shapes inanimate sutes.
Transform'd Halcyone and Cyx fly.
So Ætacus, who vainly strives to die.*

THUS while the *Thracian* Poet with his songs.
Beasts, Trees, and Stones, attracts in following
Behold, *Ciconian* Dames (their furious breasts (throngs :
Clad with the spotted skins of salvage beasts)
The sacred Singer from an bill esp'y'd,
As he his ditty to his Harp apply'd;
Of these, one cry'd, and toss'd her staring hair;
Lo he who hates our Sex! then threw her spear
At his melodious mouth; which Ivy bound,
Kist his affected lips without a wound.

An other

- 10 Another hurls a stone; this, as it flew,
His voice and Harps according tunes subdue:
Which self-accus'd for such a rude assay,
Before his feet, as in submission lay:
Rash violence, the mean exil'd, increast:
And mad *Erymis* reign'd in every breast.
- 15 His songs had all their weapons charm'd, if noise
Of *Berecynthian* strains, clapt hands, loud cries,
Drums, howling *Bacchanals*, with frantick sound
Had not his all-appealing musick drown'd.
The stones then blush with silenc'd *Orpheus* blond.
- 20 But first on ravish'd beasts that listning stood,
On Fowl, and Serpents, they their spite infer;
And raze the glory of his Theater.
Then all with cruell hands about him fly:
And flock like birds, when they by day espy.
- 25 The bird of Night: And as a Stag at bay,
In th' Amphitheater now made a prey.
To eager frowns: so they together flung
Their leavy spears, not fram'd for such a wrong;
Some clods, some arms of trees, some stones let fly,
- 30 And lest wild Rage should weapons want, hard by,
By chance slow Oxen drew the furrowing ploughs;
And Swains, providing food with sweating brows,
Digg'd with their brawny arms: who fear-inclin'd,
35 Before them fled, and left their tools behind.
- Their Mattocks, Rakes, and Spades disperfed lay,
About the empty fields: these snatcht away.
(The ploughs from threatning Oxen torn) their hate
Hurries them back unto the Poets fate.
Him, holding up his hands, who then in vain
- 40 First spent his breath, nor pry could obtain,
That Rout of sacrilegious Furies slew!
Even through that mouth, (O *Jupiter*) which drew
From stones attention, which affection bred:
In Salvage beasts, his forced spirits fled.
- : Sad birds, wild herds, hard flints, and woods, of late
- 45 Led by thy verse, then wept: at thy sad fate
Trees shed their leaves; streams with their tears in-
The *Naiades* and *Dryades* invest (creast
Themselves in sullen sable, and display
Their scattered hair. Thy limbs disperfed lay.
- 50 His head and harp they into *Hebrus* flung,
The harp sounds something sadly; the dead tongue

- Sighs out sad ditties : the banks sympathize
 (That bound the River) in their sad replies.
 Now them to Sea their native current bore ;
 55 Both cast upon *Methymian Lesbos* shoar.
 A Dragon on the foreign land prepares
 To seize his head, and lick his dropping hairs.
 When gaping to devour the Hymnists face,
Phæbus descends; and in that very space,
 60 Into a stone converts him by his power,
 With jaws extended ready to devour.
 His Ghost retires to under-shades : once more
 He sees, and knows, what he had seen before.
 Then through th' *Elysian* fields among the blest
 Seeks his *Euridice*. Now re-posiest
 With strict imbraces, guided by one mind,
 65 They walk together : oft he comes behind,
 Oft goes before : now *Orpheus* safely may
 His following *Euridice* survey.
 Yet *Bacchus* renders vengeance for their hate.
 Who vexed at his Prophets cruel fate,
 70 Fixt all th' *Edonian* Dames that then were by
 With spreading roots ; and who more eagerly
 Pursu'd his death, their toes he deeper drew
 Within the solid earth, which down-ward grew.
 And even as now, whose feet intangled are .
 75 Within the subtil fowlers secret snare,
 Become by fearful fluttering faster bound,
 So, each of these, now cleaving to the ground,
 With terror struggle to escape in vain ;
 For faster-binding roots their flight restrain.
 80 One, looking for her nails, her toes, her feet :
 Behold, her twinning legs in timber meet :
 In passion, thinking to have struck her thighs,
 She strikes her breasts, hard Oak her breasts supplies ;
 Her shoulders such : her arms appear to grow
 85 In natural branches ; and indeed did so.
 Nor thus content, their fields *Lycus* leaves :
 Whom *Tmolus*, with a better troop receives,
 And swift *Pætolus*, who did then infold
 No precious sands nor grains of envi'd gold.
 90 *Satyres* and *Bacchanals* to him repair,
 His usual train : *Silenus* then not there,
 Him erst the *Phrygian* Rurals reeling found
 With age and wine ; and now, with Ivy crown'd,

- To *Midas* bring, whom *Orpheus* Orgies taught,
 And sage *Eumolpus* from *Cecropia* brought.
 95 When known to be his partner in those Rites;
 Full twice five days, with their succeeding nights,
 He entertain'd him with a sumptuous feast.
 Eleven times *Lucifer* the stars suppress:
 When, with mild mirth, he treads the *Lydian* fields
 100 And to the God his foster-father yields.
 He in his safe return doth much rejoyce:
 Whose bounty *Midas* frustrates by his choice.
 For, will'd to wish; Let all, said he, I touch
 Convert to gold. His ignorance was such.
 105 Forthwith to him his wish *Lyæus* gives:
 And at his folly not a little grieves.
 But in his curse the *Berecynthian* joys:
 And homeward bound, the truth by touching tries.
 Scarce trusting his own sense, a tree bereaves
 110 Of slender boughs; they shone with golden leaves.
 Takes up a stone; that stone pale gold became:
 Takes up a clod; the clod presents the same:
 Crops stalks of corn; these yield a sheaf of gold:
 An Apple pulls; therein you might behold
 115 Th' *Hesperian* purchase: toucht by him alone
 The marble pillars with rich metal shone.
 And when he washt; that water, showr'd in rain,
 Might simple *Danae* have deceiv'd again.
 His breast scarce holds his hopes; whose fancy wroug
 120 On golden wonders: when his servants brought
 Meat to the table. Sooner had not he
 Toucht *Ceres* bounty, but that prov'd to be
 A shining mass: the carved viands straight
 125 Between his greedy teeth convert to plate.
 About to drink mixt wine; you might behold
 His thirsty jaws o're-flow with liquid gold.
 Struck with so strange a plague: (both rich and poor
 He hates, and shuns the wealth he wish'd before.
 130 His plenty feeds him not; he burns with thirst:
 By loathed gold deservedly accurst.
 Then lifting up his shining arms, thus pray'd:
 Father *Leneus*, O, afford thy aid!
 I have offended; pity thou, and me
 From this so glorious a mischief free:
 135 The gentle power the penitent restor'd:
 And for his faith, affords what he implor'd.

- Lest ill-wisht gold about him still abide ;
 Go, said he, to those Chrystal streams that glide
 By potent *Sardis* : keep the banks that lead
 140 Along th'encountring Current to his head.
 There, where the gulhing fountain foams, dive in :
 And, with thy body, wash away thy sin.
 The King obeys : who in the fountain leaves
 That golden virtue, which the Spring receives.
 145 And still those ancient seeds these waters hold :
 Who gild their shoars with glittering grains of gold.
 He, hating wealth, in woods and fields bestows
 His time with *Pan* ; whom mountain Caves inclose.
 Yet his cross wit remains : his shallow brain,
 150 And fortish senses punish him again.
 High *Imolus* with a steep ascent displays
 His rigid brows, and under-seas surveys :
 VVhose stretcht-out bases here to *Sardis* join ;
 There to *Hypæpis*, girt in small confine.
 VVhere boasting *Pan*, while he his verse doth praise
 155 To tender Nymphs, and pipes to rural lays,
 Before *Apollo's* durst his songs prefer.
 They meet (ill-matcht) great *Imolus* arbiter.
 Th' old Judge on his Mountain sits ; and clears
 His ears from trees : alone a garland wears
 160 Of Oak, with Acorns dangling on his brow.
 VVho thus bespake the God of Shepherds, Now
 Your Judge attends. He blows his wax-bound reeds,
 And *Midas* fancy with rude numbers feeds.
 The sacred *Imolus* to divine *Apollo*,
 165 Converts his looks : his words his motion follow.
 He, his long yellow hair with Laurel bound,
 Clad in a *Tyrian* robe that swept the ground,
 A Viol holds, with sparkling gems inchas'd,
 And *Indian* teeth ; the bow his right hand grac'd.
 170 A perfect Artist shew'd. Then sweetly play'd,
 VVhen *Imolus*, ravisht with his mulick, said,
Pan to the Viol yield thy ruder reed.
 All like of what the Mountain had decreed,
 But *Midas* only ; whose exclaims traduce
 175 The Censure. *Phæbus* for this gross abuse
 Transformshis ears, his folly to declare :
 Stretcht out in length, and cover'd with gray hair :
 Instable, and now apt to move. The rest
 The former figure of a man possist.

Punisht

- Punisht in that offending part ; who bears
 180 Upon his skull a slow-pac'd Asses ears.
 He strives to cover such a foul defame :
 And with a red *Tiara* hides his shame.
 But this his seryant saw that cut his hair :
 Who big with secrets, neither durst declare
 185 His Sovereigns seen deformity, nor yet
 Could hold his peace. Who digs a shallow pit,
 And therein softly whispers his disgrace :
 190 Then turning in the earth forsook the place.
 A tuft of whispering Reeds from thence there grows ;
 Which coming to maturity, disclose
 The husbandman : and by soft South-winds blown
 195 Repeat his words, and his Lords ears make known.
 Reveng'd *Apollo*, leaving *Tmolus*, flies
 Through liquid air ; and on the Land which lies
 On that side *Hellas* straightned surges stands :
 Where far-obey'd *Laomedon* commands.
 Between *Rhæteum* and *Sygaum* stood
 An ancient Altar, high above the flood,
 Vow'd to the *Panomphean* Thunderer :
 200 From whence he saw the King begin to rear
 New *Troy*'s scarce-founded walls ; with what ado,
 And with how great a charge they slowly grew.
 Who, with the father of the swelling Main,
 Indues a Mortal shape : both entertain
 205 Themselves for unregarded gold to build
 The *Phrygian* Tyrants walls. That work fulfill'd ;
 The King their promised reward denies :
 And falsehood by forswearing multiplies.
 Revengeful *Neptune* his wild waves unbound ;
 210 Which all the shoars of greedy *Ilium* drown'd,
 And make the Land a Lake : the country Swain
 His labour lost beneath that liquid Plain.
 Besides, the daughter of the King demands :
 Who chained to a Rock, exposed stands
 To feed a Monster of the Sea ; set free
 By strenuous *Hercules*. Yet could not He
 215 The horses of *Laomedon* enjoy ;
 His valours hire : who sacks twice perjur'd *Troy* ;
 And gives his fellow-Soldier *Telamon*
Hesione : for *Peleus* now had won,
 A Deity ; nor in his Grandfather
 Took greater pride, than in his Sire by her.

- 220 For *Jupiter* had nephews more than one:
 But he a Goddess had espous'd alone.
 Foraged *Proteus* had fore-told the truth
 To wave-wet *Thetis*: Thou shalt bear a Youth,
 Greater than him, from whom he took his birth,
 In arms and fame. Left any thing on earth
 225 Should be more great than *Jove*, *Jove* shuns the bed
 Of Sea-thron'd *Thetis*, though her beauty led
 His strong desires: Who bids *Aeacides*
 Succeed his love, and wed the Queen of Seas.
 230 A Bay within *Amonia* lies, that bends
 Much like an arch, and far-stretcht arms extends:
 Which were, if deep, an harbour lockt by land;
 Where shallow Seas o're-spread the yellow sand.
 The solid shoar (whereon no Sea-weed grows)
 Nor clogs the way, nor print of footing shows.
 235 Hard by, a Myrtle grove affords a shade:
 In this, a Cave; rather, though doubtful, made
 By Art than Nature: Hither *Thetis* swims
 On Dolphins back, here laid her naked limbs.
 In this the sleeping Goddess *Peleus* caught:
 240 Who, when she could not by his words be wrought,
 Attempts to force, and claspt her in his arms.
 And, had she not assum'd her usual charms
 In varying shapes, he had his will obtain'd;
 Now turns t' a fowl, yet he her flight restrain'd:
 245 Now seems a massie tree adorn'd with leaves;
 Close to the bole th' enamour'd *Peleus* cleaves.
 A spotted Tygres she presents at last:
 When he, with terror struck, his arms unclaspt:
 Who pouring wine on Seas, those Gods implores;
 And with perfumes and sacrifice adores:
 250 Till the *Carpathian* Prophet rais'd his head,
 And said; *Aeacides*, enjoy her bed.
 Do thou but bind her in her next surprize,
 When in her cold moist cave she sleeping lies:
 And though she take a thousand shapes, let none
 255 Dismay; but hold, till she resume her own.
 This *Proteus* said, and div'd to the Profound:
 His later word in his own waters drown'd.
 Now hasty *Titan* to *Hesperian* Seas
 Descends; when beauteous *Thetis*, bent to ease,
 260 Forsook the flood, and to her Cave repair'd.
 No sooner she by *Peleus* was insnar'd,

218 METAMORPHOSIS.

- But forthwith varies forms; until she found
 Her virgin-limbs within his fetters bound.
 Then, spreading forth her arms, She sighing said,
 Thou hast subdu'd by some immortal aid;
 265 Appears her self; nor his embrace repell'd;
 Whose pregnant womb with great *Achilles* swell'd.
 Happy was *Peleus* in his son and wife:
 And had not *Phocus* murder soil'd his life,
 All fortunate. With brothers blood defil'd,
 270 Thee *Thracis* harbours, from thy home exil'd.
 Where courteous *Ceyx*, free from rigour, reign'd;
 The son of *Lucifer*; whose looks retain'd
 His fathers lustre: Then disconsolate,
 Nor like himself for his lost brothers fate.
 275 Hither, with travel tir'd, and clogg'd with cares,
 The banish'd with a slender train repairs:
 His flocks and herds, with men for their defence,
 Left in a shady vale not far from thence.
 Conducted to his royal presence, He
 280 With Olive branch, down bending to his knee,
 His name and birth declares: The murder masks
 With forged cause of flight: A dwelling asks
 In field, or city. *Ceyx* thus replies;
 Our hospitable bounty open lies
 To men of vulgar rank: What owes it then
 285 To your high spirit, so renown'd by men
 Of monumental praise? Whose blood extracts
 His source from *Jove*, improved by your acts?
 To sue, is times abuse: Your worth assures
 Your full desires; of all, the choice is yours:
 290 I wish it better. And then wept. The cause
Jove's Nephew asks: When, after a short pause,
 Perhaps you think this Bird which lives by rape,
 To all a terrour, ever had that shape.
 He was a man; as constant in his mind
 295 As fierce in war, to great attempts inclin'd.
Dedalion nam'd; sprung from that Star which wakes
 The dewy Morn; the last that heaven forsakes.
 Affected peace I foster'd, with the rites
 Of nuptial joys: He joy'd in bloody fights.
 His valour Kingdoms with their Kings subdu'd;
 300 By whom the *Thracian* Doves are now pursu'd.
 His daughter *Ghione*, whose beauty drew
 A thousand suitors, ripe for marriage grew.

- By fortune *Phæbus* and the son of *Mai*,
 305 From *Delphos*, and *Cyllene*, came this way:
 Here meeting, look, and like. The God of Light
 Defers his joy-imbracing hopes till night.
Hermes ill-brooks delay: Who on her laid
 His drowzy rod, and forc'd the sleepy Maid.
 310 Night spangs the skies with stars. An old-wives shape
Apollo took, and seconds *Hermes* rape.
 Now when the fulness of her time drew nigh,
Autolichus was born to *Mercury*.
 315 Nor from the Sire the Son degenerates,
 Cunning in theft, and wily in all sleights:
 Who could with subtilty deceive the light,
 Converting white to black, and black to white.
 To *Phæbus* (for she bears two sons) belongs
Philammon, famous for his harp, and songs.
 320 What is't t' have had two sons? Two Gods t' inflame
 A valiant Father? *Jupiter* the same?
 Is glory fatal? Sure 'twas so to her:
 Who to *Diana's* durst her face confer,
 And blame her beauty. With a cruel look,
 She said; Our deeds shall right us. Forthwith to
 25 Her bow, and bent it; which she strongly drew;
 And through her guilty tongue the arrow flew.
 It bleeds; of speech and sound at once bereft:
 And life, with bloud, her falling body left.
 What grief (O piety!) oppress my heart!
 330 What said I not, t' assuage my brothers smart!
 Who hears me so, as rocks the roaring waves
 That bear their brows; and for his Daughter raves.
 But when he saw her burn, four times assail'd
 To sack the flamy Pile: As often fall'd.
 335 Then turns his heels to flight (much like a Bull
 By Hornets stung) whom scratching brambles pull;
 Yet seem'd to run far faster than a man,
 As if his feet had wings; and all out-ran.
 Who swift in chase of wished death, ascends
 340 *Parnassus* top. As he his body bends
 To jump from down-right cliffs, compassionate
Apollo, with light wings, prevents his fate:
 With beak and talions arm'd; with strength repleat
 Above his size: His courage still as great.
 345 This Falcion, friend to none, all fowl pursu'th:
 And grieving, is the cause of common ruth.

- As *Ceyx* thus his brothers change relates:
Phocean Anator russeth through the gates;
 (Who kept the Herd) and cri'd (half out of breath)
 350 *Peleus*, I bring thee news of loss and death.
 Report, said *Peleus*, we are bent to bear
 The worst of fortunes. While the King with fear
 Hangs on his tongue. He panting, still afeard:
 To winding shoars we drave the weary Herd.
 When *Phœbus* from the height of all theskie,
 355 The East and West beheld with equal eye.
 A part on yellow sands their limbs display,
 And from their rest the wavy fields survey:
 While other slowly wander here and there:
 Some swim in Seas, and lofty fore-heads rear.
 360 A Fane, undeckt with gold, or *Pæonian* stone,
 Of blocks adjoins; within a grove o're-grown.
 This the *Nereides* and *Nereus* hold:
 By Sea-men, who there dri'd their nets, so told.
 Near it, a Marish, thick with Sallow, stood;
 365 Made plashy by the interchanging flood.
 A Wolf, a monstrous beast; with hideous noise
 That frights the confines from those thickets flies.
 His lightning jaws with blood and foam besmear'd:
 In whosered eyes two darting flames appear'd.
 370 Though fell with rage and famine; yet his rage
 More greedy far: Nor hunger seeks t' assuage
 With blood of Beeves, and so surcease; but all
 He meets with, wounds; insulting in their fall.
 Nor few of us, while we his force withstood,
 375 Fell by his cruel phangs. The shoar with blood,
 With blood the Sea-brim blusht and bellowing Lakes.
 Delay is loss; who doubts; himself forsakes.
 Arm, arm, while something yet is left to lose:
 And joining force, this mortal plague oppose.
 380 The Herdsman ends. Nor did this loss incense
Æscides; remembering his offence:
 Born, as the justice of sad *Psamathe*,
 To celebrate her *Phœus* Obsequie.
 The King commands his men to arm: Provides
 To go in person. Busie rumour guides
 385 This to *Alcyone*: Her passion bare
 Her swiftly thither; running with her hair
 Half uncompos'd; and, that disordering, clung
 About her neck: Then weeps; and with a tongue
 That

- That scarce could speak, intreats, that they alone
 Might go; nor hazard both their lives in one.
 To whom *Æacides*: Fair Queen, forbear
 390 (Too much your bounty flows) your vertuous fear.
 No force avails in such extreame as these:
 'Tis pray'r that must the Sea-thron'd Power appease.
 A lofty Tower within a fortress stood;
 A friend to wandring ships that plow the flood;
 395 They this ascend; and sighing, see the shoar
 With cartel strew'd; the Spoiler drencht in gore.
 Here *Peleus* fixt on Seas, with knees that bend,
 Blue *Psaraathea* implores, at length to end
 400 The justice of her wrath. She from his speech
 Diverts her ears: Till *Thetis* did beseech,
 And got her husband's pardon: Nor yet could
 The salvage Wolf from thirst of blood withhold;
 Till she the beast, as he an Heifer slew;
 405 Transform'd to Marble; differing but in hue:
 All else intire. The colour of the stone
 Shews him no Wolf: Now terrible to none.
 Yet fate would not permit *Æacides*
 To harbour here; nor found in exile ease;
 Till at *Magnesia*, in an happy time
 410 *Acastus* purg'd him from his bloody crime.
 Mean-while perplext with former prodigies,
 Both of his neice and brother; roadvise
 With sacred Oracles, the joys of men,
Ceyx prepares for *Clarus*. *Phorbas* then,
 With his *Phlegian* host, alike prophane;
 415 The passage stopt to *Delphian Phibius* Fane.
 Yet first to thee his secret purpose told,
 Faith-crown'd *Aleyone*. An inward cold
 Shot through her bones: Her changing face appears
 As pale as box, bedewed with her tears.
 420 Thrice strove to speak; thrice weeps through dear con-
 Sobs interrupting her divine complaint. (strait;
 What fault of mine, my Life, hath chang'd thy mind:
 Where is that love that late so clearly shinn'd?
 Canst thou thy self enjoy, from me remov'd?
 425 Do long ways please? Is now my absence lov'd?
 Yet didst thou go by land, I should alone
 Grieve without fear: Now both combine in one.
 Seas fright me with their tragical aspect:
 Of late I saw them on the shoar eject

- There scattered wracks : And often have I read
 430 Sad names on sepulchres that want their dead.
 Nor let false hopes thy confidancy please ;
 In that my father, great *Hippotades*,
 The struggling winds in rocky caverns keeps,
 And at his pleasure calms the raging Deeps.
 435 They, once broke loose, submit to no command ;
 But rage through all the Sea, on all the Land ;
 Perplex the clouds, with stern encounters roar,
 And strike forth flames. I fear, by knowledge, more,
 These knew I, and oft saw their rude comport ;
 While yet a Girl, within my father's Court.
 • 440 But if my prayer no favour can procure ;
 And that, alas, thy going be too sure ;
 Take me along : Let both one fortune bear ;
 Then shall I only what I suffer fear.
 Together sail we on the toiling Main :
 And equally whatever hap sustain.
 445 Thus spake *Alcyon* : Whose sorrows melt
 Her star-like Spouse ; nor he less passion felt.
 Yet neither would his first intent forsake,
 Nor her a Partner in his danger make.
 Much said he to assuage her troubled breast :
 450 As much in vain. This adds unto the rest,
 (Which answer only could her passion tame)
 All stay is irksom ; by my Father's flame,
 I swear, if fate permit, return I will
 E're twice the Moon her shining Crescents fill.
 455 Reviv'd with promise of so short a stay :
 He bids them launch the ship without delay,
 And fit her tacklings. This renews her fears ;
 Presaging ill success : Abortive tears
 460 Flow from their Springs ; then kist ; a sad farewell,
 Long first, at length she takes ; and swooning, fell
 The Seamen call aboard : in double ranks
 Reduce their oars, up-rising from their Banks
 With equal strokes. She rears her humid eyes,
 465 And first her husband on the poop espies
 Shaking his hand : That, answers. Now from shoar
 The vessel drives, and thence her object bore.
 Her following eyes the flying ship pursue :
 470 That lost, the sails her eager gazes drew.
 When all had left her, to her chamber goes ;
 And on the empty bed her body throws :

- The bed and place, with tears to mind recal
 That absent part, which gave esteem to all.
 475 Now far from Port; the winds began to blow
 On quivering shrouds; their Oars the Sailers stow:
 Their hoise their Yards a trip, and all their sails
 At once let fall to catch th' approaching gales.
 The ship scarce half her course, or sure no more,
 480 By this had run; far off from either shoar;
 When, deep in night; fierce *Eurus* stiffly blew,
 And high-wrought Seas with chafing foamy grew.
 Strike, strike the Top-sail, let the Main-shear fly,
 And furl your Sails, the Master cry'd; his cry
 485 The blustering winds and roaring Seas suppress:
 Yet of their own accord in this distress
 They ply their tasks: Some felling yards bestride
 And take in Sails; some stop on either side
 The yawning leaks; some Seas on Seas eject.
 490 While thus Disorder toils to small effect,
 The bitter storm augments; the wild winds wage
 War from all parts, and join with *Neptune's* rage.
 The Master, lost in terror, neither knew
 The state of things, what to command, or do;
 495 Confessing ignorance; so huge a mass
 Of ills oppress! which slighted Arts surpass.
 Loud cries of men resound; with rattling shrouds,
 Flouds jostling flouds, and thunder-crashing clouds.
 Now tossing Seas appear to touch the sky,
 And wrap their curls in clouds, froth with their spray:
 500 The sand now from the bottom lave, and take
 Their swarther die; now black, as *Stygian* lake;
 Sometimes deprest, with hissing foam all white,
 The *Trachin* ship such horrid changes fright.
 Which now, as from a mountain rock with flaws,
 505 Views under-vales, and *Acheron's* dark jaws:
 Now head-long with the tumbling billows fell;
 And Heaven surveys from that low depth of Hell.
 Her wave-beat sides an hideous noise report:
 As when a battering Ram beats down a Fort.
 510 As chased Lions, whom no terrors fright,
 Rush on extended steel with horrid might:
 So Seas invade with storm-imbard power
 The ships defence; and o're her hatches tower.
 Her yielding planks now spring: Stern *Neptune* raves,
 515 Charging her breaches with his deadly waves,

The prodigal clouds in showers their substance spend,
Ambitious Seas to gloomy heaven ascend :
All heaven descending to the lofty Main :

520 At least so seem. Sails suck the falling rain ;
Show'rs join with floods. No friendly star now shone
Blind Night in darkness, tempests, and her own
Dread terrors lost : These horrid lightning turns
To light more fear'd ; the Sea with lightning burns.

525 Now vaulting floods her upper deck oppress.
And as a Soldier, braver than the rest,
Tempting to scale the walls with loss assaies,
At length enjoys his hopes ; and spur'd with praise,
Among a thousand only stands the shock :

530 So, while assailing waves the vessel rock,
The tenth bold billow rusheth in, nor sinks
Until the ship beneath his fury shrinks.
Those Seas, without, the labouring bark assail :

535 These rack her hold. All tremble and look pale ;
As at a siege, when foes enforce a wall ;
While some within to execution fall.
Art fails, hearts sink : On every rising wave
Death sits in triumph : And presents a grave.

540 He weeps ; he stands amaz'd ; he calls them blest,
Whom funerals grace : He vows to heaven address,
Looking at what he sees not, and besought
The Gods in vain : He on his parents thought,
His children, house, and what he left behind.

545 *Alcyon* possessest all *Ceyx* mind ;
Her only names ; now in her absence joy'd,
Whose presence was in heaven : And had employ'd
His eyes last duty, to descry the way
To her abode, but knew not where it lay.

550 The giddy Seas so whirl, such pitchy clouds
Obscure the sky, Night two-fold darkness shrouds.
Loud-howling whirlwinds over-board now bore
The shivered Mast ; and now the Rudder tore.
A billow, with these spoils encourag'd, raves ;
Who Victor-like contemns the under-waves :
Nor lighter falls, than if some God had torn
555 *Pindus* and *Athos* from their roots, up-born
As high as heaven, and tumbled on the Main.
Nor could the ship such force and weight sustain :
But to the bottom sinks : Most of her men
The Seas infold ; who never seen again,

- 560 Accomplished their fates: While others swim
On scattered planks, a plank upholding him
Who late a Scepter held. His father-in-law,
And father, now invokes: But could not draw
(Alas!) from either succour. Still his Wife
Runs in his thoughts, in that short span of life
565 He wish'd the waves would cast him on the sands
Of *Trachis*, to be buried by her hands.
Who swimming, sighs *Alcyone* her name
His last of speech; in Seas conceives the same.
Behold, an arch of waters, black as hell,
570 Asunder breaks: The breaking surges quell
Their sinking Burthen. *Lucifer* that night
Became obscure; nor could you see his light,
And since he might not render up his place,
With pitchy clouds immur'd his darkned face.
Mean-while *Alcyone* (his fate unknown)
575 Computes the tedious nights; by day wrought on
A garment for her Lord; another makes
To wear, her self: Whose flattering hope mistakes
In his return. Who holy fumes presents
To all the Gods; but most of all frequents
The Fane of *Juno*: At her altars pray'd
580 For him that was not. Grant success! (she said)
A quick return! Give he our right to none!
Of all her prayers the last succeeds alone.
The melting Goddess could no longer brook
Her death-croft prayers; but from her altar shook
585 Her tainted hand; and thus to *Iris* spake:
Haste faithful Messenger, thy journey take
To drowzie *Sleep's* dim palace: Bid him send
A dream, that may present the woeful end
Of *Ceyx* to *Alcyone*. This said;
590 She, in a thousand-coloured robe array'd,
Her ample Bow from heaven to earth extends:
And in a cloud to his abode descends.
Near the *Cimmerians* lurks a Cave, in steep
And hollow hills; the Mansion of dull *Sleep*:
595 Not seen by *Phabus* whe: he mounts the skies,
At height, nor stooping: Gloomy mists arise
From humid earth, which still a twilight make:
No crested fowls shrill crowings here awake
The chearful Morn: No barking Sentinel
600 Here guards; nor Geese, who wakeful dogs excel.

- Beasts tame, nor salvage; no wind-shaken boughs,
 Nor strife of jarring tongues, with noises rouse
 Secured ease. Yet from the Rock a Spring,
 With streams of *Lethe* softly murmuring,
 605 Purls on the Pebbles, and invites Repose.
 Before the Entry pregnant Poppy grows,
 With numerous Simples; from whose juicy birth
 Night gathers sleep, and sheds it on the Earth.
 No doors here on their creaking hinges jarr'd:
 610 Throughout this Court there was no door, nor guard.
 Amid the *Heben* Cave a downy bed
 High-mounted stands, with sable coverings spread.
 Here lay the lazy God, dissolv'd in rest.
 Fantastick dreams, who various to us exprest,
 615 About him lay: Thin Autumn's ears far more;
 Or leaves of trees, or sands on *Neptune's* shoar.
 The Virgin entering, parts the obvious Dreams:
 And fills the sacred Concave with the beams
 Of her bright robe. The God with strife disjoins
 620 His sieled lids; again his head declines,
 And knocks his chin against his breast. Anon
 Sleep casts off sleep; and soft, leaning on
 His elbow, asketh (for he knew her) why
 She thither came? When *Iris* made reply,
 Thou Rest of things, most meek of all the Gods;
 625 O Sleep, the Peace of minds, from whose abodes
 Care ever flies; restoring the decay
 Of toil-tir'd limbs to labour-burdening Days
 Send thou a Dream, resembling truth, in post
 To *Herculean Trachés*; that like *Coyx* Ghost,
 May to *Alecyone* his wrack unfold,
 630 *Sarurnia* this commands. Her message told,
Iris withdrew; who could the power of Sleep
 Resist no longer. When she found it creep
 Upon her yielding senses, thence she flies:
 And by her painted Bow remounts the skies.
 The Sire among a thousand sons, excites
 635 Shape-seigning *Morpheus*: Of whose brother Sprights
 None (bid't assume) with subtler cunning can
 Usurp the gesture, visage, voice of man,
 His habit, and known phrase. He only takes
 An human form: Another shews a Snake,
 640 A Birds, a Beasts. This *Icelos* they call,
 Whom heaven imbow'r; though *Phobator* by all

Of mortal birth. Next *Phant'asus* ; but he,
Of different faculty indues a tree.

Earth, water, stone, the several shapes of things
That life enjoy not. These appear to Kings,

645 And Princes in deep night : The rest among
The vulgar stray. Of all the airy throng

Their aged father only *Morpheus* chose

To act *Thaumantia's* charge. His eyes then close

Their drowzy lids, and hanging down his head,

650 Opprest with slumber, shrinks into his bed.

His noiseless wings by night fly *Morpheus* strains ;

And with the swiftness of a thought, attains

Th' *Aemorian* towers ; then laid them by, and took

The form of *Ceyx*. With a pallid look

655 He naked stood, like one depriv'd of life,

Before the bed of his unhappy Wife :

His beard all wet, the hair upon his head

With water dropt ; who leaning on her bed,

Thus spake ; while tears from seeming passion flow.

Dost thou, O wretched Wife, thy *Ceyx* know ?

660 Or am I chang'd in death ? Look on the Lost ;

And for thy husband thou shalt see his Ghost.

Thy pious prayers no favour could obtain :

Lo, I am drown'd, no longer hope in vain.

Cloud-crushing South-winds in *Aegeum* caught

665 Our ravish'd ship, and wrackt her with her traught.

My voice the fouds opprest, while on thy name

I vainly call'd. This, neither wandering Fame,

Nor doubtful authour tells : This I relate,

I, that there perisht by untimely fate.

670 Arise, weep, put on black : Not undeplor'd

For pity send me to the *Seygian* Ford.

To this he adds a voice, such as she knew

Express'd her Lord's ; with tears appearing true,

And gesture of his hand. She sigh'd and wept ;

675 Stretcht out her arms t' imbrace him as she slept,

But claspt the empty air. Then cri'd, O stay !

Ah, whither wilt thou ! Let us go one way.

Wak'd with his voice, and husband's ghost ; with fear

She looks about for that which was not there

680 For now the maids, rais'd with her shrieks, had brought

A taper in. Not finding what she sought,

She strikes her cheeks, her nightly linnen rare,

Invades her breast ; nor stays t' unbind her hair,

But

But tugs it off. Her nurse the cause demands
Of such a violence. She wrings her hands,
And in the passion of her grief repli'd:

685 There's no *Alcyone*; none, none! she di'd
Together with her *Ceyx*. Silent be
All sounds of comfort. These, these eyes did see
My shipwrackt Lord: I knew him; and my hands
Thrust forth t' have held him, but no mortal bands
Could force his stay. A Ghost: Yet manifest:

690 My husband's Ghost: Which, O but ill express
His form and beauty, late divinely rare!
Now pale, and naked, with yet-dropping hair.
Here stood the miserable; in this place:
Here, here (and sought his airy steps to trace,)

695 O this my sad mis-giving soul divin'd;
When thou forsook'st me to pursue the wind.
But since imbarqu'd for death, would I with thee
Had put to Sea: An happy fate for me!
Then both together all the time assign'd

700 For life had liv'd; nor in our death disjoin'd.
Now here, I perisht there: On that Profound
Poor I was wrackt: Yet thou without me drown'd.
O I, than floods more cruel; should I strive
To lengthen life, and such a grief survive!

705 Nor will I, nor forsake thee, nor defer.
Though one Urn hold not both, one sepulcher
Shall join our titles: Though thy bones from mine
The Seas dissever, yet our names shall join.
Grief chok'd the rest. Sobs every accent part:

710 And sighs ascend from her astonisht heart.
Day springs: She to the shoar address her haste,
Even to that place from whence she saw him last.
And while she sadly utters, Here he sta'd;
Here parting kist me; from thence anchor weigh'd;

715 While she such sighs recalls; her steady eyes
Fixt on a Sea, far off she something spies;
But knows not what: Yet like a corse. First she
Dark doubt: Driven nearer (though not near) might see
A body plainly. Though unknown, yet much

720 The Omen mov'd her, since his fate was such.
Poor wretch, who e're thou art; and such (she said)
Thy Wife (if wed) by thee a widow made!
By floods driven nearer; the more near, the more
Her spirits faint: Now nigh th' adjoining shoar,

She

- 725 She sees now what she knows; her husband's Corse.
 Woe's me! 'tis He, she cries! At once doth force
 Her face, hair, habit: Trembling hands extends
 To soul-less *Ceyx*, and then said: Here ends
 My last of hopes: Thus, O than life more dear;
 O Husband, thus return't thou! Art a Peer
 730 Had stretcht into the surges; which withstood,
 Which brake the first incursion of the Floud.
 Thither forthwith (O wonderful!) she springs;
 Beating the passive air with new-grown wings,
 Who, now a bird, the waters summit rakes:
 About she flies, and full of sorrow, makes
 735 A mournful noise; lamenting her divorce:
 Anon she toucht his dumb and bloudless Corse;
 With stretching wings imbrac't her perisht bliss;
 And gave his colder lips an heatless kiss,
 740 Whether he felt it, or the flouds his look
 Up-raisd, the vulgar doubt: Yet sure he took
 Sense from her touch. The Gods commiserate:
 And change them both, obnoxious to like fate.
 As late, they love: Their nuptial faiths they shew,
 745 Now little birds; engender, parents grew.
 Seven Winter days with peaceful calms posselt,
Alcyon sits upon her floating nest.
 Then safely sail; then *Eolis* incaves
 For his, the winds, and smoothes the stooping waves.
 750 Some old man seeing these their pinions move
 O're broad-spread Seas, extols their endless love.
 By theirs, a neighbour, or himself, revives
 Another's fate. Yon' fable fowl that dives;
 (And therewith shews the wide-mouth'd *Cormorant*)
 755 Of royal parentage may also vant.
 Whole ancestors from *Tros* their branches spred;
Ilus, *Affaracius*, *Joves Ganymed*,
Laomedon, and *Priamus* the last
 That reign'd in *Troy*: To *Hector* (who surpass
 In fortitude) a brother. It by power
 760 Of Fate unchanged in his youths first flower,
 He might perhaps as great a name have won,
 Though *Hector* were great *Dymas* daughter's son.
 For *Alixorhoe*, a country Maid,
 Bare *Æscaps* by stealth in *Idas* shade.
 765 He, hating Cities, and the discontents
 Of glittering Courts, the lonely Woods frequents.

And

- And unambitious fields; but made repair
To *Ilium* rarely: Yet, he debonair,
Nor unexpugnable to love. Who 'spid
770 *Eperia*, oft desir'd, by *Cebren's* side
(Her fathers river) drying in the Sun
Her flowing hair: Away the Nymph did run,
Swift as a frighted Hind the Wolf at hand;
Or like a fearful fowl thrust over-land.
775 Beneath a Falcon: He pursues the chase:
Fear wings her feet, and love enforc't his pace.
Behold; a lurking Viper in this strife,
Seiz'd on her heel; suppressing flight with life.
Frantick, his trembling arms the dead include:
Who cri'd, Alas that ever I pursu'd:
I fear'd not this; nor was the victory
780 Worth such a loss. Ah me! Two, one destroy.
They wound the Serpent. I th' occasion gave:
I, O more wicked; yet thy death shall have
My life for satisfaction. Therewith flung
His body from a cliff which over-hung
The undermining Seas. His falling limbs
785 Upheld by *Tethys* pity; as he swims
With feathers cloth'd, nor power of dying gives
To be compell'd, to live the Lover grieves:
Disdaining that his soul, so well afraid
To leave her wretched seat, should thus be staid.
790 And mounting on new wings, again on Seas
His body throws: The fall his feathers ease.
With that, enrag'd, into the deep he dives:
And still to drown himself as vainly strives.
Love makes him lean. A long neck doth sustain
795 His fable head; long-jointed legs remain.
Nor ever the affected Seas forsakes;
And now a suted name from driving takes.

OVID'S



OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

THE TWELFTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*A Snake-like Stone. Cynus a Swan ;
 Cænis the Maid, now Cænis and a Man,
 Becomes a Fowl. Neleius varies shapes :
 At last an Eagle, nor Alcides escapes.*

OLD Priam mourns for *Æsacus*, nor knew
 That he surviv'd, and with light feathers flew.
 While *Hector* and his brethren dues, with tears,
 Pay to the tomb which his inscription bears.
 But *Paris*, absent from that obsequy,
 Straight with his Rape, brought ten years war to *Troy*.
 A thousand ships, in one confederate,
 Pursue his stealth, with all the *Achaian* State.
 Nor vow'd revenge so long had been delay'd,
 If wrathful Seas had not their passage staid :
 At fishy *Aulis*, in *Bæotia*,
 Their wind-bound Navy in expectance lay.
 Here (as of old) to *Jove* they sacrifice.
 While from the antique altar flames arise,
 A blew scal'd Dragon, in the Armies view,
 Ascends a tree, which near the Altar grew.
 A Nest there was upon an upper bough, (now
 With twice four Birds: These, and their Dam (which
 Flutter'd about her young) the greedy Snake
 At length devour'd: This all with wonder strike.
 When

- When *Chalchas* cri'd, (who could the truth divine)
 Rejoice, *Pelagans*, 'tis an happy sign !
- 20 Proud *Troy* shall fall ; though with long toil and care,
 These thrice three birds, thrice three years war declare,
 She wound about a bough, gorg'd with her rape,
 Became a stone, that held a Serpent's shape.
 Still *Nereus* in *Aonian* surges raves,
- 25 Nor war transfers. Some think the God of waves
 Would *Troy* preserve, and save the walls he made.
Thestorides dissents, who knew and said,
 A virgins blood must *Dian*' reconcile.
 Now did the publick cause the private foil.
- 30 A King a father, *Iphigenia* stood
 Before the Altar to resign her blood.
 The Priest then wept, to pity did subdue
 The Goddess, who a cloud about her threw.
 And while they prosecute her Rites, and pray'd,
 Product an Hind to represent a Maid.
- 35 When fitter sacrifice had dull'd her rage,
 Her fury and the Seas, at once aswage.
 A forewind then their thousand Vessels bore ;
 Who, suffering much, attain the *Phrygian* shore.
 Amid the world, between Air, Earth, and Seas,
 A place there is, the confines to all these.
- 40 Where all that's done, though far remov'd, appear,
 And every whisper penetrates the ear.
 The house of *Fame*, who in the highest tower
 Her lodging takes. To this capacious bower
 Innumerable ways conduct, no way
- 45 Barr'd up, the doors stand open night and day,
 All built of ringing brass, throughout resounds,
 Things heard reports, and every word rebounds.
 No rest within, no silence, yet the noise
 Not loud, but like the murmuring of a voice,
- 50 Such as from far by rowling billows sent,
 Or as *Jove's* fainting thunder almost spent.
 Hither the idle Vulgar come and go,
 Millions of Rumours wander to and fro,
- 55 Lies mixt with truths, in words that vary still.
 Of these, with news unknowing ears some fill ;
 Some carry tales, all in the telling grows,
 And every Author adds to what he knows.
 Here dwells rash Error, light Credulity,
- 60 Dejected Fear, and vainly grounded Joy,

- New rais'd Sedition, secret Whisperings
 Of unknown Authours, and of doubtful things.
 All done in Heaven, Earth, Ocean, Fame surveys:
 And through the ample world inquires of news.
 She notice gave, how with a dreadful hoast
 65 The *Grecian* Navy steered for their coast.
 Nor unexpected came: The *Trojans* bend
 Their powers t' encounter, and their shores defend:
 First, thou thy life, *Protesilaus*, lost
 By *Hector's* fatal Lance; the battel cost
 The *Greeks* much noble blood: So clearly shone
 Their fortitudes: Great *Hector* yet unknown.
 70 Not no small streams of blood their valours drew
 From *Phrygian* wounds, who felt what *Greece* could do.
 And now their mingled gores *Sigæum* stain:
 Now *Neptunes Cyenus* had a thousand slain,
 Now on the Foe the fierce *Achilles* flew;
 And with his Lance whole squadrons overthrew:
 75 Seeking for *Cyenus*, or for *Hector*, round
 About the field; at length brave *Cyenus* found
 (For *Jove* nine years great *Hector's* life sustains.)
 Cheering his horses with the flaxen mains,
 His thundering chariot drives against his foe,
 And shakes his trembling Lance: About to throw;
 80 O youth, he said, what e're thou art, rejoice:
Achilles honours thee with death. His voice
 His spear pursues: The steel no wound imprest breast,
 85 Though strongly thrown. When, bounding from his
 He said, Thou Goddess-born. Fame bruits thee such,
 Why wondrest thou? (*Achilles* wondred much)
 This helm with horse-hair deckt, this shield I bear,
 90 Deicad not me: For fashion these I wear.
 So *Mars* his person arms. Should I display
 My naked breast, thy force could find no way.
 The grace to be *Nereis* son is small.
 This; who *Nereis*, who his Nymphs, who all
 95 The Ocean guides: Then at *Achilles* threw
 His Lance, that pierc't his plated shield, and through
 Nine Ox-hides rusht: The tenth did it restrain.
 The Hero caught it, and retorts again
 The singing steel; again it gave no wound.
 100 The third assay no better entrance found,
 Though *Cyenus* bar'd his bosom to the blow.
 He rages like a Bull in *Circian* show;

Whose

Whose dreadful horns the scarlet, which provokes
His fury, tofs with still deluded strokes.

105 Then searches if the head were off; that on
What, is my hand, said he, so feeble grown?
On one is all my vigour spent? My power
Was more, when first I raz'd *Lyrus* tower?

110 When *Tenedos*, *Eetian Thebes*, were fill'd
With blood of theirs, by my encounters spill'd?
The red *Caycus* slaughtered natives dild?
Twice *Telephus* my javelin powerful kill'd?
Behold these heaps of bodies! These I slew!
Much could my hand have done: as much can do.

115 This said, his former deeds almost suspects,
And at *Menetes* breast his aim directs,
(A *Lycian* of mean rank) the thrilling dart
Quite through his faithless curuls pierc'd his heart:
Whose dying body struck the groaning ground.

120 Snatching the weapon from the reeking wound:
This hand, he said, this now victorious *Launce*
Shall urge thy fate: Assist me equal chance!
With that, th' unerring dart at *Cyentus* sung
Th' unevirated on his shoulders rung.

125 Which like a Rock the *Launce* repell'd again:
Yet where it hit, it left a purple stain;
By vainly glad *Aecides* deserv'd
He woundless: This *Menetes* blood had did.

Then roaring, from his chariot leaps; and made
130 An horrid on-set with his flaming blade
Who breaches in his Helm and shield beheld;
Yet he secure: His skin the steel repell'd
Now all impatient, with the Hilt his Foe's
Hard front invades, with thick redoubled blows
Prest on as he gave back, pursues, insists;

135 Nor lets the astonisht breathe. He faints; blue mists
Swim over his dim eyes: Whose backward steps
A Stone withstood, on whom *Achilles* leaps
With all his strength, and *Cyentus* up-ward cast
On sounding earth: There held the Hero fast,
140 Then sets his shield and knees upon his breast
And, drawing hard his Helmet strings, opprest
His gasping jaws: The breathing-path and way
Of life shuts up! About t' unarm his prey,
The body mist: To a Fowl as white as snow.

145 By *Nephtune* chang'd; whom by that name we know.

This

- This toil, this fight gave many days of rest,
 And either part from deeds of arms surceast.
 While on their walls the watchful *Phrygians* ward,
 And while the watchful *Greeks* their trenches guard,
 150 A feast was kept: Wherein *Æacides*,
 For *Cycnus* death with Heifers blood did please
 Propitious *Pallas*. When the entrails laid
 On burning Altars, to the Gods convey'd
 An acceptable smell: A part addrest
 To sacred use; the board receiv'd the rest.
 155 Down lay the Heroes, fed on roasted flesh,
 And generous wines their cares and thirst refresh.
 Nor musick now, nor songs their ears delight;
 But in discourse consume the shortened night.
 The subject, Valour: Of the valour shown
 160 By their courageous foes, and of their own.
 Promiscuously of passed dangers tell,
 And former enterprizes. What so well
 Could great *Achilles* speak of? Or what were
 A fitter theme for great *Achilles* ear?
 Then spake he of his Conquest, in the fall
 165 Of noble *Cycnus*: Wondred at by all,
 That weapons had no power to penetrate
 His woundless body, which could steel rebate.
 This the *Pelagians*, this *Æacides*
 Himself admires. When *Nestor* said to these:
 170 *Cycnus* is he, who in your age alone
 Contemned steel, and could be hurt by none.
 I saw *Perrhabian Ganæus* once indure
 A thousand strokes; yet he from wounds secure.
Perrhabian Ganæus, excellent in deeds,
 On *Oshrys* dwelt: And what belief exceeds,
 175 A Woman born. This prodigy begets
 Their greater wonder. Every one entreats
Achilles thus: Divinely eloquent;
 O thou the wisdom of our age; consent
 To our desires; for all desire the same:
 Of *Ganæus* tell; how he a man became;
 180 In what contention, of what battel known,
 By whom, if so by any, overthrown.
 Then He: Though age impair my memory,
 And much beheld in youth my knowledge flie,
 I much remember: Yet, of all that are
 Among so many acts of peace and war,

- 185 None deeper is imprinted in my brain.
 And if the length of time not spent in vain
 Can many accidents to knowledge give;
 Two Ages finish'd, in the third I live.
 Not all the Virgins that *Thessalia* bare,
 With *Elateian Canis* could compare,
- 190 For beauty. From the Cities bordering,
 And those, *Æacides*, which call thee King
 (For she her birth to your *Æmonia* ought)
 A world of Lovers her affection sought.
 And *Peleus* too perhaps had woo'd her bed;
 But that already to thy mother wed,
- 195 Or else assured. *Canis* still forbore
 All nuptial ties. As on the secret shore
 She walkt alone, the Sea-god her dissent
 Enforc't to Rape: For so the rumour went.
 Rapt with the joy of loves first tasted fruit;
 All shall, said *Neptune*, to thy wishes sue;
- 200 Wish what thou wilt. So Fame the story told.
 My wrong, said *Canis*, makes my wishes bold:
 That never like enforcement may befall;
 Be I no woman; and thou giv'st me all.
 Her later words a deeper voice express,
 Much like a mans: For now it prov'd no less.
- 205 The Sea-god had assented to her will:
 And further adds, that steel should neither kill
 Nor wound his person. Young *Atracides*
 Departs; rejoicing in such gifts as these:
 Who great in every manly vertue grows;
 And haunts the fields through which *Peneus* flows.
- 210 The son of bold *Ixion* now had wed
Hippodame: The salvage Centaures, bred
 Of clasped Clouds, his invitation grac't;
 In shady bowers at sundry tables plac't.
 There were th' *Æmonian* Princes; there was I:
 The Palace rung with our confused joy.
- 215 They *Hymen* sing; the Altars fume with flames:
 Forth came th' admired Bride with troops of Dames.
 We call *Periboeus* happy in his choice:
 But scarce maintain the Omen of that voice.
 For *Eurytus*, more heady than the rest,
 Foul rapine harbours in his salvage breast;
- 220 Incens'd by beauty, and the heat of wine;
 Lust and Ebriety in out-rage join.

- Straight, turn'd up boords the feasts prophane: the fair
And tender spouse now haled by the hair.
Fierce *Eurytus*, *Hippodame*; all took
Their choice, or whom they could: Sackt Cities look
125 With such a face. The women shriek: 'We rise:
When *Theseus* first; O *Eurytus*, unwise!
Dar'st thou offend *Perithous* as long
As *Theseus* lives? In one to suffer wrong
230 The great-soul'd *Hero*, not to boast in vain,
Breaks through the throng, and from his fierce disdain
The Rape repriz'd. He no reply affords;
Such facts could not be justifi'd by words:
But with his fists the brave redeemer prest;
Assails his face, and strikes his generous breast.
Not far off stood an antique Goblet, wrought
335 With high-rai'd figures: This *Aegides* caught;
Hurl'd at the face of *Eurytus*: A flood
Of reeking wine, of brains, and clotted blood,
At once he vomits from his mouth and wound,
And falling backward, kicks the stained ground.
240 The Centaures, frantick for their brother's death,
Arm, arm, resound, with one exalted breath.
Wine courage gives. At first an uncouth flight
Of Flavons, Pots, and Boles, began the fight:
Late fit for banquets, now for blood and broils,
245 First *Amycus*, *Ophion's* issue, spoils
The sacred places of their gifts; who ramps,
Tears down a brazen Cresset stuck with Lamps:
This swings aloft, as when a white-hair'd Bull
The Sacrificer strikes; which crusht the skull
Of *Celadan* the *Lapithite*, and left
250 His face-unknown; confusion form bereft.
Out start his eyes; his batter'd nose betwixt
His shiver'd bones flat to his palat fixt.
Pellaa Balades, a tressel tore
That propt the board, and fell'd him to the floor.
255 He knocks his chin against his breast, and spu'd
Bloud mixt with teeth. A second blow pursu'd
The first; and sent his vexed soul to hell.
Next *Gryneus* stood; his looks with vengeance swell:
Serves this, said he, for nothing? Wherewith rais'd
260 Aloft a mighty altar: As it blaz'd,
Among the *Lapithites* his burthen threw;
Which *Broteas*, and the bold *Orion* slew.

- Orion's mother *Myrtila*; with fear
 Could pale the Moon, and hale her from her sphere.
 265 *Exadius* cri'd: Nor shalt thou so depart,
 Had I a weapon. Of a voted Hart
 The Antlers from a Pine he pulls; they fix
 Their forks in *Gryneus* darkned eyes: One sticks
 Upon the horn, the other in thick gore
 270 Hung on his beard. A fire-brand *Rhetus* bore,
 Snatcht from the Altar; and *Charaxus* head
 Crackt through the skull, with yellow tresses spread
 The rapid flame his blazing curls surround,
 275 Like corn on fire; blood broiling in his wound
 Horribly hisses: As red Steel that gloses
 With fervent blasts, which pliant tongues dispose
 To quenching cool-troughs, spitters, strives, consumes,
 And hissing under heated water, fumes.
 280 The wounded from his signed tresses shakes
 The greedy flame; and on his shoulders takes
 A stone torn from the threshold, which alone
 Would load a Wain, at distant *Rhetus* thrown.
 This, falling short, *Cometes* life invades:
 And sent his friend to everlasting shades.
 285 When *Rhetus*, laughing, May you all abound
 In strength so tri'd; and aggravates his wound
 By blows redoubled, with his burning brand.
 Crush't bones now sink in brains. Then turns his hand;
 290 On *Coritus*, *Evagrus*, *Dryas* flew:
 Who *Coritus*, a youth, too timely flew.
 What glory can the slaughter of a Boy
 Afford, *Evagrus* said? Nor more could say,
 For *Rhetus* e're his jaws together came;
 295 Hid in his throat and brest the choking flame.
 Then whisks the brand about his brows: assails
 The valiant *Dryas*; but no more prevails:
 For through his shoulder, who hath triumpht long
 In daily slaughter, *Dryas* fixt his Prong.
 300 Who groaning, rags it out with all his might:
 And soil'd with blood, now saves himself by flight.
 So *Lycidas* *Arneus*, *Medon* (red
 With his own blood) *Prisenor*, *Caumus*, fled:
 Wound-tardy *Mermerus*, late swift of pace;
 305 *Menelaus*, *Pholus*, *Abas*, us'd to chace
 The Bore; and *Astylor*, who fates fore-knew:
 Who vainly bad his friends, that war elchue;

- 310 And said to frighted *Nessus*, Flie not so;
Thou art reserv'd for great *Alcides* bow.
But yet *Eurynomus*, nor *Lycedas*,
Arcus, nor *Imbrius*, unslaughter'd pass:
All slain by *Dryas* hand. The *Caneus* too,
Though turn'd about to flie, a fore-wound flue:
For looking back; the point between his sights,
15 There, where the nose joins with the forehead, lights.
Unwakened with the tumult of this fray,
Dissolv'd in death-like sleep, *Aphidus* lay
Upon a Bears rough hide on *Ossa* kil'd:
Whose lazy hand a mixed goblet held.
320 *Phorbas* far off the vainly hurtless spi'd:
And to the thong his fingers fitting, cri'd,
Thy wine henceforth with *Stygian* water brew,
This said, at slumber-bound *Aphidus* threw
His trembling dart: The steeled ash made way
Through's naked neck, as he supinely lay.
325 Death was unselt: His full throat voids a flood:
The hide and goblet, drown'd and fil'd with blood.
I saw *Petreus* tearing from the ground
A well-grown Oak: While he imbrac't it round
With his strong arms, now, this, now that way hal'd,
330 *Perithous* to the bole his bosom nail'd.
Stout *Lycus* by *Perithous* valour fell:
Perithous valour *Chromis* sunk to hell.
These less the glory of his acts relate
Then *Aelop's* death and *Diety's* stranger fate.
335 His eager Javelin *Helops* temples cleft:
Which at the right ear rushed through the left.
But *Diety's* from a broken mountain slides,
As he *Ixon's* furious son avoids,
And headlong fell: His weight asunder brake
340 A mighty Ash, the stumps his entrails stake.
In rusht revengeful *Phereus* with a stone
Torn from a rock: His mighty elbow bone
(About to hurl) in shivers *Theseus* crackt:
Nor leisure had, or further care t'exact
His useless life, then nimby vaults upon
345 *Byanor's* back, before bestrid by none.
His knees clap to his sides, his shaggy hair
His left hand hales: His eyes, that grimly stare
And threaten, crushes with his knotty Oak.
350 Dart sam'd *Lycespes*, and *Medimmus* stroke

To humble earth: So *Hippasus*, whose heard
 Reacht to his breast; and *Riphaus*, who appear'd
 More tall than trees, with *Thereus* who caught
 Wild bears on *Othris* heretofore, and brought
 Th' enraged purchase to his home alive.

355 *Demoleon* frets to see *Aegides* thrive.
 With such success; and from the center strives
 To tear a Pine; which when he could not, rives
 The yielding bole, and darts it as his foe,
Theseus far off esp'd the deadly throw;

360 Who by *Minerva's* counsel, (for so he
 Would have us think) with-drew: And yet the tree
 Not idle fell; but *Crantor's* shoulder, breast,
 And throat divides; which tortur'd life releas't.
 He was (*Aeacides*) thy father's Squire;
 Given by subdu'd *Amyntor* to thy fire
 (*Amyntor* the well-train'd *Dolopian's* Guide)

365 In hostage for their peace, and faith aff'd.
 When *Peleus* saw that spectacle of ruth;
 Receive, O *Crantor*, O beloved youth,
 This sacrifice, he said: And sent a dart,
 With all the vigour of his hand and heart,
 At proud *Demoleon*; which the bones that join
 His ribs transfixt; and quaver'd in the chine.
 370 His hands from thence the headless Javelin pluck,
 And hardly that: The head behind it struck.
 Anguish it self the heat of wrath improves:
 He rears afore, and pawshim with his hooves.

375 Who with his shield and burganet defends
 The sounding strokes: Yet still his sword extends,
 And 'twixt his shoulders at one thrust doth gore
 His double breasts. Yet had he slain before
Phlegraeus, *Hyles*, with his Lances flight,
Hiphinour and *Danis*, in close fight,

380 Adds *Dorylas* to these, who wore a skull
 Of Wolf-skin tann'd, the sharp horns of a Bull,
 Instead of other weapon, fixt before,
 And di'd in crimson with *Lapithian* gore.
 To whom, with courage fir'd I said in scorn,
 Behold how much our steel excels thy horn.

385 And threw my Lance: Not to be shunn'd, he now
 Claps his right hand upon his threatned brow,
 Which both together nail'd. They rore: And while
 Th' engaged with his bitter wound doth toil,

Thy

Thy father, who was nearest, nearest prest :
 And thrust his sword deep in, below his breast.
 390 He Bounds aloft, on th' earth his bowels trails ;
 The trailed kicks, the kickt in pieces hales ;
 Which winding, tetter both his legs and thighs :
 So falls ; and with a gutless belly dies.
 Nor thee thy beauty, *Cyllarus*, could save :
 If such a two-form'd figure beauty have.
 395 His chin began to bud with down of gold ;
 And golden curls his ivory back infold :
 His looks a pleasing vigour grac'd ; his breast,
 Hands, shoulders, neck, and all that man exprest,
 Surpassing arts admired images.
 Nor were his bestial parts a shame to these ;
 400 Add, but a horses head and crest, he were
 For *Castor*'s use ; his back so strong to bear,
 So largely chested ; blacker than the crow :
 His tail and feet-locks, white as falling snow.
 A number of that nation sought his love ;
 405 Whom none but fair *Hylonome* could move :
 None for attracting favour so excel,
 Of all the half-mares that on *Othrys* dwell.
 She, by sweet words, by loving, by confest
 Affection, only *Cyllarus* posselt.
 With combs she smooths her hair ; her person trims
 With all that could be graceful to such limbs.
 410 Of roses, rosemary, and violets,
 And oft of Lillies curious dressings pleats.
 Twice daily washt her face in springs that fall
 From *Pegasæan* Hills ; twice daily all
 Her body bathes in cleansing streams, and ware
 The skins of beasts, such as were choice and rare,
 Which flowing from her shoulder cross her breast,
 415 Vail her left side. Both equal love posselt :
 Together on the shady mountains stray,
 In woods and hollow caves together lay :
 Then to the palace of the *Lapithis*
 Together came ; and now together fight :
 A javelin from the left hand flung, thy breast,
 420 O *Cyllarus*, beneath thy neck imprest.
 Her heart though slightly hurt (the dart out-hal'd)
 Grew forthwith cold ; and all his body pal'd.
Hylonome his dying limbs receives ;
 Foments his wound, close to his lips she cleaves,

- 425 To stay his flying soul. But when she found
Lifes fire extinct; with words in clamour drown'd,
Even on that steel, which through his bosom past,
She threw her own: and him in death imbrac't.
Methinks I see grim *Phaëcomies* yet:
- 430 Who with two Lions skins, together knit,
Protects his double form. A log he took,
Which scarce two teams could draw, this darted, strook
The crown of *Phonolénides*; his brains
It through his battered skulls deep crannies strains;
- 435 Which from his mouth, eyes, ears, and nostrils gush't,
Like curds through wicker squeas'd; or juices crush't
Through draining colendars. As he the dead
Prepares t' unarm, my sword his bowels shred.
Your father saw his downfal. *Chthonius* too,
- 440 And stout *Teleboas* our sawchion flew.
The first a forked branch, the other bore
A lance; the lance this wound had given before;
Whereof you see the ancient scar. Then I,
Then should I have been sent t' have ruin'd *Troy*,
- 445 Then might I have restrain'd, if not o'rethrow'n
Great *Hector*. But, he either then was none,
Or else a child. Now spent with age, I wain.
What speak I of two-shap't *Pyretus* slain
By *Periphas*? Thy dart without an head,
- 450 Brave *Ampycus*, four-hoof'd *Oicles* sped.
Macareus born by *Pelethronian* rocks,
Huge *Erigdupas* with a leaver knocks
To echoing earth. His dart *Cymelus* sheath'd
Deep in *Nessus* groin, and life bereav'd.
- 455 Nor would you think *Ampycides* alone
Could fate fore-tel; a lance by *Mopsus* thrown
Odites slew: this, as the Centaur rail'd,
His tongue t' his chin, his chin t' his bosom nail'd.
Five, *Ceneis* flew; *Bromus*, *Antimachus*,
- 460 Ax-arm'd *Pyraemus*, *Helius*, *Strophelus*.
Although forgetful by what wounds they fell;
Their names, and number, I remember well.
Giant-like *Latreus* lightneth to these broils;
Arm'd with *Emathian* *Alesus* spoils:
- His years twixt youth and age; nor age impairs
The strength of youth though sprinkled with gray hair
- 465 A *Macedonian* spear, a sword, and shield,
Confirm his pride: o're-views the well-fought field,

Clashes his arms ; and trotting in a round,
Enforc'd the air with this disdainful sound.

- 470 Shall I indure thee, *Canis*? still to me
Thou art a woman, and shalt *Canis* be.
Thou hast forgot thy births original,
And for what fact rewarded ; by what fall
Advanc't to this man-counterfeiting shape.
Think of thy birth ; think of thy easie rape.
- 475 Go, take a Spindle and a Distaff ; twine
The carded wool ; and arms to Men resign.
While thus he scoffs ; and circularly ran ;
Canis his sides gores with his launce, where Man
And Horse unite. He, mad with anguish, flings
His spear at the *Phyllian* youth, which rings
- 480 On his unwounded face ; and back recoils,
As Pebbles dropt on Drums, or Hail on Tiles.
Then rushing on, with thrusts assays to wound
His hardned sides, the sword no entrance found.
Nor shalt thou scape ; the edge shall lance thy throat,
- 485 Although the point be dull. This said, and smote
At once, the blow, as if on marble, sounds,
And from his neck the broken blade rebounds.
When he his charmed limbs had open laid
Enough to wounds and wonder, *Canis* said :
- 490 Now will we try, if thou our sword canst feel.
Then 'twixt his shoulders thrust the fatal steel
Up to the hilts ; which to and fro he waves
Deep in his guts, and wounds on wounds ingraves.
The frighted Centaurs with an horrid cry,
- 495 On him alone, with all their weapons, fly.
Their Darts rebated, fall, but draw no blood :
For *Canis* still invulnerable stood.
This more amaz'd. Ah, *Monychus* exclaims,
One foils us all, to all our endless shames !
- 500 He scarce a man ! nay he the man, and we
Are what he was : so poor our actions be.
What boots our mighty limbs ? our double force ?
The strongest of all creatures, Man and Horse,
In us by Nature join'd ? sure we are not
A Goddess birth ; nor by *Ixion* got,
- 505 Who durst the Queen of Deities embrace :
This half-man conquers his degenerate race.
Stones, massive Logs, whole Mountains on him rou' ;
And with a pile of Trees crush out his soul.

- Let woods oppress his jaws : o're-whelm with weight,
 In stead of idle wounds. Thus he ; and straight
 310 An Oak up-rooted by the furious blasts
 Of franctick winds, on valiant *Cæneus* casts.
 Th' example quickly *Ochrys* disarray'd
 Of all his trees ; and *Pelion* wanted shade.
 Prest with so huge a burthen, *Cæneus* swears :
 315 And to th' o're-whelming Oaks his shoulders sets.
 But now the load above his stature climbs,
 And chokes the passage of his breath. Sometimes
 He faints ; then struggles to advance his crown
 Above the Pile, and throw the timber down :
 320 Sometimes the burthen with his motion quakes ;
 As when an Earth-quake high-brow'd *Ida* shakes.
 His end was doubtful ; some there be, who tell
 How with that weight his body sunk to Hell ;
Mopsus dissent ; who saw a fowl arise
 325 From thence with yellow wings, and mount the skies ;
 (The first I ever saw) which flying round
 About our tents, sent forth a mournful sound.
 This he pursuing with his soul and sight,
 330 Cry'd, Hail thou glory of the *Lapithæ* :
 O *Cæneus*, late a man at arms ; but now
 An un-matcht fowl ! his witness all allow.
 Grief whets our fury ; brooking ill, that one
 By such a multitude should be o're-thrown :
 And sorrow so long executes the fight,
 335 Till half were slain : half sav'd by speed, and night.
Tlepolemus could not his tongue debar :
 Since in the repetition of that war,
 Of *Hercules* he had no mention made.
 Old man, how can you so forget (he said)
 340 *Alcides* praise ? my father oft would tell,
 How by his hand the Cloud-born Centaurs fell.
 To this sad *Nestor* answer'd : Why should you
 Compel me to remember, and renew
 My sorrow lost in time ? or iterate
 Your father's guilt ; together with my hate ?
 345 His acts transcend belief, his high repute
 Fills all the world : which would I could refuse.
 But not *Polydamas*, *Deiphobus*,
 Nor valiant *Hector*, are extoll'd by us.
 For who commends his foe ? *Messene's* walls
 350 He rais'd : Fair *Elis*, *Pylus*, in their falls

- Detest his fury : Cities which his hate
 Had not deserv'd ; with them did ruinate
 Our House with sword and fire. Not now to tell
 Of others, who by his stern out-rage fell ;
 Twice six fair-fam'd *Neleida* were we ;
 Twice six *Alcides* slew, excepting me.
 555 Others have been subdu'd : but more than strange
 Was *Periclymen's* slaughter ! who could change
 And re-change to all figures. Such a grace
 Great *Neptune* gave ; the root of *Neleus* race.
 He, forc'd to vary forms, at length appears
 560 Like *Jove's* lov'd Fowl, who in her talons bears
 Impetuous thunder ; and in his descent
 His face with his strong beak and pounces rent.
 At him his Bow, too sure, *Alcides* drew,
 565 As tow'ring in the lofty clouds he flew,
 And struck his side-join'd wing. The wound was slight ;
 But sunder'd nerves could not sustain his flight.
 When tumbling down, his weight the arrow smote
 570 In at his side, and thrust it through his throat.
 Now brave Commander of the *Rhodian* Fleet ;
 'Think'st thou *Alcide's* praise a subject meet
 575 For my discourse ? Alone with silence we
 Revenge our slaughter'd brothers ; and love thee.
 When *Nestor* with mellifluous eloquence
 Had thus much utter'd ; they with speech dispense,
 And liberal *Bacchus* quaff : then all arose,
 And give the rest of night to soft repose.
 580 The God, whose Trident calms the Ocean,
 For strangled *Cycnus*, turn'd into a Swan,
 Grieves with paternal grief. *Achilles* fate
 He prosecutes with more than civil hate.
 Ten years now well-nigh laps'd in horrid fights,
 585 This unshorn *Smintheus* his stern rage excites.
 Of all our brothers sons to us most dear ;
 Whose hands, with ours, *Troy's* wall in vain did rear :
 O sigh'st thou not to see the *Asian* towers
 So near their fall ? their own, and aiding powers
 590 By millions slain ? the halt of all their joy
 Dead *Hector* dragg'd about his fathers *Troy* ?
 Yet dire *Achilles*, who our labour gives
 To utter spoil, than War more cruel, lives.
 Came he within my reach, he then should try
 The vengeance of my Trident : but since I

- 595 Cannot approach t' encounter with my foe;
 Let him thy close and mortal arrows know.
Delius assents: his Uncles wrath intends;
 With it, his own; and in a cloud descends
 To th' *Ilian* host: amid the battel seeks
 600 For *Paris*, shooting at un-noted *Greeks*.
 Then shew'd a God, and said: why dost thou lose
 Thy shafts so basely? nobler objects choose;
 If thou of thine at least hast any care:
 Thy brethrens deaths revenge on *Peless* heir.
 Then shew'd him stern *Achilles*, as he slew
 605 The *Trojan* troops: and while his bow he drew,
 Directs the deadly shaft. This only might
 Old *Priam*, after *Hector's* death, delight.
 Him, who with conquest cloy'd the jaws of death,
 610 A faint Adulterer deprives of breath.
 If by the effeminate to be o're-thrown,
 Then should the *Pollux* of the *Amazon*
 Have forc't thy fate. The *Phrygian* fears the frame,
 And strong protection of the *Grecian* Name.
 Invincible *Aeacides* now burns:
 The God, who arm'd, his bones to ashes turns.
 615 And of that great *Achilles* scarce remains
 So much, as now a little Urn contains.
 Yet still he lives; his glory lightens forth,
 And fills the world: this answers his full worth.
 This, O divine *Pelides*, soars as high
 As thy great spirit, and shall never die.
 620 And even his arms, to instance whose they were;
 Procure a war, Arms for his Arms they bear,
Ajax Oileus; *Diomedes*, nor
 The less *Atrides*; not in age and war
 The Greater: no not any; but the Son
 Of old *Laertes* and bold *Telamon*,
 625 Durst hope for such a prize. *Tantalides*,
 To shun the burthen and the hate of these,
 The Princes bids to sit before his tent:
 And puts the strife on their arbitrement.



OVIDS

METAMORPHOSIS.

THE THIRTEENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Those purple flowers which Ajax name display,
His blood produce. Enraged Hecuba
Becomes a Bitch: From Memnon's tynners rise
Self-slaught'ring Fowl: a yearly sacrifice.
Whatever Anius daughters handle, proves
Corn, Wine, or Oyl: themselves transform'd to Doves.
From honour'd Virgins ashes Sons ascend.
Th' Ambracian Judge, a Stone. Light wings defend
Molossius royal issue. Scylla grows
An horrid Monster. Murder'd Acys flows
With speedy streams. The kind Nereides
For Glaucus sue: inthron'd in sacred Seas.*

THe Princes far; the soldier crowns the field;
Up rose the Master of the sevenfold Shield:
With wrath impatient, his stern eyes survey
Sygaum, and the Navy which there lay.
5 Then throwing up his hands, O Jove, he said;
Before the Fleet must we our title plead?
And am I rivall'd by *Ulysses* claim?
Who made no doubt to fly from *Hector's* flame.
This I sustain'd; from this that Navy freed.
'Tis safer to contend in word than deed.
10 I cannot talk, nor can he fight: as far
His tongue excels, as I exceed in war;

- Nor need I to rehearse what you have seen
 In act, renowned *Greeks*: what his hath been
 Let *Ithacus* declare; perform'd by fight,
 15 Without a witness, only known to night.
 Great is th' affected prize, I must confess:
 But such a Rival makes the value less.
 For me, 'tis no ambition to obtain,
 (Though great) whatever he could hope to gain.
 Who now in this is honour'd, that can last
 20 He strove with me, when he the palm hath lost.
 But were my valour question'd, I might on
 My birth insist; begot by *Telamon*,
 Who under *Hercules* Troy's bulwarks scal'd:
 In *Pegasean* keell to *Ceteis* sail'd.
 25 His father, *Eacus*, the Judge of Souls,
 Where *Sisyphus* his restless torment rous.
 High *Jupiter* upon a mortal Love
 Got *Eacus*: I *Ajax*, third from *Jove*.
 Nor let this pedigree assist my claim,
 30 If great *Achilles* joy'n'd not in the same.
 He was my brother, his I ask. Why thus
 Should'st thou, thou son of damned *Sisyphus*,
 Alike in theft and fraud, a stranger to
Achilles race, the right of his pursue?
 Because I first assumed arms, descry'd
 35 By no detector, are these arms deny'd?
 Or rather for the last in field design'd?
 Who with feign'd Lunacy the war declin'd:
 Till *Palamed* more politick, though more
 Unhappy, did his coward-guile explore,
 And dress him to avoided arms? Must he
 40 Now wear the best, who all eschew'd? and we
 Unhonour'd, robbed of a Kinsman's right,
 Because we at the first appear'd in fight?
 And would to *Jove* he had been truly mad;
 Or still so thought: nor this companion had,
 This tempter to foul actions, ever seen
 The *Phrygian* tow'rs. Then should'st thou have been
 45 O *Peaan's* son, expos'd by our crime
 To *Lemnian* Rocks: where thou consum'st thy time
 In lonely Caves obscur'd with woods, the stones
 Provok'd to pity with thy daily groans,
 And wishest him, what he deserves, thy pain,
 If Gods there be, thou wishest not in vain.

Now.

- 50 Now our Confederate (a Prince of brave
Command) to whom his shafts *Alcides* gave;
Broken with pain and famine, doth employ
Those arrows, that import the fate of *Troy*,
For food and clothing: yet he lives the while,
55 In that removed from *Ulysses* guile.
And *Palamed* might with t' have been so left:
Then had he liv'd, or been of life bereft
Not by our crime. He hellishly inclin'd,
Bears his convicted madness in his mind;
And falsely him accus'd to have betray'd
Th' *Achaian* host; confirming what he said.
60 By shewing sums of gold, which in his tent
Himself had hid. Thus he by banishment
Or death, our strength impairs; for this prefer'd:
So fights, so is *Ulysses* to be fear'd.
Though faithful *Nestor*, he in eloquence,
Surpass: his leaving *Nestor*, no defence
Of words can save: who slow, through his hurt horse;
65 And clogg'd with age, implor'd *Ulysses* force
To fetch him off; who left to odds of foes
His old acquaintance. This *Tydid* knows
For no forg'd crime; who vainly call'd, to stay
His trembling friend, reviling his dismay.
70 The Gods with justice view our human deeds.
Who would not late assist, assistance needs:
And now to be forsaken by the Law
Himself prescrib'd. He cry'd, I came, and saw
The coward quaking, pale, about to yield
75 His ghost for fear. I interpos'd my shield;
Bestrid him as he lay; and from that strife
Redeem'd (my least of praise) his coward life.
But if thou wilt contend, rejoyn we there;
Revoke the foe, thy wounds, and usual fear;
Behind my target skulk: then plead. This man,
80 Who feel'd with wounds; freed, as unwounded ran.
Now *Hector* came, and brought the Gods along;
Rusht on all parts: not thou alone, the strong
And best resolved shrink: so great a dread
He drew on all. Him, as he conquest led
85 Through blood and slaughter, with a mighty stone
I struck to earth: him I sustain'd alone,
When he to all so bold a challenge made;
When for my lot you all devoutly pray'd.

- Nor pray'd in vain: if you enquire the sum
 90 Of this our fight, I was not overcome.
 With bloody weapons, flames, and *Jove*, the men
 Of *Troy* invade our navy: where was then
 Your eloquent *Ulysses*? I, even I
 A thousand ships preserv'd; whereon rely
 The hopes of your return. These arms for all
 95 Your Fleet afford. The need more honour shall
 Receive than give: our glories justly please;
 These arms do *Ajax* seek, not *Ajax* these.
Rhysus surprize, with ours let him compare,
 That poor spy *Dolon's*, *Helenus* despair;
 100 The apt *Palladium*: nothing done by day:
 He of no worth, take *Diomed* away.
 If to such mean deserts these arms accrue;
 Divide them: to *Tydid*es most is due.
 Why would he these? who still unarmed goes,
 Conceal'd; and cunningly intraps his foes?
 105 This radiant Cask that shines with burnisht gold,
 Will his deceit, and lurking steps unfold.
 His neck can scarce *Achilles* helmet bear;
 Nor can his feeble arms employ this spear:
 100 His shield, whose orb the figur'd world adorns;
 A cowards arm, inur'd to thieving, scorns.
 O fool, that thus thy own undoing seeks!
 If given thee by th' error of the *Greeks*,
 It will not make thee dreadful to thy foe;
 But give occasion of thy overthrow.
 115 And slight, wherein thou only dost exceed,
 Clogg'd with so huge a weight, will fail thy need.
 Besides, thy shield in battel rarely born,
 Is yet entire: but mine, all hackt and torn
 With storms of blows, a new successor needs.
 120 What boots so many words? behold our deeds.
 These arms deliver to the foes defence:
 And let him keep, that takes the prize from thence.
 Here *Ajax* ends. The Soldiers in the close
 A murmur rais'd, till *Ithacus* arose:
 125 Who having fixed on the earth a space
 His eyes, unto the Princes rais'd his face;
 And now expected, spake unto this sense;
 With all the grace of winning eloquence.
Grecians! if heavens, with yours, had heard my prayer;
 What now we seek had found no doubtful Heu:
 Th' hadst

- 130 Th'hadst kept thy arms, *Achilles*, and we thee.
 But since stern Fate, averse to you and me,
 So covered an happiness denies,
 (With that appears to weep, and wipes his eyes)
 Who great *Achilles* with more right succeeds,
 Than he, who gave you great *Achilles* deeds?
- 135 Favour not him because he seems to be,
 And is a sot: nor blame this wit in me,
 So blest in your affairs: or take offence
 That for my self I arm my eloquence,
 (If I have any) oft for you implo'd,
 Let none the glory of his own avoid.
- 140 For Ancestors, divine original,
 And deeds by us not done, we ours miscall.
 Yet in that *Ajax* vaunts himself to be
 Great-Granchild unto *Jove*: no less are we.
Laertes was my Sire, *Arcefius* his;
 His, *Jupiter*: in this descent none is.
- 145 Condemn'd, nor banisht. By the mother I
 From *Hermes* spring: in both a Deity.
 Not that more noble by the Mothers side,
 Nor that my Father had his hands undi'd
 In brothers blood, do I inforce this claim:
- 150 Weigh but our worths: and censure by the same.
 That *Telamon* and *Peleus* brethren were,
 In *Ajax* is no merit. Not the near
 In birth, but great in act, deserve this grace:
 Or if proximity in blood have place,
- 155 *Peleus* his father, *Pyrhus* is his son:
 What right remains for *Ajax Telamon*?
 To *Phthia* then, or *Scyros* carry these.
Teucer is Cousin to *Æacides*
 As well as he; yet stirs not he herein:
 Or if he should, should he the honour win?
 Then since our actions must our suit advance;
- 160 Although my deeds surmount my utterance,
 Their abstract yet in order to relate:
Thetis, fore-knowing great *Achilles* fate,
 Disguis'd her son: so like a Virgin drest,
 That all mistook, and *Ajax* with the rest.
 When arms, with womens trifles, that might blind
 Suspect, I brought to tempt a manly mind.
- 165 Yet was the Hero Virgin-like afraid,
 Who taking up the spear and shield, I said:

O God.

- O Goddess-born, for thee the fate of *Troy*
 Her fall reserves: why doubt'st thou to destroy
 Great *Pergamus*? then made him leave those weeds:
 170 And sent the Mighty unto mighty deeds.
 His acts are therefore ours. We *Telephus*
 Spoil'd by our Lance; the suppliant cur'd by us.
 Strong *Thebes* we sack'd: sackt *Lesbos* us renowns.
Chrysa and *Tenedos* (*Apollo's* towns)
 175 *Cilla*, and Sea-girt *Cyros*, in their falls
 Our same advance: we raz'd *Lernessus* walls.
 To pass the rest; I gave, who could subdue
 The brave *Priamides*: I *Hector* slew.
 For th' arms that found *Achilles* these I crave:
 180 He dead, I ask but what, alive, I gave.
 The grief of one, with all the *Greeks* prevails:
Eubœan Aulis held a thousand sails.
 The long-expected winds opposed stand,
 Or sleep in calms. When cruel Fates command
 Afflicted *Agamemnon* to assuage
 185 With *Iphigenia's* death, *Diana's* rage.
 But he dissents; the Gods themselves reproves;
 And in a King a father's passion moves.
 His noble disposition ne' rethelss
 I to the publick won: and must confess
 (*Atrides*, pardon;) we did prosecute
 190 Before a partial Judge, an hateful suit.
 Yet him his brother, Scepter, publick good
 Perswade to purchase endless praise with bloud.
 Then went I to the mother for her child:
 Now not to be exhorted, but beguil'd.
 Had *Ajax* thither gone, our flagging sails
 195 Not yet had swell'd with still-expected gales.
 Then on a bold embassy I was sent
 To haughty *Troy*: to th' *Ilian* Court I went
 Yet full of men: and fearless, urg'd at large
 The common cause committed to my charge.
 200 False *Paris* I accuse: rap'd *Helena*
 I re-demand, with all they bore away.
 Old *Priam* and *Antenor* just appear,
 But *Paris*, with his brethren, and who were
 His followers in that stealth, from wicked blows
 Could scarce refrain. This *Memnon* knows,
 The first of dangers, wherein you and I
 205 Together join'd. But what my policy

- And force perform'd behoofeful to this State,
 In that long war, too long is to relate.
 The first great battel fought, our wary foes
 Long live immur'd : nor durst their powers expose.
 Nine years expir'd, wars all the fields affright.
- 210 Meanwhile what didst thou, only fit to fright?
 What use of thee? inquire my actions; I
 The foe intrap, our trenches fortifie,
 Encouraging the weary Souldier
 To brook the tediousness of lingering war
 With fair expectation: teach them ways to feed,
- 215 The use of arms: imploi'd at every need.
 The King deluded in his sleep by *Jove*,
 Bids us the care of future war remove.
 The author was his strong apology.
Ajax should have withstood; the sack of *Troy*
 He should have urg'd; done what he could, have fought.
- 220 VVhy was the nobler siege by him unsought?
 VVhy arm'd he not? a speech he might have made,
 That would the wavering multitude have staid:
 To him not difficult, who looks so high,
 And speaks so big. VVhat if himself did flie?
 I saw, and sham'd to see thee turn thy back,
 To hoist thy sails unto thy honours wrack.
- 225 VVhat do you? O what madness, mates, said I,
 Provokes you to abandon yielding *Troy*?
 Ten years nigh spent, what will you bear away
 But infamy? I this and more did say;
 VVherein my sorrow made me eloquent:
 They thus perswaded, alter'd their intent.
- 230 The King a Council calls; distrusts afford
 No sound advice: durst *Ajax* speak a word?
 VVhen base *Thersites* durst the King provoke
 VVith bitter words: who felt my scepters' stroke.
 Their doubts with hopes of conquest I inspire:
- 235 And let their fainting courages on fire:
 Since when, what he hath nobly done, by right
 To me belongs, that thus restrain'd his flight.
 Besides, what one of all the wiser *Greeks*
 Makes choice of thee? or thine assistance seeks?
Tyades us approves, builds on our will;
- 240 Is confident in his *Ulysses* still.
 Among so many, 'tis a grace for me
 To be his consort; and the choice so free.

254 METAMORPHOSIS,

- The danger of the foe, and night despis'd ;
 I *Dolon*, then a counter-scout, surpriz'd :
 245 Nor him, till I had searcht his bosom, slew ;
 Informed what perfidious *Troy* would do.
 All known, and nothing left to be enquir'd ;
 I now with praise enough might have retir'd.
 Yet not so satisfi'd, I forward went ;
 250 And *Rhesus* slew, with his, in his own tent ;
 When, like a Victor, on his Chariot I
 Return'd in triumph. Can you then deny
Achilles arms, whose horses were assign'd
 For one nights hazard ? *Ajax* is more kind.
 255 What should I of *Sarpedon's* forces tell,
 O're-thrown by us : by us *Ceramos* fell,
Iphitides, *Alastor*, *Chromius*,
Alcander, *Prytanis*, *Noemonus*,
Halius, stout *Thoon*, bold *Pheridamas*,
 260 With *Charopes*, *Ennomus* fatal Pass
 Sign'd by my Launce : and many more in view
 Of hostile *Troy*, of meaner rank, I slew.
 And I, O Countrymen, have honour'd wounds,
 Fair in their scars ; nor trust to empty sounds :
 Behold, (said he, with that his bosom bares)
 265 This breast, still exercis'd in your affairs.
 No blood for *Greece* in all these lengthful wars
 Hath *Ajax* shed : let him produce his scars.
 What boots it, though his deeds his brags approve ;
 That for our Fleet he fought with *Troy* and *Joue* ?
 270 I grant, he did so : nor will we detract
 With hated envy from a noble act.
 So he ingross not to himself alone
 A common praise, but render us our own.
Astortides (for great *Achilles* meld)
Troy's flames and Faut'or from our ships repell'd.
 He vainly glories that himself alone
 275 Could answer *Hector's* opposition :
 The King, his brother, and my self forgot :
 Of nine the last, and but prefer'd by lot.
 But what event, O great in valour, crown'd
 Your famous combat ? *Hector* had no wound.
 280 Wo's me ! with what a tide of grief I call
 That time to mind ; wherein the *Grecian* Wall,
Achilles fell : tears, fears, nor sorrow staid
 My forward zeal ; his trait'ful corpse I laid

Upon

- Upon these shoulders: these, even these did bear
285 Him, and his arms; which now I hope to wear.
Our strength can such a weight with ease sustain:
Our knowledge can your honour'd gift explain.
Was *Thetis* so ambitious for her son,
That such a brainless Souldier should put on
290 This heavenly gift, of so divine a frame?
Whose figur'd shield his ignorance would shame.
Wherein, the Ocean; Earth with Cities crown'd;
Skies deckt with Stars; cold *Arctos* never drown'd,
Sword-girt *Orion*, sad *Pleiades*,
295 The rainy *Kids*. He seeks, yet knows not these.
Upbraids he me, that I this war did shun,
And time deferr'd till others had begun?
Nor can consider, how he wounds in me
Achilles honour. If a crime it be
To counterfeit; we join in that defame:
300 If, in that tardy; I before him came.
Me, my kind wife, his mother him withdrew:
Our flow'r to them we gave, the fruit to you.
Nor fear I, should I quit my own defence,
To suffer with so clear an excellence.
Nor was it *Ajax* found out me: and yet
305 *Achilles* was discover'd by my wit.
Left I should wonder why his foolish tongue
Should slander me, he you upbraids with wrong.
If *Palamedes* was accus'd by me
Without just cause, must not his judgment be
310 To you reproachful? neither *Nauplius* Seed
Could justify so evident a deed:
Nor heard you only of his treacheries,
The hire of treason laid before your eyes.
Peantius in *Lemnos* left, was none
Of my offence, do you defend your own:
315 You to his stay contented. Yet again
I must confess, I advis'd him to abtain
From travel, toils of war: and to appease
The anguish of his bitter wound with ease.
He did; he lives. Th' advice was good: success
As fortunate approves it for no less.
320 Since Fate designs him for the fall of *Troy*:
Spare me, and *Ajax* industry employ.
His tongue the mad with wrath and anguish will
Appease: he'll fetch him with some reach of skill.

- First *Simois* shall retire, *Idæ* want a shade,
 325 *Achaia* promise to the *Trojans* aid;
 E're my endeavours in your service fail,
 And sottish *Ajax* with his wit prevail.
 And *Philoctetes*, though obdure, thou be
 Incens'd against the King, these Lords, and me;
 330 Though curses lighten from thy lips, though still
 Thou covet my access, my blood to spill;
 Yet I'll attempt thee; and will bring thee back;
 That neither may, what we so wish for, lack.
 Thy shafts I must possess (to favour Fate)
 335 As I possess the *Dardan* prophet late;
 As I unknit the *Trojan* destiny,
 And doubtful answer of the Gods; as I,
 Amid a world of foes, the fatal Sign
 Of *Phrygian Pallas* ravish'd from her shrine.
 Compare with me will *Ajax*? this unta'ne,
Troy's hop'd-for expugnation had been vain.
 340 Where was strong *Ajax*? where the glorious boast
 Of that great Souldier? why in terror lost?
 How durst *Ulysses* trust himself to night,
 Pass through the watch, their threat'ning weapons slight?
 The walls not only, but the highest tower
 Of *Ilium* scale: and from her Fane the Power
 345 That bears their fate in force: and with this prey,
 Repass the dangers of that horrid way?
 Which, had not I achiev'd, yet in field
 Had *Ajax* vainly born his seven-fold shield.
 That night *Troy* fell before *Laertes* son:
 Won, when I made it that it might be won.
 350 Why dost thou flee on my *Tydidæ* so:
 And nodd'st at me? our praises jointly grow.
 Not for our Navy didst thou fight alone:
 Thou by an host assisted, I by one.
 Who knew that wisdom valour should command;
 355 That these belong'd not to a strenuous hand:
 Else he himself had join'd in this debate;
 Or th' other *Ajax*, far more moderate;
 Brave *Thoas*, fierce *Euriphylus*; with these
Idomeneus and *Meriones*
 Of *Crete*; or *Menelaus*. For they are,
 360 As strong, nor second unto thee in war:
 Yet yield to our advice. Thou fit for fight,
 Dost need my reason to direct thy might:

Thy

- Thy valour wants forecast ; my care is set
 Upon the future : thou canst fight ; and yet
 The time and place must be by us assign'd :
- 365 Thou only strong in body, I in mind.
 As skilful Pilots those surpass, who row ;
 As wise Commanders, common Souldiers ; so
 I thee excel. Our vigour is less great
 In bones and sinews, yet my soul compleat.
- 370 Then O remunerate my vigilance :
 And, Princes, for so many years expence
 In anxious cares, this dignity extend
 To my deserts, our work is at an end :
 Withstanding fates removed : I, in that I
 Have made it feasible, have taken *Troy*.
- 375 Now by our mutual hopes, *Troy's* overthrow,
 Those Gods which late I ravish'd from the toe ;
 If ought remain to be discreetly done,
 That courage craves, through danger to be won ;
 If in the *Ilian* destiny there be
 A knot yet to unknit ; remember me :
- 380 Or if you can forget ; these arms resign
 To this ; and shews *Minerva's* fatal Sign. (charms ;
 The Chiefs were mov'd. Here words approv'd their
 And Eloquence from Valour wins those arms.
 He who alone, *Jove, Hector, Sword and Fire*
- 385 So oft sustain'd, yields to one stroke of ire.
 Th' unconquer'd sorrow conquers ; Then his blade
 In haste unsheath'd : Sure thou art mine, he said ;
 Or seeks *Ulysses* this ? this shall conclude
 All sense of wrong. And thee, so oft imbrued
 In *Phrygian* blood, thy Lords must now imbrue :
- 390 That none but *Ajax Ajax* may subdue.
 This said ; his breast, till then with wounds ungor'd,
 The deadly sword, where it could enter, bor'd.
 Nor could draw back the steel with all his strength ;
 Expell'd by gushing gore. The blood at length,
- 395 A purple flower ingendred on the ground :
 Created first by *Hyacinthus* wound.
 The tender leaves indifferent letters paint :
 Both of his name, and of the Gods complaint.
 The Conqueror, now hoisting sails, doth stand
 For mild *Hypsiphile's* and *Thoas* Land ;
- 400 (Defam'd by Womens cursed violence)
 To fetch the shafts of *Hercules* from thence.

These

- These, with their owner, to the camp convey'd,
 Of that so long a war an end they made.
 405 Now *Troy* and *Priamus* together fall.
 Th' unhappy wife of *Priam* after all,
 Her human figure lost : whose raving Sprite
 And uncouth howling foreign fields affright.
 The flames of *Ilium* stretch their hungry fire
 To narrow *Hellspont* ; nor there expire.
 410 That little blood which *Priam's* age could shed,
Jove's altar drinks. By her anointed head
Apollo's Priest they drag, her hands in vain
 To heaven upheld. The Victor *Greeks* constrain
 415 The *Dardan* Dames ; a deadly-hating prey :
 Who imbrace their Country Gods ; and while they may,
 Behold their burning Fanes. Dire violence
Astyanax threw from that tower ; from whence
 He had seen his father, by his mother shown,
 Fight for his Kingdoms safety, and his own.
 North-winds to Seas invite, and prosperous gales
 420 Sing in their shrouds ; they haste to trim their Sails,
 The *Trojan* Ladies cry, Dear Soil, farewell !
 We are hal'd to loath'd captivity ! then fell
 On earth now kist : and leave with much delay,
 Their countries smould'ring ruins. *Hecuba*
 Her sad departure to the last defers ;
 Now found among her childrens sepulchres,
 425 (A sight of ruth !) spread on their tombs ; bewails,
 Their cold bones kissing : whom *Ulysses* hales
 From that sad comfort. Some of *Hector's* dust,
 Up-snatcht, delivers to her bosoms trust.
 Upon his tomb she left her hoary hairs
 (A poor Oblation !) mingled with her tears.
 430 Oppos'd to *Ilium's* ruins lies a Land,
 Till'd by the *Bistones* ; in the Command
 Of *Polymnestor*. Danger to prevent,
 To him his father *Polydorus* sent :
 And wisely ; had he not withal consign'd
 435 A mass of gold, to tempt his greedy mind.
 His foster-child, when lingring *Ilium* drew
 To her last date, the *Thracian* Tyrant flew.
 Whom, as if he his murder with the slain
 Could cast away, he casts into the Main.
 440 Now rode *Atrides* at the *Thracian* shoar ;
 Till winds forbore to storm ; and Seas to roar.

When

- When from the yawning earth *Achilles* rose;
 Like mighty as in life: whose looks disclose
 As stern a wrath, as when his lawless blade
 445 Was on *Atrides* drawn, and frowning, said:
Achaians, O ingrateful! can you thus
 Depart? are our deserts intomb'd with us?
 Now honour me with what I cover most:
 Let slain *Polyxena* appease my Ghost.
- 450 Then vanish. They th' ungentle Ghost obey'd;
 And from her Mothers bosom drew the Maid,
 (High-soul'd, unhappy, more than feminine)
 To his resembled tomb; life to resign
 With Rites infernal. Of her birth she thought:
 And now unto the bloody altar brought;
 455 Seeing her self the sacrifice prepar'd:
 And that *Neoptolemus* upon her star'd
 With Sword advanc'd, she said; untoucht with dread:
 Our generous blood to your intentions shed,
 Dispatch; in throat or breast (I am prepar'd)
 460 Your weapon sheath, (With that her bosom bar'd)
Polyxena doth servitude despise:
 And yet no God affects such sacrifice.
 I only wish my death might be unknown
 To my afflicted mother. She alone
 Disturbs the joys of death: though *Priam's* wife
 465 My death should less bewail, than her own life.
 Nor let the touch of man pollute a maid:
 That my free Soul may to the *Stygian* shade
 Untainted pass. If this be just, remove
 Your hand, I shall more acceptable prove
 Unto that God or Ghost, what'e'r he be,
 To whom I am offer'd, if my blood be free.
- 470 And if a dying tongue prevail at all;
 I, late great *Priam's* daughter, now a thrall,
 Solicite that my corps may not be sold;
 But given my mother: nor exchange for gold
 Sad rites of sepulture. In former years
 Sh' had gold to give, now poor, accept her tears.
- 475 This having said, for her, that would not weep,
 The people wept: the Priest could hardly keep
 His eyes from tears, yet did what he abhor'd,
 And in her proffered bosom thrust his sword.
 On doubling knees she sinks, with silent breath,
 And chearfully imbraceth smil'd-on Death.

Then

- 470 Then when she fell, she had a care to hide
 What should be hid; and chastly decent di'd.
 Her corps was carried by the *Trojan* dames:
 Who in a funeral song repeat the names
 Of *Priam's* mourn'd for Seed; what streams of gore
 One House had spent. Thee, Virgin, they deplore:
 And thee, O royal Wife, entitled late
 485 The mother-Queen, and Glory of that State:
 A Captive now, cast by a scorned lot
 On conquering *Ithacus*; refus'd, if not
 Forbearing *Hector*. *Hector*, so renown'd,
 A master hardly for his mother found.
 She hugs the corps that such a spirit kept.
 490 Who for her country, children, husband, wept
 So oft; now weeps for her: her lips she prest,
 Her wounds fills with her tears. Then bears her breast.
 Her hoary hair besmear'd with clotted gore,
 And bosom torn, this spake she; and much more.
 495 Poor daughter, our last sorrow: (what is left
 For fortunes spite!) by bloody death bereft
 On thee I see my wounds. That of my seed
 None may unwounded die, even thou must bleed.
 In that a woman, thee I held secur'd:
 But thou, O woman, suffer'st by the sword.
 This bane of *Troy*, our utter ruin, who
 500 So many of thy princely brothers slew,
 Hath slain thee too. When he a corpse was made
 By *Paris* and *Apollo's* shafts, I slid;
 Now is *Achilles* to be fear'd no more.
 Now dead, to us as dreadful as before.
 505 Against my race his ashes rise: his tomb
 Presents a foe. O my unhappy womb!
 T'his fury fruitful! Ruin'd *Troy* descends:
 And sad success the publick sorrow ends:
 Yet they are ended. *Ilium* alone
 To us remains: our sorrows freshly groan.
 I, late so potent, and so fortunate
 510 In husband, sons, and height of human State,
 To exile now am hal'd: despis'd, and torn
 From my own sepulchres, from *Phrygia* born
 To serve *Penelope*, that while I sew
 Or spin at her commandment, she may shew
 Her slave to *Ithacensian* dames, and say,
 Lo, *Hector's* mother, *Priam's* *Hecuba*.

- 315 My sorrows sole relief, so many lost,
Is offer'd to appease an hostile Ghost.
Infernal sacrifices to the dead,
Even to my foe, my curst womb hath bred.
Hard heart, why break'st thou not? What hopes engage
Thine expectation? Mischievous Old-age,
For what reserv'st thou me? You cruel Powers,
320 Why lengthen you a poor old womans hours
To see new funerals? O *Prism*, I
May call thee happy, after ruin'd *Troy*.
Happy in death. Thou seest not this sad fate;
Thou lost thy life together with thy state.
Rich funerals attend thee, royal Maid;
325 And by thine Ancestors thou shalt be laid.
O no! thy mothers tears, an heap of sand,
Must now content thee in a foreign Land.
All, all, is lost! Yet lives a little Boy
330 My last and youngest joy, when I could joy;
For whom I condescend to live a space,
Here foster'd by the courteous King of *Thrace*.
Meanwhile why stay we with the cleansing flood
To wash these wounds, and look besmear'd with blood?
Then with an aged pace, her hoary hairs
335 All torn and scattered, to the Sea repairs.
And while the wretched said; You *Troades*,
A Pitcher bring to draw the brinish Seas:
She saw the cast-up corps of *Polydor*
Struck full of wounds upon the beachy shore.
The Ladies shriek; she dumb with sorrow stood:
340 Whilst inward grief, her voice, her tears, her blood,
At once devour'd. And now, as if intranc'd,
Stares on the earth; sometimes to heav'n advanc'd
Her scouling brows: oft on his visage gaz'd;
But oftner on his wounds. By anger rais'd,
345 Arm'd, and instructed, all on vengeance bent,
Still Queen-like, destines his punishment.
And as a *Lionness*, robb'd of her young,
Pursues the unseen hunters steps: so, stung
With fury, when her sorrow with her rage
350 Had join'd their powers; unmindful of her age,
But not of former greatness, ran with speed
To *Polymnestor*, author of this deed.
And craving conference, the Tyrant told
How she would shew him sums of hidden gold

- To give her *Polydor*. This held for true ;
 He thirsty of his prey, with her withdrew.
 355 And flattering her thus craftily begun:
 Delay not, *Hecuba*, & enrich thy son:
 By all the Gods we justly will restore
 What thou shalt give, and what thou gav'st before.
 She with a truculent aspect beheld
 360 The falsely swearing King ; with anger swell'd.
 Then calls the captive dames, upon him flies ;
 Who hides her fingers in his perjur'd eyes,
 Extracts his eye-balls : more than usual strong,
 With thirsty vengeance, and the sense of wrong,
 365 Her hand draws in his skull ; the roots up-tore
 Of his lost sight, imbru'd with guilty gore.
 The men of *Thracia* incensed for their King,
 Weapons and stones at *Hecuba* now fling.
 She, snarling, bites the follow'd flints, her chaps,
 370 For speech extended, bark. Of whose mis-haps,
 That place is nam'd. She, mindful of her old
 Misfortunes, in *Sithonian* desarts howl'd.
 The *Trojans*, *Grecians*, those who love or hate ;
 Yea, all the Gods commiserate her fate,
 375 Even spightful *Juno* did to this descend ;
 That *Hecuba* deserv'd not such an end.
Aurora had no leisure to lament,
 (Although these arms she favour'd) the event
 Of *Troy* or *Hecuba*. Domestical
 380 And nearer grief afflicts her, for the fall
 Of *Memnon* ; whose life-bloud the Launce imbru'd
 Of stern *Achilles*. This when first she view'd,
 The rose dye, that deckt the Morns up-rise,
 Grew forthwith pale, and clouds immur'd the skies.
 385 Nor could indure to see his body laid
 On funeral flames : but with her hair distaid,
 As in that season, so high *Jove* repairs ;
 And kneeling thus with tears, unfolds her cares.
 To all inferiour, whom the sky sustains,
 (For mortals rarely honour me with Fanes)
 390 A Goddess yet, I come : not to desire
 Shrines, Festivals, nor Altars bright with fire ;
 Yet should you weigh what I, a woman, do,
 The night confine, and sacred day renew,
 I merit such : such fruit not now our state ;
 395 Not such desires affect the desolate.

- Of *Memnon* robb'd, who glorious arms in vain
 Bare for his Uncle, by *Achilles* slain
 In flower of youth (so would you Gods) come I.
 600 O chief of Pow'rs, a mothers sorrow, by
 Some honour given him, lessen: death with fame
 Recomfort! *Jove* assents. When greedy flame
 Devour'd the funeral Pile; and curling fumes
 Day over-cast: as When bright *Sol* assumes
 From streams thick vapours, nor is seen below.
 605 The flying sparkles dying jointly grow
 Into one body. Colour, form, life, spring
 To it from fire, which lightness now doth wing.
 First like a fowl, forthwith a fowl indeed:
 610 innumerable sisters of that breed:
 Together whisk their feathers. Thrice they round
 The funeral Pile; thrice raise a mournful sound.
 In two battalions then divide their flight;
 And like two strenuous nations fiercely fight:
 Their opposite with beak and talons rend;
 615 Cuff with their wings; on sacrifice descend,
 Now dying, on the ashes of the dead:
 Remembring they were of the Valiant bred.
 These new sprung fowl, men of their author call
Memnonides. So sooner *Sol* through all
 The signs returns; but re-inforc'd again
 620 In civil war they die upon the slain.
 While others therefore do commiserate
 Poor barking *Hecuba* in her chang'd fate:
Aurora her own grief intends; renews
 Her pious tears which fall on earth in dews.
 625 Yet fates resist, that all the hopes of *Troy*
 Should perish with her towers. The Son and Joy
 Of *Cytherea*, with his household Gods,
 And aged Sire, his pious shoulders loads.
 Of so great wealth he only chose that prize,
 And his *Ascanius*: from *Antandros* flies
 By Seas, and shuns the wicked *Thracian* shoar,
 630 Defil'd, with blood of murdered *Polydore*:
 With prosperous winds arriving with his train
 At *Phæbus* town, where *Amius* then did reign,
Apollo's holy Priest; who, with the rest,
 Into the Temple leads his honour'd Guest:
 635 The City, with the sacred places, shows,
 And trees held by *Latona* in her throwes.

Incense

- Incense on flames, and wine on incense pour'd :
 Intrails of slaughter'd beeyes by fire devour'd ;
 His Guests conducts to Court : on carpet spread
 640 With *Ceres* and *Lycus* bounty fed.
 When thus *Anchises* ; O to *Phæbus* dear !
 I am deceiv'd, or, when I first was here,
 Four daughters and a son thy solace crown'd.
 He shook his head, with sacred fillets bound ;
 645 And sighing said, O most renown'd of men,
 I was the father of five children then,
 Whom now (such is the change of things!) you see
 Half childless : for my absent son to me
 Is of small comfort ; who, my Vice-roy, reigns
 650 In Sea-girt *Andros*, which his name retains.
 Him *Delius* with prophetick skill inspir'd.
 A gift past credit, still to be admir'd,
 My daughters *Bacchus* gave ; above their suit :
 That all they touch should presently transmute
 To wine, to corn, and to *Minerva's* oil.
 655 Rich in the use. To purchase such a spoil,
 Great *Troy's* Depopulator, *Atreus* Heir,
 (Lest you should think we have not born a share
 In your mis-haps) with armed violence
 Enforc'd them from me : charged to dispense
 660 That heavenly gift unto th' *Argolian* Host.
 They scape by flight : two to *Eubæa* coast ;
 Two fled to *Andros* : these the Souldier
 Pursu'd, and threatned (if unrender'd) war.
 Fear nature now subdu'd : his sisters were
 665 By him resign'd ; forgive a brothers fear.
 Not *Hector*, not *Aeneas* then were by
 To guard his town, who so long guarded *Troy*;
 About to bind their captive arms in bands ;
 Rearing to heaven their yet unchained hands,
 670 O father *Bacchus* help ! While thus they pray'd,
 The Author of that gift presents his aid.
 (If such a loss may be accounted so)
 Yet how they lost their shapes I could not know ;
 Nor yet can tell. It self the sequel proves ;
 675 Converted to thy Wives white-feather'd Doves.
 With such discourse they entertain the feast :
 That ta'ne away, dispose themselves to rest.
 With day they rose ; the Oracle exquire ;
 Who bids them to the r'ancient Nurse retire.

And

And kindred shoars. Now ready to depart
 680 The King presents rich gifts, wrought with rare art;
 A Scepter to *Anchises* gives: A brave
 Robe, and a quiver, to *Ascanius* gave:
 A cup t' *Aeneas*, which surpass the rest;
 By *Theban Therses* sent him, once his Guest.
Mylean Alcon made what *Therses* sent:
 685 And carv'd thereon this ample argument.
 A City with seven gates of equal grace;
 These serve for names to character the place.
 Before it, exequies, tombs, piles, bright fires,
 Dames with spread hair, bare breasts, and torn attires;
 690 Decipher mourning: Nymphs appear to weep
 For their dry Springs: sap-searing Cankers creep
 On naked trees: Goats lick the foodless ground.
 In midst of *Thebes*, *Orion's* daughters crown'd
 With fillets stand: This proffers to the Sword
 695 Her manly breast; her hands her death afford,
 For common safety. All the people mourn;
 And with due funerals their bodies burn.
 Yet lest the world should such a lineage lose,
 Two youths out of their virgin-ashes rose.
 These Orphans wandring *Fame Corona* calls:
 700 Who celebrate their mother's funerals.
 The antick brass with burnisht figures stain'd:
 Whose brim neat wreathes of gillt *Acanthus* bind.
 Nor were the *Trojan* gifts of less expence:
 Who gave a *Censer* for sweet *Frankincense*,
 An ample Chalice of a curious mold;
 705 With these a crown, that shone with gems and gold.
 In that the *Teucrians* sprung from *Teucre's* b'oud,
 They sail to *Greet*: But *Jove* their stay withstood.
 Leaving those hundred Cities, now they stand
 For wihlt *Ausonia's* destinated strand.
 710 Tost by rough Winter, and the wrath of Seas,
 They anchor at the faithless *Strophades*.
 Thence frighted by *Aello*, sail away
 By steep *Dulichium*, stony *Itaca*,
Samus, high *Neritus* clasp'd by the Main:
 All subject to the slie *Ulysses* reign.
 Then at *Ambracia* touch, the strife and grudge
 Of angry Gods, the image of the Judge
 715 Behold, by them converted into stone:
 Now by *Actiacan Apollo* known.

266 METAMORPHOSIS,

- Then the *Dodonian* speaking Oak they view ;
Ghaonia where *Molossus* children flew
 With aiding feathers from the impious flame ;
 720 Next to *Phaeacia*, rich in Orchards came ;
 Then to *Epirus* ; At *Butrotos* staid,
 Whose Scepter now the *Phrygian* Prophet swai'd ;
 And seerefembled *Troy*. Fore-told of all
 By *Priams* *Helenus*, that would befall :
 725 They reach *Sicania*. This three tongues extends
 Into circumfluent Seas. *Pachinus* bends
 To showry *Auster* ; flowry *Zepher* blows
 On *Lilybæus* brows ; *Polorus* shows
 His cliffs to *Boreas*, and the frozen *Bear*
 That shuns the *Ocean*. Under this they steer
 And stretch their Oars, who savoured by the tide,
 730 That night in *Zanclæ's* crooked harbour ride :
 The right-side dangerous *Seylla*, turbulent
Charybdis keeps the left ; on ruin bent.
 She belches swallowed ships from her profound ;
 Her sable womb, dogs, ever rav'ning round ;
 Yet bears a Virgins face : If all be true
 735 That Poets sing, she was a virgin too.
 By many sought, as many she despis'd :
 To Nymphs of Seas, or Sea Nymphs highly priz'd,
 She bears her visits ; and to them discovers,
 The history of her deluded Lovers :
 740 To whom thus *Galatæa*, sighing, said ;
 While *Seylla* comb'd her hair : You, lovely Maid,
 Are lov'd of generous minded men, whom you
 With safety may refuse, as now you do.
 But I, great *Nereus*, and blue *Doris* Seed,
 Great in so many sisters of that breed ;
 745 By shunning of the *Cyclops* love, provok'd
 A sad revenge. Here tears her utterance chok'd.
 These cleaned by the marble-finger'd maid ;
 Who, having comforted the Goddess, said :
 Relate, O most ador'd, nor from me keep
 The wretched cause that makes a Goddess weep ;
 For I am faithful. *Nereis* consents
 750 And thus her grief to *Cræis* daughter vents.
 The Nymph *Simeis* bore a lovely Boy
 To *Faunus*, *Acis* call'd ; to them a joy ;
 To us a greater. For the sweetly fair
 To me an innocent affection bare.

- 755 His blooming youth twice-told eight Birth-days crown,
And cloath his cheeks with scarce appearing down.
As I the gentle boy, so *Polypheme*
My love pursu'd; our loves alike extream.
Whether my love to *Acis*, or my hate
To him were more, I hardly can relate.
Both infinite! O *Venus*, what a power
760 Hath thy command! He, still austere and fowr,
A terroure to the woods, from whom no guest
With life escapes, accustomed to feast
On human flesh; who all the Gods above,
With them *Olympus* scorn'd; now stoops to love.
Forgetful of his flocks and caves, a fire
Feeds in his breast, inflamed with desire.
- 765 His feature now extends, now bends his care
To please: with rakes he combs his stubborn hair;
His bristles barbs with scithes: And by the brooks
Unsolid mirror calms his dreadful looks:
His thirst of blood and love of slaughter cease;
- 770 Less cruel now: Ships come and go in peace.
When *Telemus* came from *Sicilian* Seas,
The Augur *Telemus Euryimides*,
And said to *Polypheme*, Thy brows large sight
Shall by *Ulysses* be depriv'd of light.
- 775 O fool, he laughing said, thou tell'st a lie;
A female hath already stoln that eye.
Thus flouts the Prophet's true prediction:
And with extended paces stalks upon
The bur'd'ned shoar; or weary, from the wave.
Beat beach retireth to his gloomy cave:
A promontory thrusts into the main;
- 780 Whose clifflie sides the breaking Seas restrain:
The *Cyclop* this ascends; whose fleecy flock
Unforced follow. Seated on a rock;
His staff, a well-grown Pine, before him cast,
Sufficient for a yard-supporting mast:
- 785 He blows his hundred reeds; whose squeaking fills
The far-resounding Seas, and echoing hills.
Hid in an hollow rock, and laid along
By *Acis* side, I heard him sing this song.
- 790 O *Galatea*, more than Lilly-white,
More fresh than flowry meads, than glass more bright,
Higher than Alder-trees, than kids more blithe,
Smoother than shells whereon the surges drive,

- More wisht than Winters Sun, or Summers air,
 795 More sweet than Grapes, than Apples far more rare,
 Clearer than Ice, more seemly than tall Planes,
 Softer than tender curds, or down of Swans,
 More fair, if fixt, than gardens by the fall
 Of Springs inchas'd. Though thus, thou art withal
 More fierce than salvage Bulls, who know no yoke,
 800 Than waves more giddy, harder than the Oak,
 Than Vines or Willow twigs more eas'ly bent,
 More stiff than rocks, than streams more violent,
 Prouder than Peacocks prais'd, more rash than fire,
 Than Bears more cruel, sharper than the Brier,
 805 Deafier than Seas, more fell than trod-on Snake;
 And, if I could, what I would from thee take,
 More speedy than the hound pursued Hind,
 Or chaled clouds, or than the flying wind.
 If known to thee, thou wouldst thy sight repent;
 810 Curle thy delay, and labour my content,
 For I have caves within the living stone;
 To Summers heat, and Winters cold unknown:
 Trees charg'd with Apples; spreading Vines that hold
 A purple Grape, and Grapes resembling Gold.
 815 For thee I these preserve, affected Maid,
 Thou Strawberries shalt gather in the shade.
 Autumnal Cornels, Plums with azure rind,
 And wax-like yellow of a generous kind;
 820 Nor shalt thou Chestnuts want if mine thou be,
 Nor scalded Wildings, serv'd by every tree.
 These are ours; in valleys many stray,
 Woods many shades, at home as many stay.
 Nor can I, should you ask, their number tell:
 825 Who number theirs, are poor. How these excel,
 Believe not me, but credit your own eyes:
 See how their udders part their straggling thighs.
 I in my sheep coats have new-weaned Lambs:
 And frisking Kids late taken from their dams.
 830 New milk, fresh curds and cream, with cheese well
 Are never wanting for thy palats feast. (press,
 Nor will we gifts for thy delight prepare
 Of eatie purchase, or what are not rare:
 Deer, red and fallow, Roes, light-footed Hares,
 Nests, scal'd from cliffs, and Doves produc'd by pairs.
 835 A rugged Bears rough twins I found upon
 The Mountain late, scarce from each other known.

- For thee to play with: Finding these, I said,
My Mistress you shall serve. Come lovely Maid,
Come *Galatea*, from the surges rise;
240 Bright as the Morning; nor our gifts despise.
I know my self; mine image in the brook
I lately saw, and therein pleasure took.
Behold, how great! Nor *Jupiter* above
(For much you talk I know not of what *Jove*)
845 Is larger siz'd: Curls on my brows display'd,
Affright; and like a Grove my shoulders shade.
Nor let it your esteem of me impair,
That all my body bristles with thick hair.
Trees without leaves, and Horses without mains
Are sights unseemly; grass adorns the Plains,
850 Wool sheep, and feathers fowl. A manly face
A beard becomes: The skin rough bristles grace.
Amid my fore-head shines one only light;
Round, like a mighty shield, and clear of sight.
The Sun all objects sees beneath the skie:
And yet behold, the Sun hath but one eye.
855 Besides your Seas obey my father's throne:
I give you him for yours. Do you alone
Vouchsafe me pity, and your suppliant hear:
To you I only bow; you only fear.
Heaven, *Jupiter*, his lightning I despise:
More dread the lightning of thy angry eyes.
860 And yet your scorn my patience less would move,
Were all condemn'd. Why should you *Acis* love,
And slight the *Cyclop*? Why to him more nice?
Although himself he please; and pleaseth thee,
(Which frets me most) could I your darling get,
He then should find my strength and me like great.
865 His guts I could extract, squeeze out his brains,
Throw his dislevered limbs about the plains:
And if with thee he mingle, mix thy wave
With his hot blood; and make thy deep his grave.
For O, I fry! Despis'd affection burns
With greater rage: My bulk to *Ætna* turns.
And all her flames are in my bosom pent:
870 Yet, *Galaten*, wilt not thou relent?
This said, he rose; (for I beheld him well):
Nor could stand still; but terrible and fell,
Hurries about the woods and well-known coast;
Much like a Bull that hath his Heifer lost.

270 METAMORPHOSIS.

- 875 Who me and *Acis*, too secure, esp'ed,
And with a voice that suits a *Cyclop*, cri'd,
This hour shall be the last of all your joys;
Affrighted *Ætna* roared with the noise,
880 I under water div'd: He flying said;
Help *Galatea*! You, O Parents, aid
The utterly undone; and entertain
Your issue in the Empire where you reign.
A torn-off rock the following *Cyclop* threw:
885 Whose corner over-whelmed *Acis* flew.
We did, what could be licensed by Fate:
Resuming *Acis* to his Grand-fires state:
The purple blood from his crush'd body fled;
Which presently forsook the native red:
890 First like a rain-discoloured stream appears;
Then crystalline. The rock in sunder tears:
Whose crannies with up-starting reeds abound;
And in the breach insulting waves resound:
From whence a youth arose above the waft;
895 His horned brows with quivering reeds imbrac't.
'Twas wondrous strange: But that his looks appear
More blue, and he more great, it *Acis* were.
And so it was: Although he now became
A living stream, which still preserves his name.
Here *Galatea* ends; th' assembly brake;
900 To smiling Seas the Nymphs themselves betake.
Scylla returning, dares not trust the Deep:
But nall, nigh the thirsty gravel keeps;
Or weary, in the more-sequestred-waves
Her comely limbs in cooling water bathes.
905 Lo, *Glaucus* in the Sea but lately known,
Transformed near *Eubæan Anthedon*,
Through yielding waves arrives: Rapt with her sight,
By gentle words attempts to stay her flight.
She faster fled: Who swift with fear ascends
910 A lofty hill, which near the shoar extends:
Whose round congested summit, crown'd with wood,
Did over-peer the under-swelling flood.
There stays, secured by the place; nor knew
If God, or Monster; Much admires his hue,
His spreading locks, which all his shoulders veil;
915 And hinder-parts, that bear a fishes tail.
Perceived; leaning on a rock, he said:
I am no beast, nor prodigy, fair Maid:

- 920 Nor *Proteus*, *Triton* *Achamantides*,
 Are greater Gods, or more command in Seas,
 Yet once a mortal; and did then frequent
 Th' affected Seas. On those my labour spent.
 Sometimes with nets I fishes hale to land:
 Sometimes the line directed with my wand.
 925 The shoar a meadow boinds; whereof the side
 Is fring'd with weeds, the other with the tide.
 On this nor horned cattel ever fed,
 Nor harmless sheep, nor goates on mountains bred.
 No Bees from hence their thighs with honey laid;
 930 Those flowers no marriage-garlands ever made:
 That grasse ne'r cut with lishes. Of mortals I
 First thither came; my nets hung up to dry.
 While I expos'd the fishes which I took;
 935 By their credulity hung on my hook,
 Or matcht in nets; (what would a lie behove?
 Yet such it seems) my prey began to move,
 Display their fins, and swim as on the flood.
 While I neglect their stay, and wondring stood;
 They all by flight avoiding my command,
 940 Together left their owner, and the Land.
 Amaz'd, and doubting long; the cause I sought,
 If either God, or Herb, this wonder wrought.
 What herb, said I, hath such a power? In haste
 An herb I pull'd, and gave it to my tast.
 945 No sooner swallowed, but my intrails shook:
 When forthwith I another nature took:
 Nor could refrain; but said, O Earth, my last
 Farewel receive! In Seas my self I cast.
 950 The Sea-gods now vouchsafing my receipt
 Into their sacred fellowships, intreat
 Both *Tethys* and *Oceanus*, that they
 Would take, what ever mortal was, away.
 Whom now they hallow, and with charms nine times
 Repeated, purge me from my human crimes:
 And bad me dive beneath an hundred streams.
 955 Forthwith the Rivers rush from sundry Realms;
 And Sea-raisd Surges roll above my crown.
 As soon as streams retire, and Seas were down,
 Another body, and another mind,
 Unlike the former, they to me assign'd.
 960 Thus much of Wonder I remember well,
 Thenceforth insensible of what befall.

Then first of all this Sea-green beard I saw,
 These dangling locks, which through the deep I draw:
 Broad shoulder-blades, blue arms of greater might;
 And thighs which in a fishes tail unite.

965 What boots this form? My grace with Gods of Seas?
 Or that a God? If thou affect not these?

While this he spake, and would have uttered more,
 Coy *Scylla* flies. He with impatience bore
 His Loves repulse: Whom strong desires transport
 To great *Titanian* *Circe's* horrid Court.

OVID'S



OVID'S **METAMORPHOSIS.**

THE FOURTEENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Inchanted Seylla, turn'd with horrid shapes,
 Becomes a Rock; Cercopeans turn'd to Apes.
 Sibylla wears t' a Voice. Ulysses men
 Transform'd to Swine, are re-transform'd agen.
 Picus, a Bird: His Followers, Beasts. Despair
 Resolves sad-singing Canens into Air.
 The mates of Diomed unreconcil'd
 Idalia turns to Fowl. An Olive wild
 Rude Apulus deciphers. Turnus burns:
 Aeneas ships: These Berecynthia turns
 To Sea-Nymphs; who Alcynous ship with joy
 Behold a Rock. The Trojan flames destroy
 Besieged Ardea; from whose ashes springs
 A meager Hern, that bears them on her wings.
 Aeneas Deify'd. Vertumnus tries
 All shapes. Rhaminulia, for her cruelties,
 Congeals proud Anaxarete to Stone,
 Cold Fount ains boil with heat. T'an heavenly throne
 Mars Romulus assumes. Herliha
 Like grace receives: Who join in equal sway.*

NOW Glaucus, thron'd in tumid founts, had past
 High Aëna; on the jaws of Typhon cast;
 Cyclopiæ fields, where never Oxen drew
 The furrowing plough, nor ever tillage knew;

- 5 Crookt *Zancla*; *Rhegium* on the other side;
 The wrackful Straights, whose double bounds divide
Sicilia from *Aulonia*: Forward drives
 Through spacious *Tyrrhen*, at length arrives
 At herby Hills, *Phæbean Circe's* seat,
 With sundry forms of monstrous beasts repleat.
 10 When, mutually saluting, *Glauco* said:
 O God, O Goddess, pity: On your aid
 Alone relies, (if my desert might move
 So dear a grace) the asswagement of my Love.
 For none than I, *Titania*, better knows
 15 The power of herbs, that was transform'd by those,
 T' inform you better, in *Italia*,
 Against *Massena*, on a sandy Bay,
 I *Scylla* saw: It shames me to recite
 My slighted Courtship, answered by her flight.
 20 Do thou, if charms avail, in charms untie
 Thy sacred tongue: Or Sovereign Herbs apply,
 If of more power. Yet I affect no cure,
 Nor end of Love: Like heat let her endure.
 25 But *Circe* (none to such desires more prone,
 Or that the cause is in her self alone,
 Or stung by *Venus* angry influence,
 In that her Father publisht her offence)
 Repl'd: The willing with more ease pursue;
 Who wish the same, whom equal flames subdue;
 30 For thou O well deserv'st it to be pursu'd:
 Give hope, and, credit me, thou shalt be woo'd.
 Rest therefore of thy beauty confident:
 Lo I, a Goddess, radiant *Sol's* descent:
 In herbs so potent, and no less in charms;
 Proffer my self, and pleasures to thy arms.
 35 Scorn her that scorns thee; her that seeks, pursue:
 And so at once be thou reveng'd of two.
Glauco repl'd to her who taught him so:
 First shady groves shall on the billows grow,
 And sea-weeds to the mountain tops remove;
 Ere I, (and *Scylla* living), change my love.
 40 The Goddess fiers: Who since she neither could
 Destroy a Deity, nor, loving, would;
 On her, prefer'd before her, bend her ire:
 And high incens'd with repulse desire,
 Forthwith infectious drugs of dire effects
 Together grinds, and *Hera's* charms injects.

- 45 A Sea-green robe puts on, the Court forsakes
Through throngs of fawning beasts: Her journey takes
To *Rhigium* opposite to *Zanclè's* shoar;
And treads the troubled waves that loudly roar.
- 50 Running with unwet feet on that Profound;
As if sh^e had trod upon the solid ground.
A little Bay, by *Scylla* haunted, lies
Bent like a Bow; scost from the Seas and Skies
Distemper, when the high-pitcht Sun invades
The world with hottest beams, and shortest shades;
- 55 This with portentous poisons she pollutes;
Besprinkled with the juice of wicked roots:
In words dark and perplexed nine times thrice
Incantments mutters with her magick voice.
Now *Scylla* came; and, wading to the waste,
60 Beheld her lips with barking dogs imbrac't.
Starts back: At first not thinking that they were
Part of her self, but rates them, and d^eth fear
Their threatening jaws: But those from whom she flies,
She with her hailes. Then looking for her thighs,
Her legs, and feet; in stead of them she found
- 65 The mouths of *Cerberus* environ'd round
With rav'ning Curs: The backs of salvage beasts
Support her groin; whereon her belly rests.
Kind *Glaucus* wept; and *Circe's* bed refus'd:
Who had so cruelly her Art abus'd.
- 70 But *Scylla*, still remaining, *Circe* hares;
Who for that cause destroy'd *Ulysses* mates.
And had the *Trojan* navy drown'd of late,
If not before transform'd by powerful Fate,
Into a Rock: The stony Prodigy
Yet eminent, from which the Sea-men fly.
- 75 This, and *Charybdis* past with stretched oars;
The *Trojan* fleet now near th^e *Ausonian* shoars,
Cross winds, and violent, to *Libya* drave.
There, in her heart, and palace, *Dido* gave
Æneas harbour: With impatience bears
Her husbands flight: Forthwith a Pile she rears,
80 Pretending sacrifice; and then doth fall
Upon his Sword: Deceiv'd, deceiving all.
Flying from *Carthage*, *Eryx* he re-gain'd;
There where his faithful friend *Acestes* reign'd.
His fathers funerals he re-solemniz'd,
He puts to Sea, with ships well-nigh surpris'd

276 METAMORPHOSIS,

- By *Iris* flames, *Hippotade's* Command,
 The Sulphur-fuming Isles, the rocky Strand
 Of *Acheloian* Syrens leaving, lost
 His Pilot: To *Inarime* then crost,
 To *Prochyta*, and *Pitheculia*, wall'd
 50 With barren hills: So of her people call'd.
 For *Jupiter*, detesting much the lye
 And fraudulent *Cercopians* perjury,
 Into deformed beasts transform'd them then;
 Although unlike, appearing like to men:
 95 Contracts their limbs, their noses from their brows
 He flats, their faces with old wrinkles plows;
 And, covering them with yellow hair, affords
 This dwelling; first depriving them of words,
 So much abus'd to perjury and wrongs:
 100 Who jabber, and complain with stammering tongues.
 Then on the right-hand left *Parthenope*.
*Miseno*s on the left, far-stretcht in Sea,
 So named of his Trumpeter: Thence, past
 By slimy Marishes, and anchor cast
 At *Cuma*; entring long-lov'd *Sibyls* Caves.
 105 A passage through obscure *Avernus* craves
 T' his Fathers *Manes*. She erects his eyes,
 Long fixt on earth, and with the Deities
 Reception fill'd, in sacred rage repli'd:
 Great things thou seekst, O thou so magnify'd
 For mighty deeds! Thy piety through flame,
 Thy arm through Armies consecrate thy name.
 110 Yet fear not, *Trojan*, thy desires enjoy:
 T' *Elysian* Fields, th' infernal Monarchy,
 And Fathers shade, I will thy person guide:
 No way to noble Virtue is deni'd.
 Then to a golden bough directs his view,
 Which in *Avernian* *Juno's* Hort-yard grew:
 115 And bad him pull it from the sacred tree.
Aeneas her obeys: And now doth see
 The spoils of dreadful Hell; his Grand-fires, lost
 In death, and great *Archifes* aged Ghost:
 There knows the customs of the *Latian* State;
 The toil of future war, and following fate.
 120 Then, in retreat, his weary *Rep* appli'd:
 And by discourse with his *Cumean* Guide
 His toil beguiles; as in that horrid way,
 Through gloomy twy-light, he re-mounts to Day.

Whether

- Whether, said he, thou bee'st a Deity,
 Or of the Gods belov'd ; for ever I
 125 Will serve thee as a Goddess: And confess,
 That by thy favour I have won access
 Unto th' abodes of death ; that by thee I
 Escape from his infernal Monarchy.
 And therefore will, when I to day return,
 A Temple build, and incense to thee burn.
 The Prophetess on him reverts her eye ;
 130 And sighing, said ; I am no Deity :
 To mortals offer no immortal Dues :
 Lest ignorance thy gratitude abuse.
 Yet had been free from deaths impetuous power,
 Had I to *Phæbus* given my virgin flower.
 While hopeful ; tempting me with gifts, he said,
 135 Ask what thou wilt, my fair *Cumean* Maid,
 And take thy wish : I shew'd an heap of sand ;
 And wisht as many birth-days as my hand
 Contained grains: Forgot to add the prime
 Of youthful years, which should have crown'd my time.
 140 Who this had granted also, if my bed
 He could have won. His gifts despis'd, I led
 A single life, those happier times are gone ;
 And crasie age with trembling steps come on.
 Seven ages have I liv'd, and live I must
 145 Till years have equalled those grains of dust.
 Three hundred Harvests consummate the sum,
 Three hundred Vintages. The time will come,
 When length of days my body shall abate,
 And little leave in quantity or weight.
 None then will think, that I belov'd had been,
 150 Or pleas'd a God. He, by whom all is seen,
 (Such change shall I endure) or will not know,
 Or else deny, that he had lov'd me so.
 No eye shall see me: Yet a voice alone
 Fate will afford, by which I shall be known.
 Thus *Sibyl*, as they climb'd that steep ascent.
 155 Pious *Aeneas* through this *Stygian* vent
 At *Cuma* rose: And sacrificing came
 To shoars since called of his *Nurses* name.
Neritian Macareus, the friend
 Of *Ithacus* did here his travels end.
 Who knowing *Achæmenides*, of late
 160 On *Etna* left, admires to see his mate

- Long given for dead. What chance, or God, said he,
 O *Achæmenides*, hath set thee free?
 How comes a *Griæcian* souldier to be found
 In *Trojan* vessel? For what Country bound?
- 164 When *Achæmenides*; (not now forlorn,
 Now like himself, his rags not pin'd with thorn)
 May I sell *Polypheme* behold again,
 Whose jaws o're-flow with blood of strangers slain;
 If I this home prefer not far above
Ulysses ship, or less *Æneas* love
- 170 Than my own father, could I render more
 Than all my All, the recompence were poor.
 That now I speak, I breathe, Heaven, Sun-shine see
 (Can I unmindful or ungrateful be)
 Is by his bounty; that the *Cyclops* foul
 And hungry maw had not devour'd my soul:
- 175 That now I may be buried when I die;
 Or at the least, not in his entrails lie
 O what an heart had I! With fear bereft
 Of soul and sense! When I behind was left,
 And saw your flight! I had an Out-cry made,
- 180 But that afraid to have my self betray'd.
 Yours, almost had *Ulysses* ship destroy'd:
 I saw him rive out of the mountains side
 A solid rock, and dart it on the Main:
 I saw the furious Giant once again,
 When mighty stones with monstrous strength he flung:
 Like quarries by a warlike engine slung:
- 185 Left ship should sink with waves and stones I fear:
 Not then remembring, that I was not there.
 He, when your flight had rescu'd you from death,
 O're *Ætna* paces; fighting clouds of breath:
 And groping in the woods, bereft of sight,
- 190 Encounters jutting rocks: Mad with despight
 Extends his bloody arms to under waves,
 The *Greeks* pursues with curses; and thus raves.
 O would some God *Ulysses* would ingage,
 Or some of his, to my insatiate rage!
 I'd gnaw his heart, his living members rend,
- 195 Gulp down his blood till it again ascend,
 And crash his panting sinews. O, how light
 A loss, or none, were then my loss of sight!
 This spake, and more, my joints pale horro' shook,
 To see his grim, and slaughter-sinced look,

- 200 His bloody hands, his eyes deserted seat,
Vasts limbs, and beard with human gore concreat.
Death stood before mine eyes (my least dismay :)
Now thought my self surpriz'd; now, that I lay
Drown'd in his paunch. That time presents my view,
205 When two of ours on dashing stones he threw :
Then on them like a snagg'd Lion lies:
Their entrails, flesh, yet moving arteries,
White marrow, with crasht bones, at once devours,
210 I, sad, and bloudless stood : Fear chill'd my powers,
Seeing him eat, and cast the horrid food ;
Raw lumps of flesh, wine mixt with clotted blood.
Even such a fate my wretched thoughts prebound.
Long lying hid, afraid of every sound,
215 Abhorring death, yet coveting to die ;
With mast, and herbs repelling famine ; I,
Forlorn, to death, and torment left, at last
This ship esp'd : And wasting it, in haste
Ran to the shore, nor safety vainly seek ;
220 A Trojan vessel entertain'd a Greek ;
Now, worthy friend, your own adventures tell ;
And what, since first you put to sea, besel
He told how *Aeolus* raig'n'd in *Thuscan* Seas,
Storm-fettering *Aeolus* *Hippodates*,
Who nobly gave to their *Dulichian* Guide
225 A wind, inclosed in an Oxes hide.
Nine days they sail'd with successful gales ;
Sought shores deseri'd : The tenth had blancht their
When greedy Sallers, thinking to have found
230 A mass of envi'd gold, the wind unbound
This through rough seas the Navy backward drives,
Which at th' *Aeolian* port again arrives
To *Leisrigonian* *Lamus* ancient town.
From thence, said he, we came. That Countries crown
Antiphates then wore. Three thither sent,
235 Two of us scarce by flight our death prevent:
The third the *Leisrigonians* teeth embau'd
With his hot gore. *Antiphates* pursu'd
Our flight ; incites his troops ; who tumbling down
Huge stones and trees, our men and vessels drown :
240 One scap't ; which us, and sad *Ulysses* bore.
Jointly our last companions we deplore ;
And grieving reach that Sea environ'd land,
Which far from hence you see : Still may it stand

- 245 Far from my sight! Beware, thou Goddess Son,
 Just Trojan Prince, (for now the wars are done,
 With them for ever end our enmity,)
 From *Circes* Mansion, O *Aeneas*, flee.
 There anchoring; mindful of the *Cyclops* strand,
 250 And tell *Antiphates*, we fear to land.
 But casting lots, the lot elected us,
 Faithful *Polites*, sage *Eurylochus*,
Elpenor prone to wine, and eighteen more
 To visit *Circe* on that unknown shore.
 Approaching, we before the Portal staid,
 255 A thousand Lions, Bears, and Wolves invade
 Our hearts with fear, which needed not, for they
 Instead of teeth their flattering tails display,
 And fawning follow; till their hand-maids came.
 260 And led us through that Marble-cover'd frame
 Unto their Mistresses. On a throne of State,
 She in a sumptuous inward chamber sat:
 With gold her under garment richly shone;
 And over it a purple Mantle thrown,
Nereides, and Nymphs, nor carded wool,
 265 Nor following twine with busie fingers pull:
 But weeds dispose in order; mingled flowers
 Select in maunds, and herbs of different powers,
 At her direction: Who the vertue knew
 Of every simple, of their compounds too;
 270 And gives them their due weight. Saluted, she
 Salutes again; her chearful looks as free,
 As her full bounty to supply our need.
 Who bids her ready damsels mix with speed
 The pulp of Barley, Honey, Curds, strong wines;
 275 And to this sweet receipt hid juices joins.
 Then gave the cup with her own sacred hand;
 Which thirstily we drunk, while with her wand
 The direful Goddess strokes our crowns, I shame
 To tell; yet tell; I presently became
 With bristles rough: Thinking as I was wont,
 280 T' have spoke, and shew'd my grief in words, I grunt.
 My looks hung down, my mouth extend' a snout,
 My stiffer neck with swelling brawn sticks out;
 And go upon these hands, wherewith of late
 I took the cup. With those whom frightful fate
 285 Had thus un-mann'd (so great a potency
 In potions lurks) included in a Stry.

- Alone *Eurylochus* the Shape of Swine
 Avoids : Alone refus'd the proffered wine.
 Which had not he rejected, with the rest
 Himself had been a bristle-bearing Beast.
 Nor should *Ulysses* our mis-haps have known :
 290 Or forced *Circe* to restore his own.
 Peace-bearing *Hermes* gave him a white flower ;
 Call'd *Moly* by the Gods ; of wonderous power,
 Sprung from a Sable root : Inform'd withal
 By heavenly counsel, enters *Circe's* Hall.
 295 Proffering th' insidious Cup, her magick wand
 About to raise he thrust her from her stand ;
 And with drawn sword the trembling Goddess frights.
 When vowed faith with her fair hands she plights ;
 And grac't him with her nuptial bed : Who then
 Demands in dowry his transfigur'd men.
 Sprinkled with better juice, her wand revert,
 300 Above our crowns, and charms with charms disperse ;
 The more she sings, we grow the more upright ;
 Our bristles shed, our cloven feet unite,
 Shoulders and arms possess their former grace.
 305 With tears our weeping General we embrace
 And hang about his neck : Nor scarce a word
 Breathes through our lips, but such as thanks afford.
 From hence our Pass was for a year deferr'd ;
 In that long time much saw I, and much heard :
 310 Of which, a Maid (one of the four, prepar'd
 For sacred service) closely this declar'd.
 For while my Chief with *Circe* sports alone,
 She shew'd a young mans Image of white stone
 315 Clos'd in a shrine, with crowns imbellish'd ;
 Who bore a Wood-pecker upon his head.
 Demanding whose it was, why placed there,
 Why he that Bird upon his summit bare ?
 I will, repli'd she, O *Macareus*, tell
 In this my Mistress power : Observe me well.
 320 *Saturnian Picus* in *Ausonia* raisn'd,
 Who generous horses for the battel train'd.
 His form, such as you see : Whom had you known,
 You would have thought this feature were his own.
 His mind as beautiful. Nor yet could he
 325 Four *Græcian* wrestlings in th' *Olympicks* see.
 The *Dryades*, in *Latian* mountains born,
 His looks attract : Nor Nymphs of fountains scorn

To

- To sue for pity. Those whom *Aloula*,
Numicus, *Anio*. *Almo* short of way,
 330 And heady *Nor* sustain: The shady *Floud*
 Of *Farfarius*, the *Scythian* *Cynthias* woo'd.
 Environ'd marishes, and neighbouring Lakes.
 Yet for one onely Nymph the rest forsakes:
 Whom whilome on Mount *Palatine*, the fair
Venilia to the two fac'd *Janus* bare.
 335 The Maid, now marriageable, honoured
Laurentian *Picus* with her nuptial bed.
 Her beaury admirable; Yet more fam'd
 For artful songs; and thereof *Canens* nam'd.
 Her voice the woods and rocks to passion moves;
 Tames salvage beast, the troubled Rivers smooths,
 Detains their hasty course, and, when she sings,
 340 The birds neglect the labour of their wings,
 While her sweet voice coelestial musick yields,
 Young *Picus* follows in *Laurentian* Fields,
 The salvage Bore, upon a fiery Steed;
 Arm'd with two darts: Clad in a *Tyrian* weed
 345 With gold close-buckled. Thither also came
 The Daughter of the Sun; who left her name
 Retaining fields, and on those fruitful hills
 Her sacred lap with dewy *Simples* fills.
 Seeing unseen, his sight her sense amaz'd:
 350 The gathered herbs tell from her as she gaz'd:
 Whose bones a marrow-melting flame enclos'd;
 But when she her distraction had compos'd,
 About t' impart her wish, the following press,
 And swiftness of his horse, forbid access.
 355 Thou shalt not so escape, said she, although
 The winds should wing thee; it my self I know,
 If herbs retain their power, if charms at least
 My trust deceive not. Then creates a Beast
 Without a body, bid to run before
 360 The King's pursuit; and made the airy Bore
 To take a thicker, where no horse could force
 His barr'd access. He leaves his foaming horse
 On foot to follow a deceitful Shade.
 With equal hopes: And through the forest straid.
 365 New Vows she straight conceiveth, aid implores:
 And Gods unknown with unknown charms adores.
 Wherewithinur'd t' eclipse the pale-fac't Moon;
 And cloud her Father's splendour at high Noon,

And

- And now with pitchy fogs obscures the day,
 370 From earth exhal'd. His Guard mistake their way,
 In that deceitful Night, and from him strai'd.
 When she, the time and place besitting, said:
 By those fair eyes, which have inthralled mine;
 And by that all-alluring face of thine,
 Which makes a Goddess sue; assuage the fire
 By thee incens'd; and take unto thy Sire
 375 The all-illuminating Sun: Nor prove
 Hard-hearted to *Tritonian* *Circes* love.
 Her, and her prayers, despis'd. What e're thou art,
 I am not thine, said he, my captive heart
 Another holds; and may she hold it long,
 380 Nor with a stranger will I ever wrong
 Our nuptial faith, so long as Nature gives
 Life to my veins, and *Janus* daughter lives.
Titania, tempting oft, as oft in vain;
 Thou shalt not scape my vengeance, nor again
 Return to *Canens*. What the wrong'd can do,
 A wronged Lover, and a Woman too,
 Thou shalt, said she, by sad experience prove:
 385 For I a Woman, wrong'd, and wrong'd in love.
 Twice turns she to the East, twice to the West:
 Thrice toucht him with her wand, three charms ex-
 He flies; at his unwonted speed admir'd; (prest,
 Then saw the feathers, which his skin attir'd:
 390 Who forthwith seeks the woods; and angry still,
 Hard Oaks assails, and wounds them with his bill.
 His wings the purple of his cloak assume:
 The gold that clasp'd his garment turns to plume,
 395 And now his neck with golden circle chains:
 Of *Picus* nothing but his name remains.
 The Courtiers *Picus* call, and seek him round
 About the fields, that was not to be found.
 Yet *Girce* find (for now the day grew fair,
 400 The Sun and Winds set free to cleanse the air)
 And charge her with true crimes, their King demand
 With threatening looks, and weapons in their hand.
 She sprinkles them with juice of wicked might,
 From *Erebus* and *Chaos* conjures *Night*,
 405 With all her Gods; and *Hecate* intreats,
 With tedious mumblings. Woods forsake their seats,
 Their leaves look pale; Herbs blush with drops of gore,
 Earth groans, dogs howl, rocks hoarsly seem to roar:
 Up in

- To sue for pity. Those whom *Albula*,
Numicus, *Anio*. *Almo* short of way,
 330 And heady *Nor* sustain: The shady *Floud*
 Of *Farfarius*, the *Scythian Cynthia* woo'd.
 Environ'd marishes, and neighbouring Lakes.
 Yet for one onely Nymph the rest forsakes:
 Whom whilome on Mount *Palatine*, the fair
Venilia to the two fac'd *Janus* bare.
 335 The Maid, now marriageable, honoured
Laurentian Picus with her nuptial bed.
 Her beaury admirable: Yet more fam'd
 For artful songs; and thereof *Canens* nam'd.
 Her voice the woods and rocks to passion moves;
 Tames salvage beasts, the troubled Rivers smooths,
 Detains their hasty course, and, when she sings,
 340 The birds neglect the labour of their wings,
 While her sweet voice coelestial musick yields,
 Young *Picus* follows in *Laurentian* Fields,
 The salvage Bore, upon a fiery Steed;
 Arm'd with two darts: Clad in a *Tyrian* weed
 345 With gold close-buckled. Thither also came
 The Daughter of the Sun; who left her name
 Retaining fields, and on those fruitful hills
 Her sacred lap with dewy *Simples* fills.
 Seeing unseen, his sight her sense amaz'd:
 350 The gathered herbs tell from her as she gaz'd:
 Whose bones a marrow-melting flame enclos'd;
 But when she her distraction had compos'd,
 About t' impart her wish, the following press,
 And swiftness of his horse, forbid access.
 355 Thou shalt not so escape, said she, although
 The winds should wing thee; it my self I know,
 If herbs retain their power, if charms at least
 My trust deceive not. Then creates a Beast
 Without a body, bid to run before
 360 The King's pursuit; and made the airy Bore
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 By thee incenſt; and take unto thy Sire
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 With tedious mumblings. Woods forſake their ſeats,
 Their leaves look pale; Herbs bluſh with drops of gore,
 Earth groans, dogs howl, rocks hoarſly ſeem to roar:
 Up in

- 410 Upon the tainted ground black Serpents slide;
And through the air unbodi'd spirits glide.
Frighted with terrours, as they trembling stand,
She strokes their wondering faces with her wand:
Forthwith the shapes of salvage beasts invest
- 415 Their former forms; nor one his own posselt.
Phæbus now entring the *Tartessian* Main,
Sad Canens with her Eyes and Soul, in vain
Expects her Spouse. Her servants she excites
To run about the woods with blazing lights.
- 420 Who not content to weep, to tear her hair,
And beat her breasts (though these express her care)
In haste forsakes her roof; and frantick, strays
Through broad-spread fields. Six nights, as many days,
Without or sleep, or sustenance, she fled
- 425 O're hills and dales, the way which fortune led.
Now tir'd with grief and travel, *Tyber* last
Beheld the Nymph: On his cool banks she cast
Her feeble limbs: There weeps, and weeping sung
Her sorrows with a softly warbling tongue.
- 430 Even so the dying Swan with low-rai'd breath,
Sings her own exequies before her death.
At length her marrow melts with griefs despair:
And by degrees she vanisheth to air.
Yet still the place doth memorize her fame:
Which of the Nymph the *Rurals Canens* name.
- 435 In that long year, much, and such deeds as these
I saw and heard. Un-nerv'd with slothful ease,
Again we put to Sea: By *Circe* told
Of our hard passage, and the manifold
Disasters to ensue, I grew afraid
- 440 (I must confess) and here arriving, staid.
Macareus ends. *Cajeta* Urn-inclos'd,
This verse had on her marble tomb impos'd:
Here, with due fires, my pious Nurse-child me
Cajeta burnt; from *Grecian* fires set free.
- 445 They loose their cables from the grassie strand:
Avoiding *Circe's* guileful palace, stand
For those tall groves, where *Tyber*, dark with shades,
In *Tyrrhen* Seas his sandy streams unloads.
The throne of *Fævus* son, the *Latian* star
Lavinia gains; but not without a war.
- 450 War with a furious Nation is commenc'd:
Stern *Turnus* for his promis'd wife incens'd:

While

- While all *Hetruria* to *Latium* swarms;
 Hard victory long fought with pensive arms,
 To get Recruits from foreign States they try:
 455 Nor *Trojans*, nor *Rutulians* want supply.
 Nor to *Evander's* town *Aeneas* went
 In vain: Though vainly *Venus* was sent
 To banish *Diomed's* City, late immur'd:
 Those fields *Japygian Daunus* had assur'd
 To him in dowry. When *Venus* had done
 460 His ambassie to *Tydeus* warlike son:
 The Prince excus'd his aid: As loth to draw
 The subjects of his aged father-in-law
 T' unnecessary war: That none remain
 Of his to arm. Lest you should think I feign;
 465 Though repetition Sorrow renovates;
 Yet, whi'el suffer, hear the worst of fates.
 After that *Pergamus* our prey became,
 And hasty *Ilium* fed the *Grecian* flame,
 A Virgin, for a Virgins rape, let fall
 Her vengeance, to *Oleus* due, on all.
 470 Scattered on faithless Seas with furious storms,
 We, wretched *Grecians*, suffer'd all the forms
 Of horror: Lightning, night, show'rs, wrath of skies,
 Of Seas, and dire *Capharean* cruelties.
 T' abridge the story of so sad a fate;
 Now *Priam* would have pitied our estate.
 475 Yet *Pallas* snatcht me from the swallowing Main;
 Then from my ungrateful Country chas'd again.
 For *Venus*, mindful of her ancient wound,
 New woes inflicts. Much on the vast Profound,
 Much suffering in terrestrial conflicts I
 480 Oft call'd them happy, whom the injury
 Of publick tempests, and the harbourless
Caphareus drown'd: Envi'd in our distress
 The worst endur'd; with Seas and battels tir'd,
 My men an end of their long toil desir'd.
 485 But *Acmon*, full of fire, and fiercer made
 By usual slaughters. What remains, (he said)
 O mates, which now our patience would eschew?
 Though willing, what can *Cytharea* do
 More than sh' hath done? when worse mis-haps affright,
 Than prayers avail: but when mis-fortunes spight
 Her worst inflicts, then fear is of no use:
 490 And height of ills security produce.

Let

Let *Venus* hear : Although she hate us all
 (As all she hates that serve our General :)
 Yet let us all despise her empty hate ;
 Whose Power hath made us so unfortunate.

Pleuronion Acmon angry *Venus* stung :

- 495 Revenge reviving with his lavish tongue.
 Few like his words : They most severely chid
 His tongues excess. About to have repli'd,
 His speech, and path of speech, at once grew small,
 His hair converts to plume ; plumes cover all
 500 His neck, back, bosom : Larger feathers spring
 From his rough arm, his arm was now a wing.
 His feet divide to toes, hard horn extends
 From his chang'd face, and in a bill descends.
Rhetenor, Nycteus, Lycus, Abas, Ide,
 505 Admire ! and in their admiration tri'd
 Like destiny. Most of my Souldiers grew
 Forthwith new Fowl ; and round about us flew.
 If you inquire, what shape their own un-mans ;
 They are not, yet are like to silver Swans.
 510 These barren fields, with this poor remnant, I,
 As son-in-law to *Daunus*, scarce enjoy.
 Thus far *Oenides*. *Venulus* forsakes
Tydidēs Kingdom ; by *Puteoli* takes
 His way, and through *Mesapia* : There survey'd
 A Cave, environ'd with a sylvan shade,
 515 Distilling streams, by half-goat *Pan* possess't :
 Which erst the Wood-nymphs with their beauties blest.
 They terrifi'd at first with sudden dread,
 From home-bred *Apulus*, the shepherd, fled :
 Straight, taking heart, despised his pursuit :
 520 And danced with a measure-keeping foot.
 He scoffs : Their motion clown-like imitates :
 Nor only raileth, but obscenely prates ;
 Nor ceaseth till a tree invests his throat.
 A tree whose berries his behaviour note.
 An Olive wild, which bitter fruit affords,
 525 Becomes dis-pleas'd with his bitter words.
 Th' Embassadour returns without the sought
Aetolian succours : The *Rutulians* fought
 'Gainst foes and fortune ; of that hope depriv'd :
 Whole streams of blood from mutual wounds deriv'd.
 530 Lo, fire-brands to the Navy *Turnus* bears :
 And what escap'd drowning, burning fears.

Pitch,

- Pitch, Rozen, and like ready food for fire,
 Now *Vulcan* feed: The hungry flames aspire
 Up to the Sails along the lofty mast;
 And catch the yards, with curling smoke imbrac't.
 But when the Mother of the Gods beheld
 535 Those blazing Pines, from top of *Ida* fell'd:
 Loud Shalms and Cymbals usher'd her repair:
 Who, drawn by bridled Lions through the air,
 Thus said: Thy wicked hands to small effect,
 540 O *Tirrus*, violate what we protect.
 Nor shall the greedy fire a part of those
 Tall woods devour, which shelter'd our repose.
 With that she thunders, pouring down amain
 Thick storms of skipping hail, and clouds of rain.
 545 Th' *Astræan* Sons in swift concursions join;
 Tossing the troubled air, and *Neptune's* brine.
 One she imploies, whose speed the rest out-strips;
 That brake the Cables of the *Phrygian* Ships,
 And drive them under the high-swell'g Flood.
 The timber softens, flesh proceeds from wood,
 550 The crooked Stern to heads and faces grows,
 The Oars to swimming legs, fine feet, and toes;
 What were their holds, to slender sides are grown,
 The lengthful keel presenting the back-bone;
 The yards to arms, to hair the tackling grew:
 555 As formerly, so now, their colour blue.
 And they, but lately of their floods afraid;
 Now in the floods, with *Virgin* pastime, plaid.
 These Sea-Nymphs, born on mountains, celebrate
 The Seas, forgetful of their former state.
 Yet weighing, what themselves so oft endur'd
 560 On high-wrought waves, oft sinking ships secur'd;
 Excepting such, as *Grecians* carry: Those
 They hate, yet mindful of the *Trojan* woes.
 Who saw *Ulysses* ships in surges quell'd
 With pleas'd eyes; with pleas'd eyes beheld
Alecnous ship, in swiftness next to none,
 565 Unmoveable; the wood transform'd to stone.
 'Twas thought this wondrous prodigie would fright
 The *Rutuli*, and make them cease from fight.
 Both parts persist, both have their Gods to friend;
 And V. ● no less potent: Nor contend
 570 Now for *Lavinia*, for *Latinus* crown,
 Nor dotal Kingdom; but for fair renown:

Alham'd

288 METAMORPHOSIS,

- Asham'd to lay their bruised arms aside,
 Till death to conquest had the quarrel tri'd.
Venus her son victorious-see's at length,
 Great *Turnus* fell; strong *Ardea* falls, of strength
 While *Turnus* stood, devour'd by barbarous flame,
 575 In dying cinders buried. From the same
 A Fowl, unknown to former ages, springs;
 And fans the ashes with her hovering wings.
 Pale colour, leanness, shrieking sounds of woe,
 The image of a captive City show.
 Who also still the Cities name retains:
 580 And with self-beating wings of Fate complains.
 And now *Aeneas* virtues terminate
 The wrath of Gods, and *Juno's* ancient hate.
 An opulent foundation having laid
 For young *Julus*, by his merit made
 585 Now fit for Heaven: The Power, who rules in Love,
 The Gods solicits; then, imbracing *Jove*:
 O Father, never yet to me unkind;
 Now O enlarge the bounty of thy mind.
 A Deity, mean, so it a Deity be,
Aeneas give; that art to him by me
 590 A Grand-father: Th' unamiable realms
 Suffice it once t' have seen, and *Stygian* streams.
 The Gods agree; nor *Juno's* looks dissent,
 Who with a chearful freeness forward bent.
 Then *Jove*; He well deserves a Deity:
 595 Thy fate, fair Daughter, to thy wish enjoy.
 She, joyful, thanks returns: And through the air,
 Drawn by her yoked Doves, lights on the bare
Laurentian shoars; where smooth *Numicius* creeps
 Through whisp'ring reeds into the neighbour Deeps.
 600 Who bids him, from *Aeneas* wash away
 All unto death obnoxious, and convey
 It silently to Seas. The horned Floud
 Obeys; and what subsists by mortal food,
 With water purg'd, and only left behind
 His better parts. His mother the refin'd
 605 Anoints with sacred Odours, and his lips
 In *Nectar*, mingled with *Ambrosia*, dips;
 So deify'd: Whom *Indiges* Rome calls;
 Honour'd with altars, shrines, and festi
 610 Two nam'd *Ascanius* *Latium* then obey'd,
 And *Alba*. Next, the Scepter *Sylvius* sway'd.

- His Son *Latinus* held that ancient name,
 And crown. Him *Epitus*, renown'd by Fame,
 Succeeds. Then *Capis*. *Capetus*, his Son
 Succeeded him. Next *Tiberine* begun
 65 His reign; who, drown'd in *Thuscan* waters, gave
 Those streams his name: Who *Remulus* got, and brave
 Soul'd *Aorea*. But *Remulus* was slain
 With thunder; Who the Thunderer durst feign.
 More moderate *Acrota* resign'd his throne.
 620 To *Aventine*, upon the Mount whereon
 Hereign'd, intomb'd; which yet his name retains.
 Over the *Palatines* next *Procas* reigns.
Pomona flourish'd in those times of ease:
 Of all the *Latian Hamadryades*,
 None fruitful Hort-yards held in more repute;
 625 Or took more care to propagate their fruit.
 Whereof so nam'd. Nor streams, nor shady groves,
 But trees producing generous burthens loves.
 Her hand an hook, and not a javelin bare:
 Now prunes luxurious twigs, and boughs that dare
 630 Transcend their bounds: now flits the bark, the bud
 Inserts; inforc'd to nurse anothers brood.
 Nor suffers them to suffer thirst, but brings
 To moisture-sucking roots, soft-sliding Springs.
 Such her delight, her care. No thoughts extend
 To loves unknown desires: yet to defend
 635 Her self from rapeful *Rurals*, round about
 Her Hort-yard walls; 't avoid, and keep them out.
 What left the skipping *Satyres* unassay'd;
 Rude *Pan*, whose horns Pine-bristled garlands shade;
Silenus, still more youthful than his years;
 640 Or he who thieves with hook and members fears,
 To tast her sweetness; but far more than all
Vertumnus loves; yet were his hopes as small.
 How often, like a painful Reaper, came
 Laden with weighty sheaves; and seem'd the same:
 645 Oft wreaths of new-mow'd grass his brows array,
 As though then exercis'd in making hay.
 A goad now in his hardned hands he bears,
 And newly seems to have unyok'd his Steers.
 Oft Vines and fruit-trees with a pruning hook
 650 Corrects, and dresses; oft a Ladder took
 To gather fruit: now with his sword the God
 A Souldier seems; an Angler with his rod:

- And various figures daily multiplies
 To win access, and please his longing eyes.
 Now, with a staff, an old-wife counterfeits;
 655 On heavy hair a painted Mitre sets.
 The Hort-yard entring, he admires the fair
 And pleasant fruits; So much, said he, more rare
 Than all the Nymphs whom *Albula* enjoy,
 Hail spotless flower of Maiden chastity:
 660 And kist the prais'd. Nor did the Virgin know,
 (So innocent) that old-wives kist not so.
 Then, sitting on a bank, observeth how
 The pregnant boughs with Autumns burthen bow.
 Hard by, an Elm with purple clusters shin'd:
 This praising, with the vine so closely join'd:
 665 Yet, saith he, if this Elm should grow alone,
 Except for shade, it would be priz'd by none:
 And so this Vine, in amorous foldings wound,
 If but dis-join'd, would creep upon the ground.
 Yet art not thou by such examples led:
 670 But shunn'st the pleasures of an happy bed.
 I would thou wert: not *Helen* was so sought,
 Nor she, for whom the lustful *Centaures* fought,
 As thou shouldst be; no nor the wife of bold
 Or cautelous *Ulysses*. Yet, behold
 Though thou averse to all, and all eschue;
 675 A thousand men, Gods, Demi-gods, pursue
 The constant Scorn, and every deathless Power
 Which *Alba's* high and shady hills imbower.
 If thou art wise, and would'st well married be;
 Or an old woman trust, who, credit me,
 Affects thee more than all the rest, refuse
 680 These common wooers, and *Vestymnus* choose.
 Accepting for his age; since so well none
 Can know him, by himself not better known.
 He is no wanderer; this his delight:
 Nor loves, like common lovers, at first sight.
 Thou art the first, so thou the last shall be:
 685 His life he only dedicates to thee.
 Besides, his youth perpetual; excellent
 His beauty; and all Shapes can represent
 With what you will, whatever hath a name:
 Such shall you see him. Your delights, the same:
 The first-fruits of your Hort-yard are his due;
 690 Which joyfully he still accepts from you.

But neither what these pregnant trees produce
 He now desires, nor herbs of pleasant juice:
 Nor ought, but only You. O pity take:
 And what I speak, suppose *Vertumnus* spake.
 Revengeful Gods, *Idalia*, still severe
 To such as slight her, and *Rhamnusia*, fear,
 The more to fright you from so foul a crime,
 Receive (since much I know from aged Time)
 A story, generally through *Cyprus* known;
 To mollifie an heart more hard than stone.
Iphis, of humble birth, by chance did view
 The high-born *Anaxarete*, who drew
 Her blood from *Tenecer*. Seeing her, his eyes
 Extract a fire, wherein his bosom fries.
 Long struggling, when no reason could reclaim
 His fury, to her house the Suppliant came.
 Now to her Nurse his wretched love displai'd;
 And by her foster'd hopes implor'd her aid;
 Now humbly sues to some of most repute
 In her affection, to prefer his sute.
 The pleading Wax his sad lines often bears,
 Oft Myrtle garlands, sprinkled with his tears,
 Hangs on the posts: on the hard threshold laid
 His tender sides, his sighs the doors upbraid.
 But she more cruel than the Seas, imbroil'd
 With rising storms; more hard than Iron, boil'd
 In fire-red furnaces; or rooted rocks;
 Disdains the lover, and his passion mocks.
 Who to her froward deeds adds bitter words
 Of no less scorn; nor hope to love affords.
 Impatient of his torment, and her hate;
 These words his last, he utters at her gate:
 O *Anaxarete*, thou hast o're-come!
 Nor shall my life be longer wearisome
 To thy disdain. Triumph, O too unkind!
 Sing *Paeans*, and thy brows with Laurel bind!
 Thou hast o're-come; lo, willingly I die:
 Proceed, and celebrate thy cruel joy.
 Yet is there something in me, ne' rethelss,
 That thou wilt praise; and my deserts conicess.
 Think how my love and life together last
 My breast at once of two clear lights bereft.
 Nor rumour, but even I will death present
 In such a form, as shall thy pride content;

But, O you Gods, if you our actions see,
(This only I implore) remember me!

Let after-ages celebrate my name:

And what you take from life, afford to fame.

Then heaves his meager arms and watry eyes

735 To those known posts, oft crown'd with wreaths, and ties

An halter to the top. Such wreaths, he said,

Best please; hard-hearted, and inhuman Maid!

Then, turning toward her, he forward sprung:

740 When by the neck th' unhappy Lover hung:

Struck by his sprawling feet, wide open fly

The sounding doors; and that sad deed descry.

The servants shriek; the Vainly-raised bore

Th' his mothers house; his father dead before.

745 His breathless corps she in her bosom plac'd;

And in her arms his heartless limbs imbrac'd.

Lamenting long, as woful parents use;

And having paid a woful mothers dues;

The mournful Funeral through the City led:

And to prepared fires conveys the dead.

This sorrowful Procession passing by

750 Her house, which bordered on the way, their cry

To th' ears of *Anaxarete* arrives:

Whom now stern *Nemesis* to ruin drives.

Wee'l see, said she, these sad solemnities:

And forthwith to the lofty window hies.

755 Whence, seeing *Iphis* on his fatal bed,

Her eyes grew stiff; blood from her v' face fled,

Usurpt by paleness. Striving to retire,

Her feet stuck fast; nor could to her desire

Divert her looks; the hardness of her heart

760 It self dilated into every part.

This *Salamis* yet keeps, to clear your doubt,

In *Venus* Temple; call'd, the *Looker-out*.

Inform'd by this, O lovely Nymph, decline

Thy former pride, and to thy Lover join.

765 So may thy growing fruits survive the frost:

Nor ripening by the rapeful winds be lost.

When thus the God, who can all shapes indue,

Had said in vain: again himself he grew:

Th' habiliments of heartless age depos'd,

And such himself unto the Nymph disclos'd,

770 As when the Sun, subduing with his rays

The muffling clouds, his golden brow displays.

Who

- Who force prepares : of force there was no need ;
 Struck with his beauty, mutually, they bleed.
 Unjust *Amulius*, next the *Ausonian* State
 By strength usurpt. The Nephews to the late
 775 Deposed *Numitor*, him re-inthroned ;
 Who *Rome*, in *Pales* Feasts, immur'd with stone :
 Now *Tatius* leads the *Sabine* Sires to war.
Tarpeia's hands her fathers gates unbar,
 To death with armlets prest ; her treasons meed ;
 780 The *Sabine* Sires like silent Wolves proceed
 T' invade their sleeping sons, and seek to seize
 Upon their gates ; barr'd by *Iliades*.
 One *Juno* opens : though no noise at all
 The hinges made ; yet by the bars loud fall :
 785 To *Venus* known : who this had shut ; but knew
 That Gods may not, what Gods have done, undo.
Ausonian Nymphs the places bordering
 To *Janus* held, inclosed with a Spring
 Their aid sh'implores. The Nymphs could not deny
 790 A site so just, but all their founts untie.
 As yet the Fane of *Janus* open stood :
 Nor was their way impeached by the flood.
 Beneath the fruitful Spring they Sulphur turn ;
 Whose hollow veins with black Bitumen burn :
 795 With these the vapours penetrate below ;
 And waters, late as cold as *Alpin* snow,
 The fire it self in fervour dare provoke ;
 New both the posts with flagrant moisture smoke.
 These new-raisd streams the *Sabine* Power exclude,
 800 Till *Mars* his Souldiers had their arms indu'd.
 By *Romulus* then in battalia led ;
 The *Roman* fields the slaughtered *Sabines* spread ;
 Their own, the *Romans* : Fathers, Sons-in-law,
 With wicked steel, blood from each other draw.
 805 At length conclude a peace ; nor would contend
 Unto the last. Two Kings one throne ascend
 With equal rule. But noble *Tatius* slain,
 Both Nations under *Romulus* remain.
 When *Mars* laid by his shining cask ; and then
 Thus spake unto the Sire of Gods, and men :
 810 Now, Father, is the time (since *Rome* is grown
 To such a greatness, and depends on One)
 To put in act thy never-failing word ;
 And *Romulus* an heavenly throne afford :

- You, in a Synod of the Gods, profest
 315 (Which still I carry in my thankful breast)
 That one of mine (this O now ratific!)
 Should be advanc'd unto the starry sky.
Jove condescends: with clouds the day benights;
 And with flame-winged thunder earth affrights.
- 320 *Mars*, at the sign of his assumption,
 Leans on his Lance, and strongly vaults upon
 His bloody chariot; lashes his hot horses
 With sounding whips, and their full speed inforces:
 Who, scouring down the airy region, staid
 On fair mount *Palatine*, obscur'd with shade:
- 325 There *Romulus* assumeth from his throne,
 Rendring not King-like justice to his own.
 Rapt through the air, his mortal members wast,
 Like melting Bullets by a Slinger cast:
 More heavenly fair, more fit for lofty shrines;
 Our great and scarlet-rob'd *Quirinus* shines.
- 330 Then *Juno* to the said *Herfilia*
 (Loff in her sorrow) by a crooked way
 Sent *Iris* to deliver this Command:
 Star of the *Latian*, of the *Sabine* Land;
 335 Thy sexes glory: worthy then, the vow
 Of such an husband; of *Quirinus* now;
 Suppress thy tears. If thy desire to see
 Thy husband so exceed, then follow me
 Unto those woods which on mount *Quirin* spring;
 And shade the Temple of the *Roman* King.
- 340 *Iris* obeys: and by her painted Bow
 To earth descending, told *Herfilia* so.
 When she, scarce lifting up her modest eyes:
 O Goddess, (which of all the Deities
 I know not; sure a Goddess) thou clear light
 Conduct me, O conduct me to the sight
- 345 Of my dear Lord: which when the Fates shall shew;
 They heaven on me, with all their gifts bestow.
 Then, with *Thaumantias*, entering the high
Romulan Hills, a Star shot from the sky,
 Whose golden beams inflam'd *Herfilia's* hair:
- 350 When both together mount th' enlightened Air.
 The builder of the *Roman* City took
 Her in his arms, and forthwith chang'd her look;
 To whom the name of *Ora* he assign'd.
 This Goddess now is to *Quirinus* join'd.



OVID'S **METAMORPHOSIS.**

THE FIFTEENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Black stones convert to White. Pythagoras
 In Ilium's lingering war Euphorbus war.
 Of transmigrations, of the change of things,
 And strange effects, the learned Samian sings.
 Recur'd Hippolytus is deify'd;
 Whom safer Age, and name of Virbius hide.
 Egeria thaws into a Spring. From Earth
 Prophetick Tages takes his wondrous birth.
 A Spear a Tree. Grave Cippus virtues shun:
 The Crown, his horns present. Apollo's Son
 Assumes a Serpents shape. The Soul of War,
 Great Cæsar, slain, becomes a Blazing Star.*

MEan-while a man is sought that might sustain
 So great a burthen, and succeed the reign
 Of such a King: when true Fore-shewing
 To God-like *Numa* designates the same. (Fame)
 He, with his *Sabine* rites unsatisfi'd,
 5 To greater things his able mind appli'd
 In Natures search. Incited with these cares,
 He leaves his Country Cures, and repairs
 To *Croto's* City: asks, what *Grecian* hand
 Those walls erected on *Italian* Land?
 10 A Native then, in time and knowledge old,
 Who much had heard and seen, this story told;

Jove's son, enrich with his *Iberian* prey,
Came from the Ocean to *Lacinia*
With happy steps: who, while his cattle fed
Upon the tender clover, entered

- 15 Heroick *Croto's* roof; a welcom Guest:
And his long travel recreates with rest.
Who said, departing; In the following age
A City here shall stand. A true presage.

There was one *Mycilus*, *Argolian*
Alernon's issue: in those times, no man

- 20 More by the Gods affected. He, who bears
The dreadful Club, to him in sleep appears
And said: Be gone, thy Countreys bounds forsake;
To stoppy *Æsar* thy journey take.
And threatens vengeance if he disobey.

- 25 The God and sleep together flew away.
He, rising, on the Vision meditates:
Which in his doubtful Soul he long debates.
The God commands; the Law forbids to go;
Death due to such as left their Country so.
Clear *Sol* in Seas his radiant forehead vail'd,

- 30 Swart Night her brows exalts, with stars impal'd;
The self-same God the same command repeats:
And greater plagues to disobedience threatens.

- Afraid, he now prepares to change his own
35 For foreign fears. This through the City blown;
Accus'd for breach of Laws, arraign'd, and try'd;
They prove the fact, not by himself deni'd.
His hands and eyes then lifting to the sky:
O thou, whom twice Six Labours deifie;

- 40 Assist, that art the author of my crime!
White stones and black they us'd in former time;
The white acquit; the black the pris'ner cast:
And in such sort this heavy sentence past,
Black stones all threw into the fatal Urn:
But all to white, turn'd out to number, turn.

- 45 Thus by *Alcides* power the sad Decree
Was strangely chang'd, and *Mycilus* set free.
Who, thanking *Amphitryoniades*,
With a full fore-wind crost th' *Ionian* Seas,
Lacedemonian *Tarentum* past,

- 50 Fair *Sybaris*, Neathus running fast
By *Salentinum*, *Thixin's* crooked Bay,
High *Temesis*, and strong *Japygia* art

- Scarce searching all that shoars Sea-beaten bound,
The fatal mouth of *Ætarnus* out-found.
- 55 A Tomb, hard by, the sacred bones inclos'd
Of famous *Croto*: here, as erst impos'd,
Alemons son erects his City-walls:
Which of th' intomb'd he *Crotona* calls:
Of this Original, this City boasts:
Built by a *Grecian* on *Italian* coasts:
- 60 Here dwelt a *Samian*, who at once did flie
From *Samos*, Lords, and hated Tyranny;
Preferring voluntary banishment:
Though far from heaven, his mind's divine ascent
Drew near the Gods: what Natures felt denies
To human sight, he saw with his Soul's eyes.
- 65 All apprehended in his ample breast,
And studious cares; his knowledge he profess
To silent and admiring men, and taught
The Worlds original, past human thought:
What Nature was, what God: the cause of things;
From whence the Snow, from whence the Lightning
- 70 Whether *Jove* thunder, or the winds, that rake (springs;
The breaking Clouds: what caus'd the Earth to quake;
What course the Stars observ'd; what-e're lay hid
From vulgar sense: and first of all forbid
With slaughtered creatures to defile our boards:
In such, though unbeliev'd, yet learned Words.
- 75 Forbear, your selves, O Mortals, to pollute
With wicked food: fields smile with corn, ripe fruit
Weights down their boughs; plump grapes their vines at-
There are sweet herbs, and savory roots, which fire (tire;
May mollifie; milk, honey redolent
- 80 With flowers of thyme, thy palate to content:
The prodigal Earth abounds with gentle food;
Affording banquets without death or blood;
Bruit beasts with flesh their rav'nous hunger cloy;
And yet not all; in pastures horses joy:
So flocks and herds. But those whom Nature hath
- 85 Indu'd with cruelty, and savage wrath
(Wolves, Bears, *Armenian* Tigers, Lions) in
Hot blood delight. How horrible a Sin,
That intrails bleeding intrails should intomb!
That greedy flesh, by flesh should fast become!
- 90 While by one creatures death another lives!
Of all which, Earth, our wealthy mother, gives:

Can nothing please, unless thy teeth thou imbrue
In wounds, and dire *Cyclopean* fate renew?
Nor satiate the greedy luxury

95 Of thy rude paunch, except another die:

But that old Age, that innocent estate,
Which we the Golden call; was fortunate
In herbs, and fruits, her lips with blood undi'd.
Then Fowl through air their wings in safety pli'd;

100 The Hare, then fearless, wandred o're the plain;
Nor Fish by their credulity were ta'en.

Not treacherous, nor fearing treachery,

All liv'd secure. When he, who did envy
(What God so'ere it was) those harmless eates

105 And cramb'd his guts with flesh; set open the gates
To cruel Crimes, First, Slaughter without harm
(I must confess) to Piety, did warm

(Which might suffice) the reeking steel in blood
Of salvage Beasts, which made our lives their food:

110 Though kill'd; not to be eaten. Sin now more
Audacious; the first sacrifice, the Boar

Was thought to merit death; who bladed corn

Up-rooring, left the husbandman forlorn.

Vine-brouzing Goats at *Bacchus* altar slain,

115 Fed his revenge: in both, their guilt their bane.

You sheep, what ill did you? a gentle beast,

Whose udders swell with *Nectar*, born t' invest

Exposed man with your soft wool: and are
Alive, than dead, more profitable far.

120 Or what the Ox: a creature without guile,

So innocent, so simple; born for toil.

He most ungrateful is, deserving ill

The gift of corn, that can unyoke, then kill

His painful Hind; that neck with ax to wound

125 In service gall'd, that had the stubborn ground

So oft tili'd; so many crops brought in.

Yet not content therewith, t' ascribe the sin

To guiltless Gods: as if the Powers on high

In death & labour-bearing Oxen joy.

130 A spotless sacrifice, fair to behold,

(I is dear to please) with ribbands trickt, and gold,

Stands at the altar, hearing prayers unknown!

And sees the meal upon his fore-head thrown,

Got by his to: the knife smear'd in his gore,

135 By fortune in the Laver seen before.

- The entrals, from the panting body rent,
 Forthwith they search, to know the Gods intent.
 Whence springs so dire an appetite in man
 To interdicted food? O mortals, can,
 Or dare, you feed on flesh? henceforth forbear,
 140 I you intreat, and to my words give ear:
 When limbs of slaughtered Beeves become your meat;
 Then think, and know, that you your servants eat.
Phæbus inspires; his Spirit we obey:
 My *Delphos*, heaven it self, I will display;
 145 The Oracle of that great Power unfold:
 And sing what long lay hid; what none of old
 Could apprehend. I long to walk among
 The lofty stars: dull earth despis'd, I long
 To back the clouds; to sit on *Atlas* crown:
 150 And from that height on erring men look down
 That reason want: those thus to animate
 That fear to die; t' unfold the book of Fate.
 O you, whom horrors of cold death affright;
 Why fear you *Styx*, vain names, and endless Night;
 155 The dreams of Poets, and feign'd miseries
 Of forged Hell? Whether last flames surprize,
 Or Age devour your bodies; they nor grieve,
 Nor suffer pains: Our Souls for ever live:
 Yet evermore their ancient houses leave
 To live in new; which them, as Guests, receive.
 160 In *Trojan* wars, I (I remember well)
Euphorbus was, *Pantous* son; and fell
 By *Menelaus* Lance: my shield again
 At *Argos* late I saw, in *Juno's* Fane.
 165 All altar, nothing finally decays:
 Hither and thither still the Spirit strays;
 Guest to all Bodies: out of beasts it flies
 To men, from men to beasts; and never dies.
 As pliant wax each new impression takes;
 170 Fixt to no form, but still the old forsakes;
 Yet it the same: so souls the same abide,
 Though various figures their reception hide.
 Then lest thy greedy belly should destroy
 (I prophesie) depressed Piety,
 Forbear t' expulse thy kindreds Ghosts with food
 175 By death procur'd, nor nourish blood with blood.
 Since on so vast a Sea, my Sails unfurPd,
 And stretch to rising winds; in all the World

There's.

- There's nothing permanent ; all ebb and flow :
 Each image form'd to wander to and fro.
 Even time, with restless motion slides away
 180 Like living streams : nor can swift Rivers stay,
 Nor light-heel'd Hours. As billow billow drives,
 Driven by the following ; as the next arrives
 To chase the former : times so flie, pursue
 At once each other ; and are ever new :
 What was before, is not ; what was not, is :
 185 All in a moment change from that to this.
 See, how the Night on Light extends her shades :
 See, how the Light the gloomy Night invades.
 Nor such Heav'n's hue, when Midnight crowns repose,
 As when bright *Lucifer* his taper shows :
 190 Yet changing, when the Harbinger of Day
 Th' enlight'ned World resigns to *Phæbus* sway.
 His rais'd Shield, Earth's shadow scarcely fled,
 Looks ruddy ; and low-sinking, looks as red,
 Yet bright at Noon ; because that purer skie
 195 Doth far from Earth, and her contagion flie.
 Nor can Night-wandering *Dian*'s wavering light
 Be ever equal, or the same : this night
 Less than the following, if her horns she fill ;
 If she contract her Circle, greater still.
 200 Doth not the image of our age appear
 In the successive quarters of the year ?
 The Spring-tide, tender-sucking infancy
 Resembling : then the juicy blade sprouts high ;
 Though tender, weak ; yet hope to ploughmen yields
 All things then flourish : flowers the gaudy fields
 205 With colours paint : no virtue yet in leaves.
 Then following Summer greater strength receives :
 A lusty Youth : no age more strength acquires,
 More fruitful, or more burning in desires.
 Maturer Autumn, heat of youth allay'd,
 210 The sober mean 'twixt youth and age, more staid
 And temperate, in Summers wane repairs :
 His reverend temples sprinkled with gray hairs.
 Then comes old Winter, void of all delight,
 With trembling steps ; his head or bald or white :
 So change our bodies without rest or stay.
 215 What we were yesterday, nor what to day,
 Shall be to morrow. Once alone of men
 The seeds and hope ; the womb our mansion when :

- Kind Nature shew'd her cunning; not content
 That our vext bodies should be longer pent
 In mothers stretched intrails, forthwith bare
 220 Them from that prison, to the open air.
 We strengthless lie, when first of light possess:
 Straight creep upon all four, much like a Beast:
 Then, staggering with weak nerves, stand by degrees,
 And by some stay support our feeble knees:
 225 Now, lusty, swiftly run. Our Youth then past,
 And those our milder times, we post in haste
 To inevitable Age: this last devours
 The former, and demolisheth their powers.
 Old *Milo* wept when he his arms beheld,
 230 Which late the strongest beast in strength excell'd,
 Big, as *Alcides* brawns, in flaggy hide
 Now hanging by slack sinews: *Helen* cry'd
 When she beheld her wrinkles in her glass;
 And asks her self, why she twice ravish't was.
 Still-eating Time, and thou, O envious Age,
 235 All ruinate: diminish't by the rage
 Of your devouring teeth. All that have breath
 Consume, and languish by a lingering death.
 Nor can these Elements stand at a stay:
 But by exchanging alter every day.
 Th' eternal World four bodies comprehends,
 240 Ingending all. The heavy Earth descends
 To Water, clogg'd with weight: to light aspire,
 Deprest by none, pure Air, and purer Fire.
 And though they have their several seats; yet all
 Of these are made, to these again they fall.
 245 Resolved Earth to Water rarifies;
 To Air extenuated Waters rise;
 The Air, when it it self again refines
 To elemental Fire extracted, shines.
 They in like order back again repair:
 250 The grosser Fire condenseth into Air;
 Air into Water: Water thickning, then
 Grows solid, and converts to Earth again.
 None holds his own: for Nature ever joys
 In changes, and with new forms the old supplies;
 In all the World not any perish quite:
 255 But only are in various habits dight.
 For, to begin to be, what we before
 Were not, is to be born; to die, no more

- Than ceasing to be such: although the frame
 Be changeable, the substance is the same,
 For nothing long continues in one mold.
- 260 You Ages, you to Silver grew from Gold;
 To Brass from Silver; and to Ir'n from Brass.
 Even places oft such change of fortunes pass:
 Where once was solid Land, Seas have I seen;
 And solid Land, where once deep Seas have been.
 Shells, far from Seas, like quarries in the ground;
- 265 And Anchors have on mountain tops been found.
 Torrents have made a valley of a plain;
 High hills by Deluges born to the Main.
 Deep standing lakes suckt dry by thirsty sand;
 And on late thirsty earth now Lakes do stand.
 Here Nature, in her changes manifold,
- 270 Sends forth new fountains; there shurs up the old.
 Streams, with impetuous earthquakes, heretofore
 Have broken forth; or sunk, and run no more.
 So *Lyett*, swallowed by the yawning Earth,
 Takes in another world his second birth.
- 275 So *Erasmus*, now is hid, now yields
 His rising waters to *Argolian* fields.
 And *Mytus*, his first head and banks disclaim'd,
 Elsewhere ascends; and is *Caicus* nam'd.
 Cool *Amasemus* watering *Sicily*,
- 280 Now fills his banks, now leaves his chanel dry.
 Men formerly drunk of *Anigrus* streams:
 Not to be drunk (if any thing by dreams
 The Poets tell) since *Centaur*s therein washt
 Their wounds, by great *Alcides* arrows gasht.
- 285 So *Hypans* deriv'd from *Scythian* hills,
 Long sweet, with bitter streams his chanel fills.
Antissa, *Tyrus*, and *Egyptian Phare*,
 The fouds imbrac'd: yet now no Islands are.
 Th'old Planter knew *Leucadia* Continent:
- 290 Which now the Sea hath from *Epirus* rent:
 So *Zancle* once on *Italy* confin'd;
 Till interposing waves their bounds disjoyn'd.
 If *Bura* and *Helice* (*Grecian Towns*)
 You seek; behold, the Sea their glory drowns:
 Whose buildings, and declined walls, below
- 295 Th' ambitious foud as yet the Sailers show.
 An Hill by *Pythæan Træxen* mounts, uncrown'd
 With sylvan shades, which once was level ground.

- For furious winds (a story to admire)
 Pent in blind caverns, struggling to expire ;
 300 And vainly seeking to enjoy th' extent
 Of freer air, the prison wanting vent ;
 Puffs up the hollow earth extended so,
 As when with swelling breath we bladders blow.
 305 The tumor of the place remained still,
 In time grown solid, like a lofty hill.
 To speak a little more of many things,
 Both heard and known ; New habits sundry Springs
 Now give, now take. Horn'd *Hammon*s at high Noon
 310 Is cold ; hot at Sun-rise, and setting Sun.
 Wood, put in bubbling *Athamas* is fir'd,
 The Moon then farthest from the Sun retir'd :
Ciconian streams congeal his guts to stone
 That thereof drinks : and what therein is thrown.
 315 *Crathis*, and *Cybaris* (from your mountains told)
 Colour the hair like Amber, or pure Gold.
 Some Fountains, of a more prodigious kind,
 Not only change the body, but the mind.
 Who hath not heard of obscene *Salmacis* ?
 320 Of th' *Æthiopian Lake* ? for who of this,
 But only tast, their wits no longer keep,
 Or forthwith fall into a deadly sleep.
 Who at *Clitoria* Fountain thirst remove ;
 Loath wine, and abstinent, mere water love.
 Whether it by antipathy expel
 325 Desire of wine ; or (as the Natives tell)
Melampus having with his herbs and charms,
 Snatcht *Prætus* frantick daughters from the harms
 Of entred Furies, their wits physick cast
 Into this Spring ; insusung such distast.
 With streams to these oppos'd, *Lyncestus* flows :
 330 They reel, as drunk, who drink too much of those.
 A Lake in fair *Arcadia* stands of old.
 Call'd *Pheneus* ; suspected, as two-fold :
 Fear, and forbear, to drink thereof by night ;
 By night unwholsom, wholsom by day-light.
 335 So other lakes and streams have other power.
Ortygia floated once, fixt at this hour :
 Once *Argo* fear'd the jostling *Cyanes* ;
 Which rooted now, resist both winds and Seas.
 340 Nor *Ætna*, burning with embowell'd fire,
 Shall ever, or did always, flames expire.

- For whether *Tellus* be an Animal,
 Have lungs, and mouths that smoking fumes exhale;
 Her organs alter, when her motions close
 345 These yawning passages, and open those.
 Or whether winds, in caves impris'ned, rake;
 Jostling the stones, and minerals which have
 The seed of fire, inkindled with their rage;
 Their furious flames the falling winds allwage.
 350 Or if Bitumen do the fire provoke;
 Or sulphur burning with more subtil smoke:
 When Earth that food and oily nourishment
 Withdraws, the matter by long feeding spent;
 The hungry fire of sustenance bereft,
 355 Ill-brooking famine, leaves by being left.
 In *Hyperborean Pallene* live
 A People, if to fame we credit give,
 Who, diving three times thrice in *Trison's* lake,
 Of fowl the feathers and the figure take:
 360 The like, they say, the *Scythian* Witches do
 With Magick Oils: incredible, though true,
 If we may trust to trial: see you not
 Small creatures of corrupted flesh begot?
 Bury your slaughtered Steer, (a thing in use)
 365 And his corrupted bowels will produce
 Flow'r-sucking Bees; who, like their parent slain,
 Love labour, fields, and toil in hope of gain.
 Hornets from buried horses take their birth.
 Break off the Crabs bent claws, and in the earth
 370 Bury the rest; a Scorpion without fail
 From thence will creep, and menace with his tail.
 The Caterpillars, who their cob-webs weave
 On tender leaves, (as Hinds from proof receive)
 Convert to pois'nous Butterflies in time.
 375 Green Frogs, ingendred by the seed of slime,
 First without feet, then legs assume; now strong
 And apt to swim, their hinder-parts more long
 Than are their former, fram'd to skip and jump.
 The Bears deformed birth is but a lump
 380 Of living flesh: when licked by the Old,
 It takes a form agreeing with the mold.
 Who sees the Young of honey-bearing Bees
 In their hexangular inclosure, sees
 Their bodies limble: these unformed things
 In time put forth their feet, and after, wings.

- 385 The star-imbellisht Fowl, which *Juno* loves,
 • *Jove's* Armour-bearer, *Cytherea's* Doves,
 And birds of every kind; did we not know
 Them hatcht of eggs, who would conjecture so?
- 390 Some think the pith of dead men, Snakes becomes;
 When their back-bones corrupt in hollow tombs.
 Yet these from others do derive their birth.
 One only Fowl there is in all the Earth,
 Call'd by th' *Affrians*, Phoenix, who the wane
 Of age repairs, and sows her self again.
 Nor feeds on grain nor herbs, but on the gum
 Of Frankincense, and juicy Amomum.
- 395 Now, when her life five ages hath fulfill'd;
 A nest her horned beak and talon build
 Upon the crowner of a trembling Palm:
 This strew'd with Cassia, Spikenard, precious Balm;
 Bruis'd Cinnamon, and Myrrh; thereon she bends.
- 400 Her body, and her age in Odours ends.
 This breeding Corps a little Phoenix bears:
 Which is it self to live as many years.
 Grown strong; that load now able to transfer,
- 405 Her cradle, and her parents sepulchre,
 Devoutly carries to *Hyperion's* town:
 And on his flamy Altar lays it down.
 If these be wonderful, admire like strange
- 410 *Hyena's*, who their sex so often change:
 Those foodless creatures, fed by air alone;
 Who every colour, which they touch, put on.
 The Lynx, first brought from conquered *India*
 By vine-bound *Bacchus*, his hot pils, they say,
- 415 Congeals to stone. So Coral, which below
 The water is a limber weed, doth grow
 Stone-hard, when toucht by air. But Day will end,
 And *Phæbus* panting Steeds to Seas descend,
 Before my scant Oration could persue
- 420 All sorts of shapes, that change their old for new.
 For this we see in all is general,
 Some Nations gather strength, and others fall.
Troy, rich and powerful, which so proudly stood:
 That could for ten years spend such streams of blood;
 For buildings, only her old ruins shows;
- 425 For riches, tombs; which slaughterd Sires inclose:
Sparta, *Mycenæ*, were of *Greece* the flowers;
 So *Cætop's* City, and *Amphion's* towers:

Now

- Now glorious *Sparta* lies upon the ground;
 Lofty *Mycenæ* hardly to be found.
 Of *Oedipus* his *Thebes*, what now remains,
 430 Or of *Pandion's Athens*, but their names?
 Now fame reports that *Rome* by *Dardan's* sons
 Begins to rise, where yellow *Tyber* runs
 From fountful *Apennines*; and there the great
 Foundation of so huge a fabrick seat.
 This therefore shall by changing propagate,
 435 And give the World an Head. Of such a fate
 The Prophets have divin'd. And this of old,
 As I remember, *Priamus* *Helen* told
 To sad *Æneas*, of all hope forlorn,
 In sinking *Troy's* eclipse. O Goddess-born,
 It our *Apollon* can presage at all;
 440 *Troy*, thou in safety, shalt not wholly fall.
 Both fire and sword shall give thy virtue way;
 Flying, with thee, thou *Ilium* shalt convey;
 Until thou find a Land, as yet unknown,
 To *Troy* and thee, more friendly than thy own.
 A City built by *Phrygians* I foresee,
 445 So great none ever was, is, or shall be.
 Others shall make it great: but he, whose birth
 Springs from *Iulus*, Sovereign of the Earth,
 He, having rul'd the World, shall then ascend
 Æthereal thrones, and heaven shall be his end.
 450 This, I remember, with prophetick tongue,
 Sage *Helen* to divine *Æneas* sung.
 We joy to see our kindred City grow;
 The *Phrygians* happy in their overthrow.
 But lest our heedless Steeds too far should range
 From their proposed course; All suffer change:
 The heavens themselves, what under them is found;
 455 Earth, what thereon, or what is under ground.
 We, of the World apart, since we as well
 Have Souls and Bodies, which in Beasts may dwell:
 To those, which may your parents Souls invest,
 460 Our brothers, dearest friends, or men at least:
 Let us both safety and respect afford:
 Nor heap their bowels on *Thyestes* board.
 How ill inur'd! to shed the blood of Man,
 How wickedly is he prepar'd, who can
 465 Asunder cut the throat of Calves, and hears
 The bellowing breeder with relentless ears,

- Or silly Kids, which like poor infants cry,
 Stick with his knife! or his voracity
 Feed with the fowl he fed! O, to what ill
 Are they not prone, who are so bent to kill!
- 470 Let oxen till the ground, and dye with age:
 Let sheep defend thee from the Winters rage:
 Goats bring their udders to thy pail. Away
 With nets, gins, snares, and arts that do betray:
- 475 Deceive not birds with lime, nor Deer inclose
 With terrors, nor thy hairs to fish expose.
 The humf! kill: yet only kill: nor eat
 Defiling flesh, but feed on fitter meat.
 With other, and the like Philosophy
- 480 Instructed, *Numa*, now return'd, was by
 Th' intreating *Latins* crown'd. Taught by his Bride
 The Nymph *Egeria*, by the Muses guide,
 Religion institutes, a People rude
 And prone to war, with Laws and Peace indu'd:
- 485 His reign and age resign'd to funeral,
 Plebeians, *Roman* Dames, Patricians, all
 For *Numa* mourn. His wife the City fled:
 Hid in *Aricia's* Vale, the ground her bed,
 The woods her shroud, disturbs with groans and cries
Orestean Diana's sacrifice.
- 490 How oft the Nymphs, who haunt that Grove and Lake
 Reprov'd her tears, and words of comfort spake!
 How oft the *Thesean* Hero, moderate
 Thy sorrow, said! nor only is thy fate
 To be deplor'd: on worse misfortunes look,
- 495 And you will yours with greater patience brook.
 Would mine were no Example to appease
 So sad a grief: yet mine your grief may ease.
 Perhaps y'have heard of one *Hippolytus*,
 By Step-dame's fraud, and father's credulous
 Belief, bequeath'd to death. Admire you may
 That I am he, if credit, what I say:
- 500 Whom *Phadra* formerly solicited,
 But vainly, to defile my fathers bed.
 Fearing detection, or in that refus'd,
 She turns the crime, and me of her's accus'd.
 My father, banishing the innocent,
- 505 Along with me his winged curses sent.
 Toward *Pythæan Træzen* me my chariot bore:
 And driving now by the *Corinthian* shoar,

- The smooth Seas swell ; a monstrous billow rose,
 Which, rousing like a mountain, greater grows,
 510 Then, bellowing, at the top asunder rends :
 When from the breach, breast-high, a Bull ascends :
 Who at his dreadful mouth and nostrils spouts
 Part of the Sea. Fear all my followers routs :
 But my afflicted mind was all this while
 515 Unterrifi'd ; intending my exile,
 When the hot horses start, erect their ears ;
 With horror rapt, and chased by their fears,
 O're ragged rocks the totter'd chariot drew :
 In vain I strive their fury to subdue,
 The bits all froth'd with foam, with all my strength,
 520 Pull the stretcht reins, I lying at full length :
 Nor had their heady fright my strength o'regone,
 Had not the fervent wheel, which rolls upon
 The bearing Axletree, rush'd on a stump ;
 Which brake, and fell in sunder with that jump :
 Thrown from my chariot, in the reins fast bound
 525 My guts dragg'd out alive, my sinews wound
 About the stump, my limbs in pieces hal'd ;
 Some stuck behind, some at the chariot trail'd ;
 My bones then breaking crackt, not any whole,
 While I exhal'd my faint and weary Soul,
 No part of all my parts you could have found,
 That might be known : for all was but one wound.
 530 Now say, self-torred Nymph, or can, or dare
 You your calamities with ours compare ?
 I also saw those Realms, to Day unknown :
 And bath'd my wounds in smoking Phlegeton.
 Had not Apollo's Son imploy'd the aid
 Of his great Art ; I with the dead had stay'd.
 But when by potent herbs, and Paeon's skill,
 535 I was restor'd, against stern Pluto's will :
 Left I, if seen, might envy have procur'd :
 Me, friendly *Cynthia* with a cloud immur'd ;
 And that, though seen, I might be hurt by none ;
 She added age, and left my face unknown.
 540 Whether in *Delos*, doubting, or in *Creet* ;
 Rejecting *Creet* and *Delos* as unmeet,
 She plac'd me here. Nor would I should retain
 The memory of One by horses slain :
 But said ; Henceforward *Virbius* be thy name
 That wert *Hippolytus* : though thou the same.

- 545 One of the lesser Gods, here, in this Grove.
 I *Cynthia* serve : preserv'd by her love.
 But others miseries could not abate
Egeria's sorrows, nor prevent her fate.
 Who, couched at the bases of an hill,
 Thaws into tears, that stream-like ran ; until
 550 *Apollo's* sister, pitying her woes,
 Turn'd her t' a Spring ; whose current ever flows.
 The Nymphs and *Amazonian* this amaz'd,
 No less than when the *Tyrrhen* Plough-man gaz'd
 555 Upon the fatal clod, that mov'd alone:
 And for an human shape, exchang'd its own.
 With infant lips, what was but earth of late,
 Reveal'd the mysteries of future fate:
 Whom Natives *Tages* call'd. He first of all
 Th' *Hetrurians* taught to tell what would befall.
 Or when astonisht *Romulus* of old
 560 Did, on mount *Palatine*, his Launce behold
 To flourish with green leaves : the fixed foot
 Stood not on Steel, but on a living root.
 Which, now no weapon, spreading arms display'd;
 And gave admirers unexpected shade.
 565 Or when as *Cippus* in the liquid glass
 Beheld his horns, which his belief surpass.
 Who lifting oft his fingers to his Brow,
 Felt what before he saw : nor longer now
 Condemns his sight. Return'd with victory,
 570 His eyes and horns erecting to the sky :
 You Gods, what e're these prodigies portend,
 If prosperous, he said, let them descend
 On *Romans*, and on *Rome* : but if they be
 Unfortunate, O let them fall on me.
 An Altar then of living turf erects,
 575 The fire feeds with perfumes, pure wine injects,
 And with the panting intrails of a beast
 New slain, consults, to know the Gods behest.
 This, when the *Tyrrhen* Augur had beheld,
 And saw therein endeavours that excell'd,
 Although obscure, he from the sacrifice
 580 To *Cippus* horns converts his steady eyes :
 Hail King, to thee, and to those horns of thine,
 This place, and *Latian* towers, their rule reign.
 Delay not, enter thou the yielding gate.
 Hast, *Cippus*, haste : such is the Will of Fate.

310 METAMORPHOSIS,

- Thou shalt be crown'd a King upon that day :
 585 And safely an eternal Scepter sway.
 He, starting back, from *Rome* diverts his face:
 And said, you Gods, far hence this Omen chase.
 Better that I in banishment grow old,
 Than me, a King, the Capitol behold.
 Hiding his horns with leavy ornaments,
 590 The people and grave Senate he convents,
 Then mounts a Mound, late by the Souldier made,
 And praying first (as was the custom) said:
 Unless expell'd your City, here is one
 595 Will be your King; though not by name, yet known
 By his strange horns. I heard the Augur say,
 It once in *Rome*, you all should him obey.
 He might, unstopt, have entred without fear:
 But I withstood, though none to me more near.
 600 But he, *Quirites*, into exile sent:
 Or, if he merit such a punishment,
 Bind him in heavy chains, and keep him sure:
 Or with the Tyrant's death your fears secure.
 The troubled people such a murmuring make;
 605 As when far off the roaring surges rake
 On ratling shoars; or when loud *Eurus* breaks
 Through tufted Pines: then one distinctly speaks
 In this confusion, asking, Which is he?
 All seeking for the horns they could not see.
Cippus repli'd; 'Tis I for whom you look.
 610 Then from his head (with-held) his garland took;
 And shew'd the horns which on his forehead grew.
 Not one but sigh'd, and down his count'nance threw:
 And those clear brows (a thing beyond belief)
 Adorn'd with merit, they behold with grief.
 Nor suffer him his honour to debase:
 615 But on his head a Laurel Garland place.
 And since he his own entrance did withstand
 The Nobles, in due favour, so much Land
 To *Cippus* gave, as well two Oxen might
 Round with a Plough from morning until night.
 The monumental figure of his horns,
 620 So much admir'd, the golden Posts adorns.
 Now Muses, Goddesses of Verse, relate,
 (You know, nor years your memory abate)
 How *Aesculapius* in our City found
 625 A Temple, by circumfluent *Tiber* bound.

A deadly

- A deadly plague the *Latian* air defil'd:
 Souls from their seats the pale disease exil'd.
 Wearied with funerals, when physick fail'd;
 Nor any human industry prevail'd;
 630 They seek celestial aid. To *Delphos* sent,
 Built in the round Earths navel, and present
 Their prayers to *Phœbus*; that he would descend
 To their relief, and give their woes an end.
 His Temple, Laurel, and his Quiver shake:
 635 Who thus, they trembling, from his Tripod spake:
 What here you seek, you nearer should have sought:
 And seek it nearer yet. *Apollo* ought
 Not now to cure you, but *Apollo's* Seed.
 640 Go with success; and fetch my son with speed.
 The Senate having heard this Oracle,
 The City search, where *Phœbus* Son should dwell:
 The shoar of *Epidauræ* the Legate seeks:
 645 Their anchouring, he intreats th' assembled *Greeks*
 To send their God: who might th' *Ausonian* State
 To health restore; and urg'd the charge of Fate.
 They vary in opinion, some assent
 To send this succour; many, not content
 To lose their own in giving others aid,
 650 Strive to retain him, and the rest dissuade.
 While thus they doubt, the Day declin'd his Light:
 And Earth-born shadows cloth'd the world in Night.
 The Health-giving God, in sleep, appears to stand
 655 As in his Fane: a staff in his left hand;
 And stroking with his right his reverend beard;
 From his hope-rendring breast these words were heard:
 Fear not, I come; my shape I will forsake:
 660 View, and mark well this staff infolding Snake:
 Such will I seem, yet shew of greater size;
 So great as may a Deity comprize.
 He with the Voice, with him and Voice away
 Sleep flew: fled Sleep pursu'd by chearful Day.
 665 The stars now vanquish'd by the morning flame;
 The doubtful Nobles to the Temple came,
 Intreat him by celestial signs to shew
 Whether he were content to stay or go.
 This hardly said, the God in Serpents shroud,
 670 His high crest gold-like glistening, hiss'd aloud.
 His Statue, Altar, Gates, the Marble floor,
 And golden roof, shook at th' approaching Pow'r.

He,

- He, in his Fane, breast-high his body rais'd :
 Rolling about his eyes that flame-like blaz'd.
 675 All tremble. The chaste Priest, his tresses ty'd
 With sacred fillet, know the God, and cry'd,
 'Tis he! 'tis he! all you that present are
 Pray with your hearts and tongues: O heav'nly Fate,
 Propitious prove to these who thee implore!
 680 All that were there the present Power adore!
 Reiterating what the Priest had said:
 With heart and tongue the *Romans* also pray'd.
 He, by the motion of his lofty crest,
 And doubled hisses, signs to their request.
 685 Then sliding down the polish'd stairs, his look
 Reverts on his old altars; now forsook:
 Salutes his shrine, and Temple deckt with towers;
 Then creeping on the ground, strew'd with fresh flowers,
 Indenteth through the City; stopping where
 690 The Harbor is defended by a Peer.
 The following troops, and those whose zeals assist
 In honouring him, with gentle looks dismiss;
 He climbs th' *Ausonian* ship: which felt the weight,
 And sunk with bearing of so great a freight.
 695 The joyful *Romans* offering on the strand
 A Bull to *Neptune*: anchor weigh, and land
 Forake with ease gales. Rais'd on his train,
 He, leaning, looks upon the blue-wav'd Main.
 700 Through *Ionian* Seas by friendly *Zephyrus* born,
 They fell with *Italy* on the sixth morn.
Lacinian *Juno's* Fane, *Scyllæan* shoars,
Japygia past, they shun with nimble oars
Amphrysian rocks; *Ceraunian*, whether cleft;
 705 *Romechinum*, *Caulon*, and *Narycia* left;
Sicilian Straits o'recome, and wrackful Seas;
 Sail by the mansion of *Hippodotes*:
 By *Texessa*, it metals fruitful; by
Leucosia, and the *Pasian* Rosary.
 Near *Capree*, and *Minerva's* Fore-land row,
 710 *Surrentine* hills, where wines so generous grow;
Heracles, *Stabia*, *Naples* born to ease,
Cumean *Sibyls* Temple: next to these,
 Hot Baths; *Linternum*, sweet with Mastick flow'rs,
Vulturnus, who his sandy chanel scours,
 715 *Sinuessa*, swarming with white Snakes, ill-air'd,
Minurno, and where piety prepar'd

- His Nurse a tomb: Forthwith the mansion make
Of fell *Antiphates*; and then the Lake.
Besieged *Trachas*: Thence directly bore
To *Circe's* Isle, and *Antium's* solid shore.
- 720 The Sea now swelling high, this harbour holds
The Sail-wing'd ship. The God his wreaths unfolds;
And, with huge doublings, o're the yellow sand
Slides to his father's Temple on that strand:
Rough waves asswag'd, the *Epidaurian* Guest
His fathers Altar leaves; to Seaward prest,
- 725 Slicing the sandy shore with rustling scales:
And, by her stern the ship ascending, sails:
Till he to *Castrum*, to *Lavinia's* name.
Retaining *Scar*, and mouth of *Tyber* came.
All hither throng; sons, daughters, mothers, fires;
- 730 The Nuns who keep the *Phrygian Vesta's* fires,
With loud salutes of joy. On either side
The River, as the Vessel stems the tide,
Altars, with incense fed, the air perfume:
- 735 And knives from sacrifices heat assume.
Rome entring, the Worlds Head, He winds about
The lofty Mast; and from on high thrusts out
His glittering head, to chuse a fitting place.
- 740 The arms of *Tyber* do an Isle embrace,
Which equal stream from either bank divides;
Thither *Apollo's* sacred Serpent slides,
Who now, celestial shape assuming, ends
Their miseries, and health to all extends.
- 745 He here, a foreign Power, makes his abode.
In his own City *Cesar* is a God.
Glorious in Peace and War: Whom wars surcease
With triumphs crown'd, his government in peace.
Nor race of wonder with such quickness run;
- 750 More make a blazing Star, than his great Son.
For of all *Casars* acts, none may compare
With his adopting so divine an Heir.
For, was it more t' o'ecome the *British* Isle;
Fill the seven mounds of paper-bearing *Nile*
With conquering sails? *Numidian* rebelling
- 755 *Cinyphian* *Juba*, *Pontus* proudly swelling
In *Mithridates* to subject to *Rome*?
Meriting many, to triumph for some?
Than him beget, in whose dominion
The Gods so abundantly have favour'd man?
To the other they a Deity decreed?

314 METAMORPHOSIS,

- 750 That this might not from mortal birth proceed.
Which when fair *Venus* saw; and saw withal,
Conspiring weapons threat the High-Priests fall;
Her colour fled: To every God she met,
She said, behold, what snares for me are set!
- 765 To murder me in him how Treason strives;
Who only of *Julus* race survives!
Still must I undeserv'd afflictions bear!
How lately wounded by *Tydid*es spear!
- 770 Now ill defended *Troy* again is lost:
My son *Aeneas*, with long errors tost
On wrathful Seas, I saw descend to Hell!
Then war with *Turnus*; or, the truth to tell,
With *Juno* rather, How remember I
- 775 Old harms sustain'd in my posterity!
I, through this fear, all former fears forget.
Lo, they their wicked swords against me whet:
O help! restrain their furies! nor, for shame,
With th' High-Priests blood extinguish *Vesta's* flame.
Thus through all heav'n, her sorrows vainly speak;
- 780 And melt the Gods: Who since they could not break
The ancient Sisters adamantine doom,
By sure Ostents demonstrate Woes to come.
Arms, clashing in the air with clouds o're-cast:
Terrible Trumpets, and the Cornet's blast,
- 785 Proclaim the murder: *Sol's* afflicted look,
And pale eclipse, the World with terror strook.
Oft, Meteors through the air their flames extend:
Oft, drops of blood from purple clouds descend.
Black rust obscures dim *Lucifer's* aspect:
- 790 And *Cynthia's* chariot bloody stains infect.
The *Stygian* Owl each where disturbs their sleep
With ominous screeches: Ivory Statues weep.
The sacred Groves resound with yelling cries,
And fearful menaces. No sacrifice
The Gods appease: The headless inwards show
- 795 Signs of succeeding Tumults, Death, and Wo.
Dogs nightly, in the Court, about the Gods,
And holy Temples howl. From sad abodes
The Dead arise, and wander here and there:
Rome trembling, both with Earthquakes, and with fear
- 800 These warnings of the Gods no changes wrought
In Fate, or Treason. Murd'rous swords were brought
In o the Temple: For no place might sort
With such a slaughter, but the sacred Court.

Then *Venus* smote her breast: Who sought to shrowd
 And snatch him thence in that *Æthereal* cloud,
 305 Which *Paris* from *Atrides* rage convey'd:
 And freed *Aeneas* from *Tydid's* blade.

Daughter, said *Jove*, canst thou resist the doom
 Of conquering Fates? Into their mansion come:
 There shalt thou see Decrees that needs must pass,

810 Writ in huge folds of solid steel and brass,
 Which safe, eternal, ever fixed there,
 My thunder, lightnings rage, nor ruin fear.
 In lasting Adamant there maist thou read,
 What shall to thy great Progeny succeed.
 I read, remember well, and will relate

815 What may inform thee in succeeding fate,
 He, whom thou striv'st to save, his Race hath run
 Of Time and Glory: Whom thou, and his Son
 Shall make in heav'n a God; on Earth, with pray'r
 And Temples dignifi'd. His names great Heir

820 Alone his load shall bear; and strongly shall
 By our conduct revenge his Fathers fall.
 By his good fortune *Mutina* shall owe
 To him her peace: *Phœsalian* fields shall low,
 With blood; blood twice *Philippi* shall imbrue:

825 On red *Sicilian* Seas he shall subdue
 A mighty name. Th' *Egyptian* Spouse shall fall,
 Ill trusting to her *Roman* General:

To make our stately *Capitol* obey
 Her proud *Canopus*, shall in vain assay.

What need I of those barbarous people tell,
 And Nations, which by either Ocean dwell?

830 He shall the habitable Earth command;
 And stretch his Empire over Sea and Land.
 Peace giv'n to Earth; he shall convert his care
 To civil Rule, just Laws; and by his fair
 Example virtue guide. Then looking to

835 The future times, and Nephews to ensue:

A Son shall bless him from an holy womb,
 To him he shall resign his name, and room.
 Nor shall, till full of age, ascend th' abodes
 Of heav'nly Dwellers, and his kindred Gods:

840 Meanwhile from this slain corps his Soul convey
 Unto the Stars, and give it a clear Ray:
 That *Julius* may with friendly influence
 Shine on our *Capitol* and Court from thence.

This

316 METAMORPHOSIS.

- This said : Invisible fair *Venus* stood
 Amid the Senatē ; from his corps, with blood
 845 Defil'd, her *Cæsar's* new-fled spirit bare
 To heaven, nor suffer'd to resolve to air.
 And, as in her soft bosom born, she might
 Perceive it take a Power, and gather light,
 When once let loose, it forthwith upward flew ;
 And after it long blazing tresses drew.
- 850 The radiant Star his Sons great acts beheld ;
 Out-shining his : And joy'd to be excell'd.
 Though he would have his Fathers deeds prefer'd
 Before his own : Yet free-tongu'd Fame deser'd
 By no commandment, yields th' avoided Bayes
 To his clear brows ; and but in this gain-says :
- 855 So *Atreus* yields to *Agamemnon's* fame ;
Egeus so to *Theseus* : *Peleus* name
 Stoops to *Achilles*. That I may confer
 Th' illustrious to their equals, *Jupiter*
 So *Saturn* tops. *Jove* rules the arched sky ;
 And triple world ; the Earths vast Monarchy
- 860 T' *Augustus* bowes : Both Fathers, and both sway.
 You Gods, *Aeneas* guides, who made your way
 Through fire and sword ; you Gods of men become
Quirinus, Father of triumphant *Rome* ;
 Thou *Mars*, invincible *Quirinus* Sire,
 Chast *Vesta*, with thy ever-burning fire,
 Among great *Cæsar's* Household-Gods inshrind ;
- 865 Domestick *Phæbus*, with his *Vesta* join'd ;
 Thou *Jove* whom in *Tarpeian* towers we adore ;
 And You, all You, whom Poets may employ :
 Slow be that day, and after I am dead,
 Wherein *Augustus*, of the world the Head,
 Leaving the Earth, shall unto heav'n repair ;
- 870 And favour those that seek to him by prayer.
 And now the work is ended, which *Jove's* rage,
 Nor fire, nor sword shall raze, nor eating Age.
 Come when it will my deaths uncertain hour ;
 Which of this body only hath a power :
 Yet shall my better part transcend the skie ;
- 875 And my immortal name shall never die.
 For wherefore the *Roman* Eagles spread
 Their conquering wings, I shall of all be read :
 And, if we Poets true presages give,
 I, in my Fame, eternally shall live.



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